

PHANTOM DESIRE- Every Wife's Deadliest Rival A Great Real Life Broadcast
BY AUNT JENNY

JULY ★
Radio
MIRROR

10¢

A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION

Honeymoon House For Rent

THE DARING MARRIAGE GAMBLE
of ALICE FAYE and TONY MARTIN

Some Call it Luck

I say it's Luck

... and such Luck

—to find a sanitary napkin like Kotex with its patented pressed ends that fit flatly and so end that dreadful, bulky feeling. And besides you've no idea what a difference it makes when your napkin doesn't shift, bunch or chafe.

I say it isn't

What's Lucky about it?

—using Kotex Sanitary Napkins is just plain good sense because they're made with layer after layer of soft filmy tissue, that one after another absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the napkin and check that striking through in one spot.

I say—you're both right

The Truth of it is . . .

—aren't we all lucky to have Kotex? Until Kotex made 3 sizes we had to cut and adjust our napkins to suit our varying daily needs. Now with Regular, Junior and Super Kotex it's a simple matter for any woman to meet her individual needs from day to day.

All 3 Types at the
Same Low Price



Better Say Kotex - Better for You

Jean revamped her bath technique and her popularity hit a brand new high



Bill met Jean and things happened! "You're the only girl for me," said his eyes. "And you're the only boy for me," flashed her smile! And of course, they dated!



This was to be the night of Jean's dreams. And how gloriously fresh she stepped from her bath—how fragrant and sweet—how radiantly sure of her charm! Poor, poor Jean.



Before the first dance was over, Bill's smile faded! Before midnight Jean was alone and in tears. Poor silly little goose, not to know *never to trust a bath alone*.



"Your own fault," scolded Peg. "A bath removes only past perspiration—it can't prevent odor to come! But Mum *prevents* odor—guards freshness all evening long."



And Jean wins! Bill's back in her life and back to stay. Life's more fun for the girl who decides, "A bath alone is never enough—underarms *always* need Mum!"

HOURS AFTER YOUR BATH MUM STILL KEEPS YOU FRESH!

NO MATTER how fresh you feel after your bath, don't forget that underarms always need special care to prevent odor yet *to come*.

Wise girls use Mum after every bath, before every date. Mum is so fragrant, so pleasant to use, so dependable. Mum is **QUICK**... it takes just half a minute to use, yet you're protected for a full day or evening. Mum is **SAFE**... completely harmless

to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum is soothing to your skin.

Mum is **SURE**... without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor, keeps you sweet all evening long. Be sure you never offend. Get Mum at any drug store today. Use it daily for *lasting* charm!

ANOTHER USE FOR MUM—More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. They know it's gentle and safe.



Radio Mirror

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Executive Editor

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ASSISTANT EDITOR

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COVER—Alice Faye and Tony Martin by Robert Reid
(Photo by Hyman Fink)



"LUXOR" "Feather-Cling"

sits lightly—stays on smoothly!

Don't let a heavily overpowdered face spoil the soft charm of your appearance this summer. Make sure you use Luxor "Feather-cling"—the face powder with a light touch. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly, won't cake or streak. Choice of shades? All five of the season's smartest! Each 55¢. Rose Rachel is very popular.

Also try the New
LUXOR
Foundation Lotion

This new Luxor lotion gives you the smooth, satiny foundation for a flattering "natural effect" make-up. 55¢.
Luxor Ltd., Chicago, Ill.



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A Test for "Model Wives"

Beware of the **ONE NEGLECT***
that sometimes kills Romance!



Are you a good housekeeper?



Do you take care of your looks?



Are your meals appetizing?



Do you avoid nagging?



Are you economical?

Are you always
careful about
Feminine Hygiene?

* Carelessness (or ignorance)
on this question means
that you "flunk" the test.

"Lysol" can help you make a perfect score

A GIRL can take courses that teach her how to keep a house. But how to keep a husband seems to be left mostly to guesswork.

There *are* women who neglect their husbands and still hold their love. But the woman who neglects *herself* is apt eventually to live alone, whether she likes it or not. Neglect of intimate personal cleanliness, of feminine hygiene, may spoil an otherwise happy marriage.

Many thousands of women have solved the problem of feminine hygiene . . . with the help of "Lysol" disinfectant. Probably no other preparation is so widely used for this purpose. Here are some of the important reasons why—

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

1889—50th ANNIVERSARY—1939



Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.

Dept. R.M.-907, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

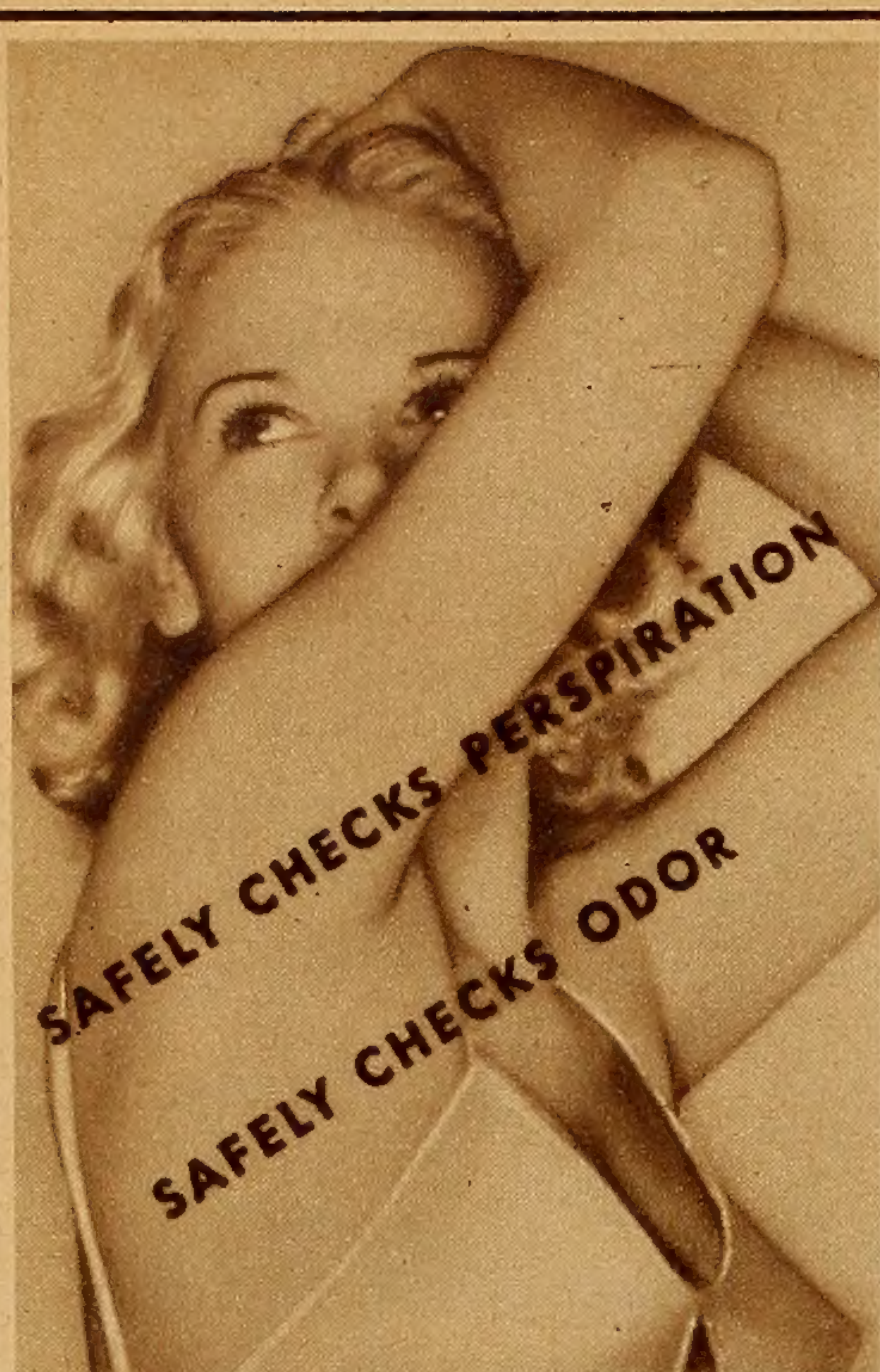
Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



NONSPI CREAM

Does Both!

Because of an entirely new ingredient never before used in a deodorant!

Whether you prefer cream deodorants for steady use, or for those occasions when a liquid is inconvenient you will welcome Nonspi Cream for its outstanding advantages:

1. Checks *both* perspiration and odor—from 1 to 3 days.
2. Feels and looks like velvety vanishing cream. Goes on easily—dries almost instantly. Not greasy.
3. May be used directly after shaving.
4. Has a reaction approximating that of the normal skin—so cannot injure either skin or clothing.
5. Works on new principle—"adsorbs" odors.

Be one of the first to take advantage of this wonderful new discovery of science! Get a generous jar of Nonspi Cream—today. 50¢ at drug or department stores. *Also in liquid form.*



WHAT'S NEW FROM



Fibber McGee and Molly—all grin is Fibber these days now that Molly is back on his program again.

THERE wasn't a dry eye in the studio the night Molly returned to the Fibber McGee program after an absence that began in the fall of 1937. Molly herself burst into tears when she entered the studio and saw what Fibber, the rest of the cast, and many of her fans had done to welcome her back. They'd banked the walls of the NBC studio high with a mass of flowers. Letters and telegrams of congratulation filled a table at the side of the room.

Molly looks fine, as you can see from the picture, although she is still a little weak. You don't get over a long illness like hers in a hurry. However, her doctors say she can stand the strain of broadcasting, at least until the program goes off the air for a vacation late in June.

Incidentally, Molly's return was an occasion for rejoicing by an office boy in her sponsor's factory—even though he's never seen her and lives two thousand miles from Hollywood. He suggested that the homecoming program be written around a budget theme—and reaped a hundred-dollar bonus for his idea.

On my way to a rehearsal of the Johnny Presents program, one balmy spring afternoon, I stopped outside CBS Playhouse No. 2 to watch a sidewalk violinist. He wasn't a very good violinist—in fact he didn't seem to be playing any tune at all—and he was all bundled up in an overcoat, the collar coming up around his chin and mouth, and his hat pulled down over his eyes. On the curb in front of him was his open violin-case, with a few pennies in it, dropped there by passers-by. "Poor fellow," I thought, and added a coin of my own. Then I

caught a glint of wicked merriment from the eyes under the hat-brim, and I took a closer look at the sad figure. It was Johnny Green, maestro of the Johnny Presents orchestra, who had come to rehearsal early and was letting the spring air make him cut capers.

P.S. Johnny made eleven cents with his sidewalk concert, but he had to split with the first violinist of the orchestra, whose fiddle he'd borrowed.

Kate Smith is up against one of those problems that come sooner or later to all dog owners. She has a cocker spaniel puppy called Freckles, and she loves to take him to rehearsals—she spends all of Thursday, you know, in the CBS playhouse where her variety show originates. But young Freckles loves chewing-gum, and a theater is a wonderful place to find lots of it—the second-hand variety, but Freckles doesn't mind that; in fact, he prefers it. Now Kate can't make up her mind whether to bring him to rehearsals on a leash, make him stay home—or just let him gorge himself on chewing gum.

Maybe you enjoy The Circle, Sunday nights on NBC, and maybe you don't. I wouldn't argue with you, either way. But before you criticize it too harshly, just remember this: One director left the program and had himself a nervous breakdown. Another came charging back to New York after a spell of working on the show, swearing that he was going to resign from the advertising agency which produces it and do nothing but rest for the next six months. They talked him out of resigning—sent him off for a vacation in Bermuda instead.

COAST TO COAST By DAN SENSENEY

Right in the midst of his personal-appearance engagement at the New York Strand theater, Guy Lombardo ran into trouble. His crack piano player, Fred Vigneau, fell ill and had to be rushed to the hospital. There were only a few hours in which to get a substitute, so Guy sent out a hurry call to all the band bookers and other musicians he could think of. The first pianist who showed up got the job. No wonder. He was the son of the man who gave the Lombardos their first music lessons when they were boys in London, Ontario.

Fred Waring's new five-times-a-week program for Chesterfield cigarettes, which starts June 19, is the result of radio's strangest audition. Nobody in the band except Fred knew that an audition was going on. The Pennsylvanians were rehearsing in their Manhattan headquarters for a short personal-appearance tour, and the sponsors simply dropped in at the rehearsal hall one afternoon and listened. Fred figured the band would be more lively and spontaneous if nobody knew anything important was in the wind.

Bandleader Vincent Lopez has a new and very praiseworthy hobby—testing the effects of swing music



Johnny Green, maestro of the Johnny Presents show and his lovely wife, Betty Furness.

upon mentally deranged people. The curative effects of music on mental disorder have already been investigated, but Lopez claims that the music used has always been too slow, and that the strong, fast, rhythmic beat of swing is just what is needed to break through the inertia of many mental patients.

Four years ago, Radio Mirror published a story about Irving Gross, a

hopeless cripple who had found in radio the happiness that his physical infirmity had denied him. Irving had made radio into a hobby, listening to all the programs, writing to the stars, collecting their autographs, and often having the supreme pleasure of meeting them when they came to his tenement home. Radio, and the contacts it brought him, were all Irving had in the world. In that story, we gave readers of Radio Mirror his address—189 East Second Street, New York City—and asked them to write to him.

Now we have heard from Irving again. He is still unable to walk; he is still at the same address; radio and its people are still the greatest interest in his life. But two years ago, when he was out of his rooms, someone broke in and stole his most priceless possession—a collection of about two thousand autographed pictures of radio, stage, and screen stars. It had taken him twelve years to make this collection, and now it's gone.

He wrote to Radio Mirror and asked us to remind our readers, stars and ordinary folks alike, of him. "Now that the World's Fair is open," he wrote, "I would be grateful if you would ask all your readers to write or visit me, if they come to town. It



SO STIMULATING, THIS LUSTER-FOAM "BUBBLE BATH!"
... MY MOUTH ALWAYS SEEMS SO CLEAN AND FRESH AFTER USING IT.

THRILLING NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE WITH LUSTER-FOAM—CREATED TO REACH NEGLECTED DANGER ZONES WHERE 75% OF DECAY STARTS

Amazing penetrating power makes gentle Luster-Foam "bubble bath" a super-cleanser . . . teeth flash and sparkle.

At last, a really modern tooth paste! So different, so quick to show results, that people all over the country have gone wild about it . . . to the staggering tune of 6,000,000 tubes in 90 days!

Listerine-Foam detergent attacks decay-breeding film in a surprising new way. The instant you start brushing, it surges into a dainty, foaming "bubble bath". . . safe, gentle, yet so penetrating it attacks even those hard-to-reach "danger zones" where some authorities say more than 75% of decay starts. You know these neglected decay areas . . . between the teeth, on front and back of teeth, and on bite surfaces,—with their tiny

BETWEEN THE TEETH

particularly the thread-thin crevices where germs frequently lodge undisturbed by brushings.



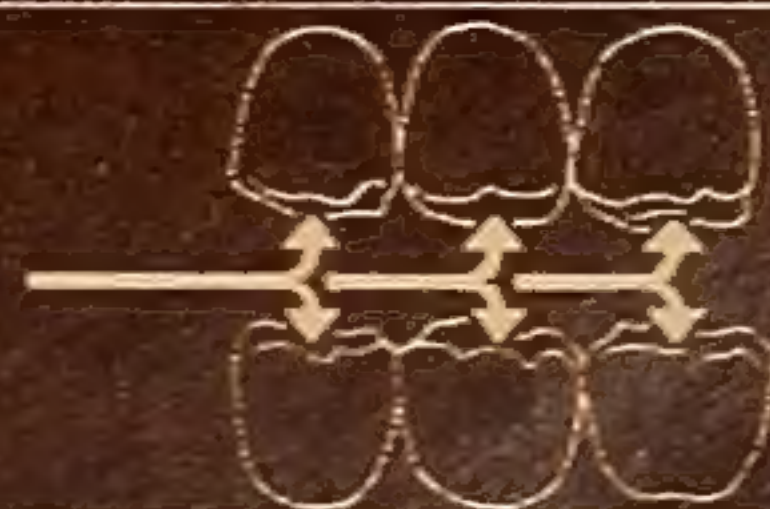
ON THE FRONT AND BACK OF TEETH

especially the areas near the gum lines, not regularly rubbed by food in ordinary chewing.



ON BITE SURFACES

with their tiny pits, cracks, and fissures, in which many old type dentifrices may never penetrate.



germ-packed pits, cracks and fissures.

Try this thrilling new energized tooth paste now! Feel it go to work on your teeth. You'll like its lively stimulation . . . the way it refreshes and awakens the mouth . . . the way it whisks away recent ugly surface deposits and attacks dirty, stained film. And above all, the way your teeth sparkle and gleam with wonderful new brilliance!

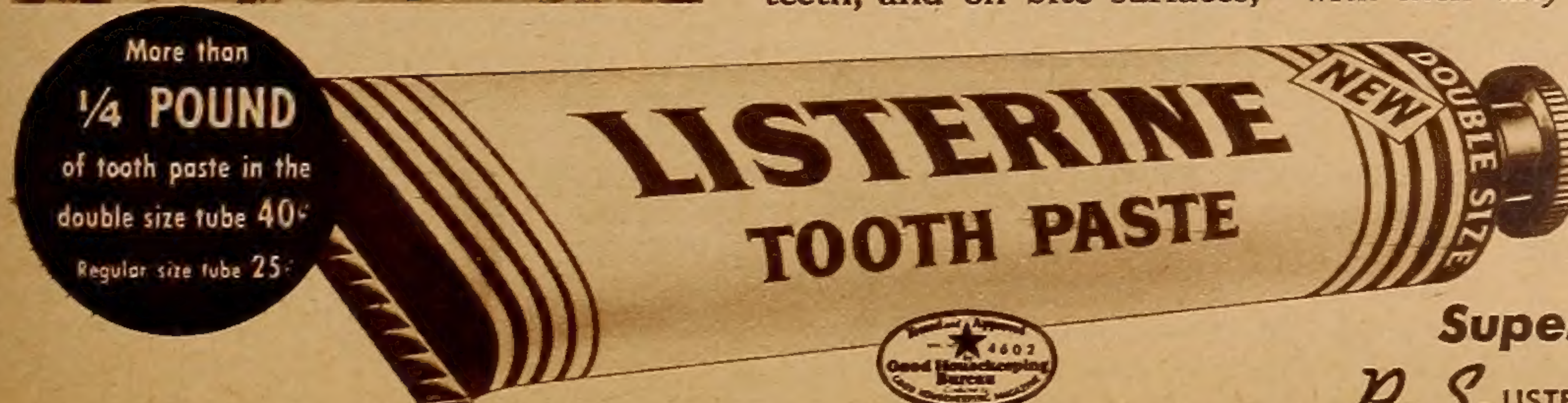
Get a tube of this New Listerine Tooth Paste, supercharged with Luster-Foam detergent, at any drug counter today.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW FORMULA

Supercharged with LUSTER-FOAM

P. S. LISTERINE TOOTH POWDER ALSO CONTAINS LUSTER-FOAM



More than **1/4 POUND** of tooth paste in the double size tube 40¢ Regular size tube 25¢



YOU need not be an athlete, however, to appreciate what a blessing Tampax is to all classes of women—housewives, travelers, students, business girls. The Tampax principle of internal absorption, long known to doctors, has already led women by the million to throw off old restrictions and adopt this new method of monthly sanitary protection.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor; so ingeniously made that you are not even conscious of wearing it. Only *pure, long-fiber surgical cotton* is used in Tampax. Also note the sealed hygienic applicator in which Tampax comes to you. Using this, your hands do not even touch the Tampax!

No bulking, no wrinkling with Tampax, even in swim suits or sheerest formals. No disposal problems. Two sizes: Regular Tampax and Junior Tampax. At drug stores; notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Average month's supply, 35¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package of forty.

DAINTY AND NEAT
Your Hands never touch the Tampax

Accepted for advertising by the
Journal of the American Medical Association



TAMPAX INCORPORATED
New Brunswick, N. J.

MIWG-79

- ☐ Send introductory box; 20¢ enclosed (stamps, coins).
Size checked below.
☐ Regular Tampax ☐ Junior Tampax
☐ Send Tampax booklet with diagrams—free.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

WHAT'S NEW (CONTINUED)

would help immensely to break the monotony of my otherwise dull life." And Radio Mirror is happy to comply with his request.

* * *

SAN JOSE, Calif.—I knew I was starting something when I asked if Bernard C. Barth of KOBH, Rapid City, S. D., was the youngest announcer in the country. Here's another candidate for the honor—Robert Franklin, of KQW, San Jose. Robert isn't nineteen yet, and has already been in radio for more than a year, having worked for station KJBS and KFRC, both in San Francisco. My thanks to Mrs. Eddie Calder for telling me about him.

BECAUSE one of New York's most successful programs goes on when all respectable people are supposed to be in bed, it looks as if approximately one-fourth of Manhattan's great population are dirty stay-ups. Gene King's Jamboree over Station WEVD is designed for people who are just beginning to feel wide awake about midnight—the time it goes on the air.

Gene broadcasts for four solid hours, giving a one-man show. He plays records, but only those requested by listeners. He talks to himself and to stooges—mysterious, whimsical creatures known as the Fiend, the Goblin, the Ghoul and the Zombie. Actually, they are his technical assistants who, quite by accident, are very expert hecklers.

Gene's audience, one of the largest assembled by any Manhattan station, includes bartenders and bar-frequenter, nurses and internes, milkmen and cab drivers, newspaper men and newspaper men's wives—and lots of people who just hate bed. Gene announces birthdays, anniversaries and weddings for listeners. Hospitals call him if they need a blood-donor, and the police department has him issue storm warnings when necessary. Suicides confide in him. He has one letter from a chap who said he intended to commit suicide. Night after night Gene tried to dissuade him. Finally, a package arrived at WEVD. The enclosed note explained that he was sending this gift to show his appreciation for Gene's efforts, but he was going to kill himself anyway. That night, he did.

Gene graduated from Ohio State in 1934. A year later he returned from a European trip and got a job on WEVD. Now he's the station's chief announcer and biggest attraction—big enough for such big-time band leaders as Artie Shaw, Tommy Dorsey, Sammy Kaye, Larry Clinton and Fats Waller to pay him wee-hour visits to be interviewed.

* * *

CINCINNATI—One of radio's most widely informed sportscasters is Dick Bray of WSAI, and no wonder, because he's been an outstanding college athlete, a professional player, and a referee. And he loves sports better than anything in the world. He is also the only man broadcasting sports events who is an official Big Ten referee, a position which he held long before he entered radio four years ago.

Dick was born in Cincinnati in 1903, and received his education in Cincinnati primary schools and at Withrow High School, where he played basket-

ball, football and baseball. He played football at Xavier University as well. Then came professional baseball in the old Salley League—a career which he was forced to cut short because of a game leg, the result of a high school football injury.

Dick was still in love with athletics, though, so if he couldn't play he turned to refereeing football and basketball, which kept him busy until 1935, when he decided to supplement that work by broadcasting. When he applied for a job at WKRC, Columbia's station in Cincinnati, the manager told him to go see a baseball game first. Dick explained that he didn't have to, and was put to work at once. He's been on the air ever since. To his present station, WSAI, he is a great asset, because time salesmen never have any difficulty in finding a sponsor for a Bray broadcast, whether it's a description of a game, a series of interviews with sports fans, a fifteen-minute round-up of the day's sport news, or whatnot.

He's an energetic worker, always convinced that he could be better than he is. Soon after he first went on the air he decided he wanted to know more about the history of baseball, and on the air he requested old books and manuscripts dealing with the sport. The result was a library full of baseball books of every size, shape and description, including thirteen of which Dick is very proud, written in longhand by Ren Mulford, the man who invented the modern system of scoring.

Wherever Dick goes, he keeps a record of his experiences with his own candid camera. In a mammoth scrapbook he has hundreds of pictures, taken by himself, of sports celebrities and famous games. With his father's assistance, he clips box scores from newspapers and thus keeps a running record of every pitcher in big-time baseball.

A young man, and a quiet young man at that, Dick is already well on the way to sports immortality. Last year a Cincinnati dog-owner named one of his racing greyhounds after him, and there's a horse, half-brother to Discovery, who will soon be talked about around the Kentucky race tracks. His owner calls him Dick Bray.

* * *

THE tenants of the swanky Beaux Arts apartments in New York had to go through the Martian scare all over again the other day. Frank Readick, who plays Smilin' Jack on the Mutual network, was confined to his Beaux Arts apartment with a cold, and rather than try to find an actor to imitate his voice on the air, the director of the program decided to broadcast from Frank's living room.

That was all right, but nobody had told the neighbors—and it happened that this particular script called for a sound-effects man's field day, with shots, screams, airplane noises, and sounds of a fist fight. Before the broadcast was over somebody had telephoned the police, and a squad car came down the street, its siren screaming.

Said one tenant: "I didn't mind the gunfire so much. But when I distinctly heard an airplane zooming around, I decided it was time to call for help."

MOON RIVER FOR RELAXATION

WHEN it has been dark for many hours, and the nation's children have long been in bed, and when America is so deep in the quiet of night that the sun is setting even half-way across the Pacific; out over the tide-shrunken Atlantic seaboard, across the deep green Mississippi Valley and westward to the dew-pearled jagged Rockies, a gentle voice says softly, "Moon River, a lazy stream of dreams where vain desires forget themselves in the loveliness of sleep. Moon River, enchanted white ribbon twined in the hair of night, where nothing is but sleep . . ."

It's one of America's best-loved radio programs, Moon River, heard over Cincinnati's WLW at half an hour after midnight, Eastern time, every night in the week.

From the instant the DeVore Sisters hum the first strains of "Caprice Viennois" and Charles Woods, the narrator, begins his initial poem, Moon River never stops flowing. When the voices are quiet, the organ, with Lee Irwin at the console surges forward.

WLW inaugurated Moon River nearly ten years ago. At first the program was conceived as a mere half-hour of organ music, but later it was decided to add the reading of a few poems—romantic, simple poems in tune with the quiet restfulness of the organ.

Four years ago, the DeVore Sisters came from Indianapolis to join the



The lovely DeVore Sisters of WLW's "Moon River" program.

WLW staff and be featured on the early-evening Vocal Varieties program. As an experiment, they were added to Moon River—and they've been on it, lending their three small, perfectly blended voices, ever since.

THEY really are sisters—Ruth, blonde; Marjorie, brunette; and Billie, the youngest, a red-head—and all three of them trim and beautiful. Born and raised in Indianapolis, they got their radio start there, where they acquired a commercial program only three days after they auditioned. They were all in school at the time, study-

ing art, music and dramatics, and they thought they might be able to defray some of their school expenses with what they earned on the air. A year later they were still singing, not as students, but as stars.

As sweet in life as they are on the night air, when one of the DeVores has a birthday, she sends her mother a bouquet of red roses, as many buds as there are years since her birth.

Although their voices seem to have the unique quality of filling the night air without disturbing it, the DeVores would be the last to take credit for the success of Moon River. Few voices are as familiar to the nation as is Charles Woods'. It has often been said that his deep-voiced, conversational readings have changed as many American lives as the acts of Congress. And it would be hard to say how many hearts Lee Irwin's organ music has comforted—it might sound like the 1930 census figure.

After half an hour of peaceful music and poetry, Moon River comes to an end as quietly as it began. For one of the well-loved things about this program is that it makes no attempt to "sell" itself with ballyhoo or high-pressure excitement. It's for people who want to relax and let the cares of the day slip away from them; perhaps for young lovers who find that it says all the things they can't find words for. That's its purpose, and it fulfills it beautifully.

Beauty is a flower — make it blossom in Your Skin!



THIS LOVELY NEW YORK BRIDE SAYS:

I wouldn't know where to turn for a complexion soap if I didn't have Camay! For no other soap I've ever tried has quite the same fragrance. And its creamy lather always seems to freshen up my skin!

New York, N. Y.
April 20, 1939

(Signed) VIRGINIA FRYE
(Mrs. John H. Frye, Jr.)

EVERY GIRL has possibilities for charm . . . a chance to win romance! Don't miss yours! Listen to Mrs. Frye's advice. "Your skin has a natural loveliness," she says, "so help bring it out with Camay!" She knows that Camay's searching cleansing is so caressingly mild—so wonderfully thorough, that it helps make any girl attractive!

You'll like Camay—for your complexion, and to make your bath a daily beauty treatment, too! Wouldn't you like to help

keep back and shoulders as soft and smooth as your face? Then get three cakes of inexpensive Camay today! Soon you'll see why gentle Camay is such a wonderful aid to daintiness, to all-over loveliness, to truly exquisite skin!



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

High Summer Rates for Writers of True Stories

Following our regular policy we are discontinuing true story manuscript contests during the summer months. A great new true story contest will begin on September 1st, 1939. But, in the meantime, we are still in the market for true stories for straight purchase, and in order to secure them are going to renew our sensational offer of last summer which worked so greatly to the financial advantage of many writers of true stories.

We will continue to pay for regular acceptable material our regular rate, which averages about 2c per word, but, in addition, during the summer months we gladly will pay writers of true stories the special rates of 3c per word for better-than-average true stories and 4c per word for exceptionally good true stories submitted for straight purchase.

In comparing these special summer rates with the average rate of 2c per word, a few moments' figuring will show you what this offer can mean to you financially—literally making \$2 grow where \$1 grew formerly.

Under this offer the Editorial Staff of TRUE STORY are the sole judges as to the quality of stories submitted. But rest assured that if you send in

a story of extra quality you will receive the corresponding extra rate. This is in no sense a contest—simply a straight offer to purchase true stories, with a handsome bonus for extra quality.

Here is your opportunity. The time is limited to the months of June, July and August, 1939. So strike while the iron is hot. Start today the story of an episode in your life or the life of a friend or acquaintance that you feel has the necessary heart interest to warrant the extraordinarily high special rates we are offering. Send it in when finished, and if it really has the extra quality we seek the extra sized check will be forthcoming with our sincere congratulations. Be sure your manuscript is post-marked not later than midnight, August 31, 1939.

IMPORTANT

Submit stories direct. Do not deal through intermediaries.

If you do not already have one send for a copy of free booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories." Use the coupon provided for that purpose.

In sending true stories, be sure, in each case, to enclose first-class return postage in the same container with manuscript. We gladly return manuscripts when postage is supplied, but we cannot do so otherwise. Failure to enclose return first-class postage means that after a reasonable time the manuscript if not accepted for publication will be destroyed.

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE ANOTHER ORCHID FOR RADIO

ABOUT two years ago I spent some time in a remote section of the Virginia mountains and became quite friendly with one family there. Although these were good people they spoke a language that was almost entirely their own, due to their isolation from the outside world. In fact, it was some time before I could understand their conversation perfectly.

When I returned home I decided to send them a small radio.

I happened to be passing there a few months ago and decided to call on my old friends. I was surprised to find that they were highly informed on world events and that their English was almost as good as mine.

I offer this merely as an example of what radio has done for some people who were never afforded educational advantages.

HOLLIS E. SMITH,
Vinton, Va.

SECOND PRIZE WHY GILD THE LILY?

I wonder if there are not others who feel as I do about "background" music and sound effects during a dramatic production.

For instance, on a train or plane, the simulated wheels-on-track or motor noise drowns out the voices and I find myself tied up in knots as I strain to follow the thread of the drama. Likewise, in the case of "background" music, while it is meant to enhance the mood of the moment, it actually distracts and irritates. A tender scene between lovers, spoken in the romantically low tones appropriate to the occasion, is too often blurred to indistinctness by the music.

A few bars of music between scenes or snatches of dialogue, yes; this puts one in the mood for what is to follow, but please, let us have one thing at a time!

MRS. FRANK UPTON,
Chesham, N. H.

THIRD PRIZE LEARN THRIFT VIA RADIO

My radio is the thriftiest piece of furniture in my home. It gives me advance notices of the local sales so I can shop timely, and from the consumer programs I have learned to shop wisely. With few exceptions, most of the cooking recipes I have tried are economical. And of course by the way of entertainment—it provides the best for just a turn of a button.

Surely my radio has saved me a lot of time and money, besides teaching me how to "housekeep" intelligently.

MRS. NEVINS CUMMINGS,
Cromwell, Conn.

FOURTH PRIZE

SO, YOU DON'T LIKE DOTTY?

The Don Ameche hour used to be the family hour in our home. In the winter time, with plates of pop corn, or in the summer time, with cold drinks, we settled down for an hour's good entertainment. One program we all enjoyed.

But now? We try to rise from our chairs to shut it off but can't for the goo of Don Ameche announcing "Dotty" with drip, drips of sweetness. You could drink a cup of Chase and Sanborn coffee during the program and never need a drop of sugar.

From Charlie it might be funny, but from a man we had grown to admire—uhhhhh! It is too much.

Can't something be done about it?

THE GREEN FAMILY ROBINSON,
Elmwood, Nebraska

FIFTH PRIZE

THE SERVANT PROBLEM IS SOLVED!

I wonder if any one besides the housewife realizes how radio has changed the servant problem?

In the old days you hired an immigrant girl fresh from Ellis Island. Teaching her to broil a steak properly was a long and tedious job. Her English being limited, she often mis-construed directions and the results could be as tragic as they sometimes were comical. They eventually made good and faithful servants. But I still prefer the present experienced maid. The brogue may roll off her tongue thick enough to slice, but she doesn't need constant rehearsing to take her part before a gas range. Betty Crocker is the patron saint of her kitchen and

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

First Prize \$10.00

Second Prize \$ 5.00

Five Prizes of \$ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than June 26th, 1939. All submissions become the property of the magazine.

Heinz has taught her many tricks with tomato soup.

She doesn't get her Jack Benny and Benny Goodman mixed but she can and does mix a salad that makes us lick the platter clean. Radio has not only made her lot a much happier one, it has taught her many invaluable tricks of her trade.

MRS. HELENE A. SAUM,
Yankton, S. Dak.

SIXTH PRIZE

THE MAGIC KEY GIVES US PADEREWSKI

The Magic Key—The magic tear that springs in tribute to the Great Paderewski in recognition of his

courage, dignity and honor. What vitality and youth in those strong flexible fingers! What vitality and youth in his mature interpretations of ageless musical masterpieces!

Thank God that here in America we still have the freedom, the truth and the justice to recognize the highest and best in art and man, and to acknowledge it with respect, warm hearts and admiration for genius, education and true culture.

MISS EDITH L. KOERNER,
Patchogue, New York

SEVENTH PRIZE

BERNARR MACFADDEN, HEALTH CRUSADER

Not only did the April issue of RADIO MIRROR carry some most interesting articles and inside information on the goings-on in radio, but it also carried a short announcement that may mean new health and regained spirits for many people now suffering from tuberculosis. Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, whom I have always admired for his crusade for better living and health, has made this chance possible. He plans to select one case of tuberculosis from each state east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio river. Those selected will be treated free by the most modern methods in healing not only the physical but also the mental ills that go hand in hand in this ravaging disease. Let us hope that other people like Mr. Macfadden will try to make this world a better and healthier place for everyone to live in.

J. CROUGHWELL,
New York City, N. Y.

FOR TODAY'S CHARMING SENTIMENTAL VOGUE...

Pond's 4 flattering SUMMER SHADES

Fashion's command this summer—"Look fragile . . . pretty-pretty . . . feminine!" You'll be wearing quaint, tiny-waisted frocks, sentimental bonnets. Your make-up, too, follows this romantic trend. So Pond's brings you these four exquisite summer powder shades:

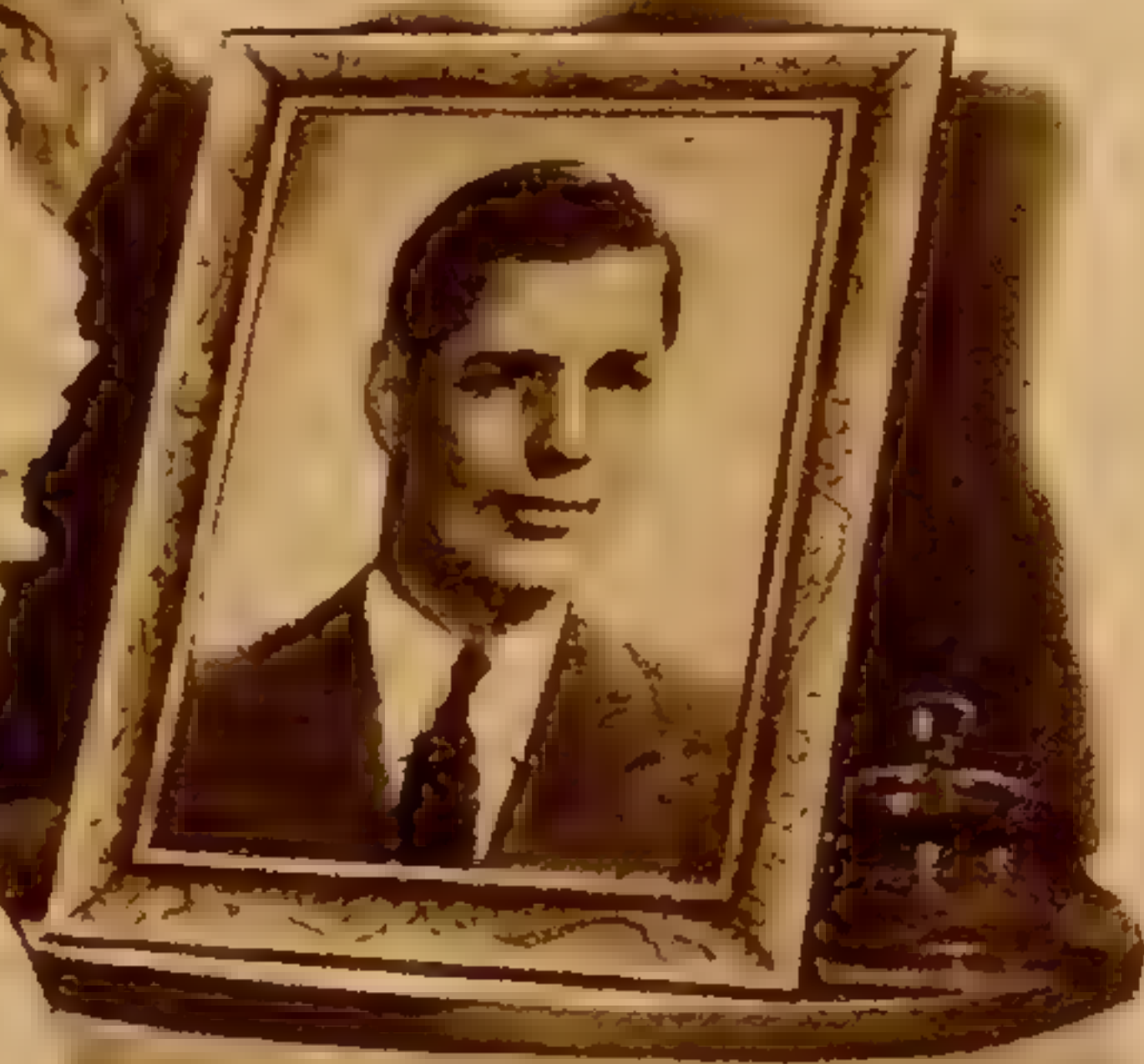


For thrilling EVENINGS:

Rose Dawn and Rose Brunette in soft blush tones. To bring out your pink-and-white appeal. Wear with soft pastels, and for unforgettable evenings.

ROSE DAWN—brings a delicate glow to fair skin.

ROSE BRUNETTE—a richer tone (for blondes and brunettes).

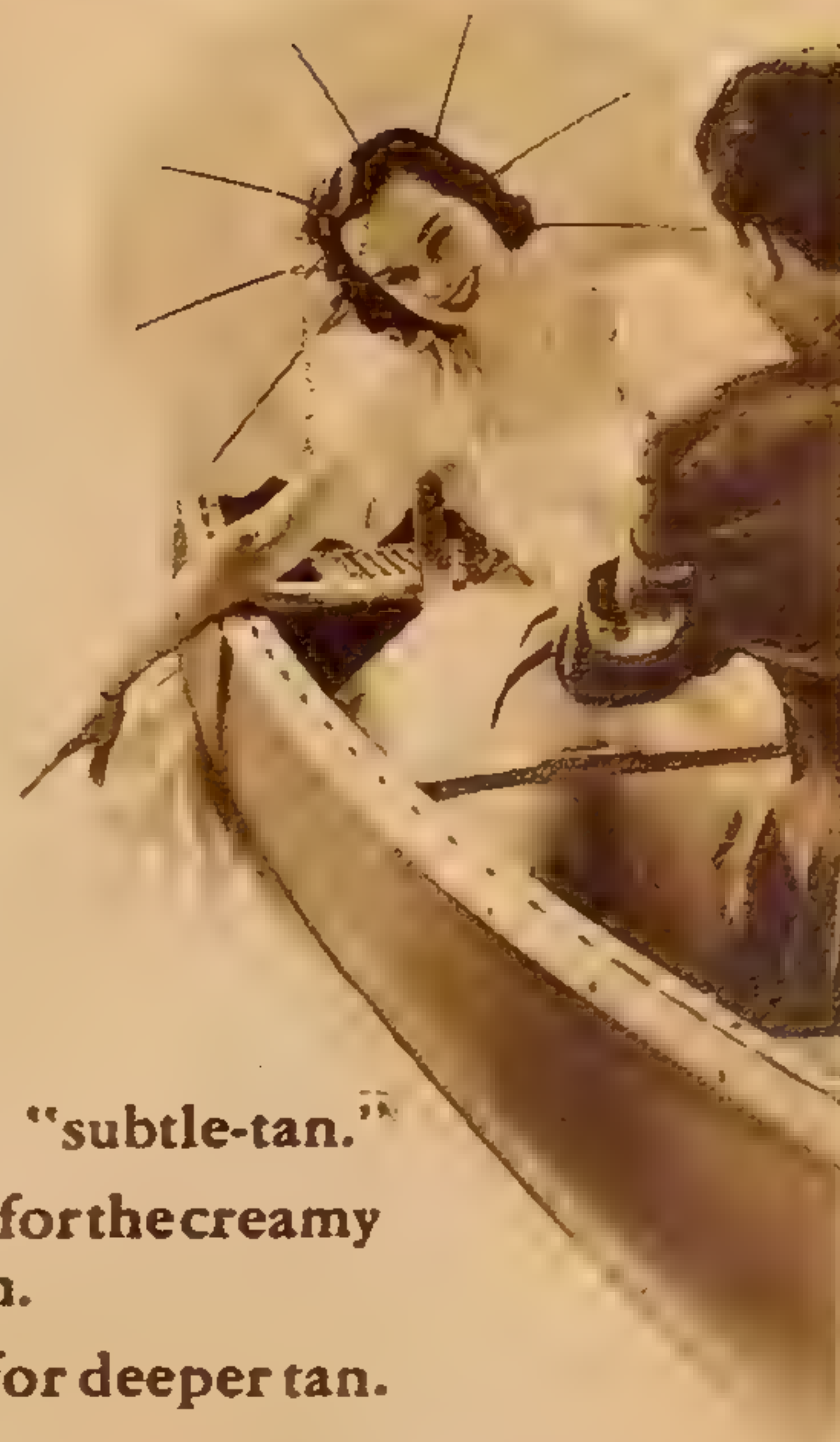


Under SUMMER SUN

A brazenly brown skin won't help you make the most of the "pretty" mode—so keep your tan light and feminine, too! And flatter it with Pond's Sunlight Shades. Not dark old-fashioned "sun-tan" shades—they're soft, becoming with the new "subtle-tan."

SUNLIGHT (LIGHT)—for the creamy tan of a blonde skin.

SUNLIGHT (DARK)—for deeper tan.



SUMMER SHADES

Rose Dawn Sunlight (Light)
Rose Brunette Sunlight (Dark)

Try them today. 10¢, 20¢, 55¢. Or send for free samples of all four Summer Shades. Pond's, Dept. 8RM-PG, Clinton, Conn.



■ "Tony and Alice are about to separate . . . Tony and Alice fight like a couple of wildcats . . . It can't last . . . It won't last. . . ." That's the way the talk has gone. But it's been hearsay only. At all times Tony and Alice have kept their own counsel, turned a deaf ear to gossip until recently. Then Tony talked, and eagerly, as if he was glad to put things straight. He told the whole story.



Illustration by Carl Pfeufer

THE DARING MARRIAGE GAMBLE of ALICE FAYE and TONY MARTIN

A HONEYMOON house, white with green shutters, with a lovely little garden in the back, away from pedestrians' gaze, a charming house, full of memories, is for rent. For almost two years its walls have held a marriage which the bride described to an editor on her wedding day this way: "I don't know how long it will last. Unless a great many very smart people are wrong about our chances of making a go of it, you'd better get any story about us in print right away, while we're still together."

She was simply stating a fact when she said that. For never did a marriage have more dire predictions made about it, from the very start, than that of Alice Faye and Tony Martin.

People said:

"Tony and Alice are about to separate. . . ."

"Tony and Alice fight like a couple of wildcats. . . ."

"It can't last. . . . It won't last. . . ."

That's the way the talk has gone. But it's been hearsay and hearsay only. At all times, whatever their private troubles, Tony and Alice have kept their own counsel, turned a deaf ear to gossip.

Until the other day. Then Tony talked, and eagerly, as if he was glad to put things straight. He told me the truth about the marriage gamble of which that ominous "For Rent" sign on their honeymoon house is a symbol. He told me, at last, the whole story.

"Of course Alice and I fight," he said, to begin with. "What she does is of the utmost importance to me and what I do is equally important to her. I hope!"

"One quarrel, almost the worst we ever had, started over a white dinner dress Alice wore. I didn't like it. But Hollywood would have had to have a dictophone in our bedroom to know about that row—

or any other row. Certainly, considering people's interest in our affairs, we wouldn't be stupid enough to let go in public—whatever the provocation.

"But," Tony went on, "just to get the record straight, notwithstanding all our quarrels—those we've had and those we've been said to have—Alice and I are closer today than ever before. If we're not quite so much the impetuous lovers, we're more loving friends.

"I didn't know Alice when I married her. I only loved her. And if at first it was thrilling and exciting to be man and wife, it's other things now, deeper things really, and things I miss even more when I'm away from her—as I am now."

Yes, at last Tony could tell the story of a love that grew stronger through unhappiness, of a marriage that took shape in the private hell that the bride and groom endured.

(Continued on page 56)

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



Radio's Aunt Jenny brings you a great love story, the gripping drama of one woman's fight against every wife's most dangerous rival—

Phantom

Illustration by Chase Cassidy

In all the months I've been tellin' stories on the Columbia network, there's been a few I've specially liked, because they seemed to teach a lesson I was sure a lot of folks needed. What happened to Matthew and Jane Tolliver is one of those stories. You see, Jane had to fight the same enemy many a woman comes up against—her husband's love for a ghost. That is, you might as well call it a ghost—it's just that hard to fight. But suppose I let you read the story, just as Matthew told it to me. I hope you don't find yourself in it, but if you do—well, maybe you'll find somethin' to help you in it too.

AUNT JENNY

I MET Rosemary during the first vacation I had ever taken without my folks. We had known each other just about a week when I took her out for a ride one evening. It was one of those romantic sort of nights with the stars all out and the moonlight making everything silvery. I drove the car quite a way out in the country until we came to the end of a road at the top of a hill. It was just kind of natural for us to park the car and stroll along the road out under the stars.

Somehow, I felt that I'd been waiting for Rosemary all my life. She was my dream girl and that night in her white filmy dress she looked like an angel. Somehow, without her saying a word, I knew

she wanted me to kiss her. There aren't many men, I guess, who ever had a sweeter kiss than that. It was just as though you'd kissed the soft, velvety petals of a lovely flower.

Rosemary made me feel strong. And I never had thought of my strength before. I had had no need of strength. My father, a successful man, and my mother, having me for her first consideration, had ordered my life for me. They had chosen my school and my college, planned my holidays, and subtly fostered my engagement to the girl they wanted me to marry.

Rosemary's voice came against my ear. "Matthew. That's a funny name. I will call you Matt."

"Matthew suited me well enough," I told her huskily, "before I met you. It's a stodgy name, Matthew. And I've been stodgy too. I was that good Tolliver boy. I got fine marks in school. I've been a credit to my parents. I did everything people expected of me, scarcely knowing what I wanted to do myself. Because I had to meet you, Rosemary, my darling, to discover myself."

She drew towards me. She touched my eyelids and my fingers, one by one. My arms tightened about her greedily. I wondered how, even in my new strength, I could let her go long enough to return home and straighten out many things so I might come back free, to stay.

"How," she asked, "could I do the

things for you that you say? How, Matt? I'm only Rosemary Judson, the daughter of a man who keeps a little general store at Bedford Crossing. And we've only known each other a week."

I drew her close to me.

"Listen, listen, Rosemary," I told her, "and remember what I'm saying until I come back. I love you. And I may be stark mad, but I think it was a miracle brought me here for my holiday—so I could meet you. Why, now I can't even imagine life without you."

"I'm coming back, but I've got to go home and tell my parents about you—and Jane—"

"Are you engaged to Jane?" Her voice was so soft I guessed at her words really. And I wanted to lie, to put her off, but I told her about Jane as fairly and quickly as I could, to shorten the pain for both of us. I wanted no lie standing between us.

"But I'll tell them I'm going to marry you," I finished. "I'll come back, Rosemary, darling."

"Matt . . ." she sighed. "Oh, I hope you will. But . . ."

* * *

Driving home the next day I thought of Rosemary constantly. She hadn't come down to see me off. I had asked her not to. I didn't want our farewells to be the casual thing good taste would demand with the hotel porch rocking chair brigade looking on. Better by far not to see her again, to go away remembering her in the starlight.

Devotee

Heard originally as "The Story of Matthew Tolliver's First Love," this poignant romance was one of Aunt Jenny's broadcasts, on CBS every Monday through Friday, sponsored by the makers of Spry.

Once on my way I stopped to telephone her. But I bought a package of cigarettes instead. If she wasn't alone when my call came her answers necessarily would be cool and guarded. More than once I attempted a wire. But little words on yellow paper proved to have so little to do with the tender and tumultuous things I was feeling that one telegram blank followed another into wastebaskets.

I REACHED home to look upon long familiar things and faces and find them strange. It was I who had changed, of course. I had gone away on my vacation two weeks before a boy. I had come home a man. It isn't, after all, the years themselves that bring us maturity; it is what happens to us in the years.

I waited until coffee had been served after dinner to tell my mother and father about Rosemary. They were abstracted but polite at first when I talked about the pretty girl I had met. But before I told them I loved her I had their entire attention. Some excitement in my voice warned them of what was coming. My father's eyes grew coldly disapproving. My mother's eyes turned frightened.

"I love Rosemary," I announced, "more than I dreamed anyone ever loved. I'm sorry if I sound extravagant. But that's just how it is."

My father cleared his throat. "Such experiences — er — come to

(Continued on page 58)



I pity men who live all their lives and never know one hour like that I lived with Rosemary.



Tommy
Dorsey

Brothers-

YOU couldn't have felt the way I did that night. Not unless you knew Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey. It was Tommy's last night at the famous Terrace room in the Hotel New Yorker. Jimmy was replacing him. A couple of publicity men decided they'd make a great thing out of it. But it all made me feel a little sad.

I guess what got me was seeing them standing there together on the bandstand with their arms around each other as the flash bulbs went off near their faces. It was twelve midnight and Tommy was turning the baton over to Jimmy. When he gave Jimmy that final, affectionate, brotherly hug the crowd hit a high F of glee, they shouted, clapped and whistled.

Tommy said, "Good luck, Lad." He's always called Jimmy, Lad. And Jimmy said, "Thanks, Mac"—that's what he calls Tommy—and then he gave the orchestra the downbeat.

Jimmy's boys sure sailed into the swing pretty that night. It was gorgeous, and the prettier they played the worse I felt. I'm a good friend of Jimmy's and I knew how he was feeling too, in spite of all the back slapping and well wishes.

The fact is, that regardless of how Tommy and Jimmy feel about each other, and in spite of that

The Dorsey boys have to take music seriously—they come from a musical family: Mary, Tommy, Jimmy, and Dorsey Sr.



and Enemies

The Amazing True Story of the Dorsey Brothers' Never-Ending Battle

By JACK SHER

night's general hilarity, Jimmy Dorsey has been taking a terrific beating in the band business because he happens to be Tommy Dorsey's brother.

I'm not blaming Tommy. It isn't his fault. It isn't anybody's fault, but it does seem a shame that a great band like Jimmy Dorsey's can't get the breaks it deserves.

The reason Jimmy can't get the breaks is simple. Tommy Dorsey happened to become nationally famous first. How that came about I'll get to later, but right now I want to show you some of the obstacles Jimmy is up against.

First off, Jimmy's band ought to get a sponsored radio program. Sponsors listen to the band, they say it is wonderful. Jimmy's hopes go as high as a plane on an altitude flight and then the sponsors invariably turn him down.

Why? Tommy Dorsey has a radio commercial. He sells cigarettes, lots of them. Sponsors are afraid of hiring Jimmy because they feel that the name Dorsey is already identified with cigarettes. Two Dorseys selling a product, whether it's cigarettes or soap, would confuse people listening in.

But that's by no means the only "brother trouble" Jimmy has. Tommy Dorsey's name means more than Jimmy's to people who book bands
(Continued on page 63)



Jimmy
Dorsey



NOT THE

*Loving
Kind*

■ You who listened heard only a radio


I SUPPOSE no girl ever set a higher standard, in her mind, than I did for the man I would some day meet, love, and marry. Physically, I had no very clear picture of him. But mentally and spiritually, I knew that he would be many things—thoughtful of others, and particularly of me; strong yet gentle; with a quiet humor we could share together; honorable and quick to sense honor or the lack of it in others. . . . Oh, I knew the kind of man I could love.

But love doesn't follow the course we plan for it—it goes its own wilful way, and drags us along. I didn't fall in love with the man I pictured in my mind, but with Grant Lodge. He was completely impossible, and I knew it. He took no thought for anyone, least of all me; he was neither strong nor gentle; he has a sense of humor, but at least once I wished he hadn't; and as for honor—well, he has his own code, and I guess he's the only one who understands it. Fantastic, bizarre, unpredictable he was—and still is—and I don't think I'll ever stop loving him.

I was a secretary in a big radio station when I met Grant. Even the way he came to us was extraordinary. The program director had happened to tune in a little country station, and there was Grant, doing a variety show all by



scandal—but for me, Grant Lodge's secretary, it was a magic key to ecstasy



■ All the tension of the last weeks rose up in me and brought my hand crashing across his face.

himself—a show that was so clever, so vital and fresh that the program director fell all over himself tracking Grant down and signing him up to a contract. Our station gave him a few actors and a small orchestra to work with, put him on in the afternoon—and immediately the mail began to pour in. After that, of course, his show had to be moved to an evening hour, and some of the network stations carried it.

Grant Lodge called his program *Personal Notions*. It broke all radio rules, and broke them successfully. "Variety" was certainly what it was—a hodge-podge of comedy, drama, and sheer inspired nonsense. No one ever knew what was coming next, although Grant always had it all carefully planned out in advance. He insisted on writing, directing, acting in and bossing completely his own program. That was the only way he would consent to sign a contract with the studio at all. He was a regular dynamo of energy and talent—even his enemies, and within a week or so he had plenty—had to admit that.

PERSONAL NOTIONS was such a success that it was only a matter of time until some sponsor would come along and grab it, and probably put it on the network. But meanwhile, it was my boss, Mr. Newton who had the job of trying to keep Grant Lodge living up to the stations rules of what to put on the air and what not to put on it—and every time Lodge was asked to change even a comma of his script he screamed with rage.

Nearly every week there was trouble. Mr. Newton always sighed when the familiar bundle of manuscript, backed in blue paper, showed up on his desk.

"Here's our headache again," he would mutter. Then he would read the manuscript, pulling nervously at his clipped white moustache, and finally he'd ask me to get Grant Lodge on the wire. A long telephone conversation would follow, with Mr. Newton's voice going along in a controlled sort of way, though I knew he was seething inside, and Grant Lodge shouting so angrily at the other end of the wire that I could hear the receiver squeaking as Mr. Newton held it to his ear.

Usually, after arguments that kept everyone on the verge of a nervous breakdown, Mr. Newton won out; but finally, on the afternoon of a broadcast itself, the inevitable deadlock arrived. For two days Lodge had been insisting that he'd broadcast a sketch he'd written, holding the Supreme Court of the United States up to

"There was nothing kind or thoughtful about him, very little that was even

ridicule. Mr. Newton had argued with him endlessly, and finally Lodge even refused to interrupt his rehearsal and come to the telephone.

"Marjorie," Mr. Newton said to me, "I'm going to be a coward. If I go down to the studio now and see Lodge, I'm so mad I'll probably fire him—and we can't afford to fire him. He's too good, with all his tantrums. So will you go, instead, and see if you can't get him to rewrite that Supreme Court sketch so it's fit to go on the air?"

"But I hardly know him," I pointed out. "I've only seen him a couple of times."

"I'd say that was an advantage," he replied. "The less you know him, the easier he is to deal with. Anyway, see what you can do."

WELL, I thought as I went out to the elevators and pushed the button for a car, Grant Lodge may be a genius, but he sounds more like a badly spoiled little boy to me. In the few minutes I waited there in the hall, I tried to think what to say to him. Suddenly, the solution clicked into my mind. I rushed back to the office, rummaged in the wastebasket for the discarded newspaper I'd read that morning. Yes, here it was. I tucked it under my arm and caught the next elevator.

In the big studio several floors below, they were rehearsing the whole program, just as it would go on the air.

Lodge didn't look so terrible, I thought. He was a tall, raw-boned, loosely put together young man, with a long, pale face and intense black eyes. His mouth was broad and sensitive. As he talked into the microphone one hand was always busy, tugging at the lobe of an ear, burrowing its way through his black hair, clenching itself into a fist.

His Supreme Court sketch was screamingly funny, I had to admit, particularly when you heard Grant mimicking the voices of nine aged men. But it simply couldn't go on the air that way. You can't afford, in radio, to ridicule institutions people believe in—and Grant's satire was cruel, vicious.

At last the rehearsal was over. I went up on the stage and stood quietly near Grant while he issued some last-minute instructions in a low-pitched, clipped voice. Then I tapped him on the arm. "I'm Miss Williams," I said. "From Mr. Newton's office."

His eyebrows shot up, then down, and he fixed me with a stare from those black eyes.

"You can turn right around and go back to Newton," he declared, "and tell him I'm not going to change that sketch." One hand began to beat into the palm of the other. "If he thinks I'm going to let a lot of cowardly old grandmas mess up one of the funniest scripts I've ever written—" He broke off. "You heard it! I saw you just now, sitting out there. You couldn't help laughing at it. Why, that script's beautiful—it's so funny it *sings*! It—And you want me to throw it out!"

"Of course it's funny," I said calmly, interrupting him. "But I know a way to keep it just as funny, and avoid all this silly fuss. Here, read this." I thrust the newspaper at him, folded to the story I wanted him to see—a review of the movie version of a best-selling non-fiction book, which told how Hollywood had simply made up a story to go with the title, and changed what had been a serious study of an important national problem into a rollicking farce-comedy.

He read it through, and then looked up in bewilderment. "I don't see what this has to do with the program," he said.

"Then you aren't as clever as you're supposed to be. Isn't there a book out now about the Supreme Court?"

"Why—yes, I think so."

WELL then—all you have to do is explain that your sketch is that book, as Hollywood would film it. It's always fair enough to kid Hollywood—nobody will mind about that. And all the rest of the script can stay as it is."

He threw the newspaper into the air with a wild whoop. "Wonderful! A double-barreled joke! You're a genius, Miss Wilson—and they always told me pretty girls didn't have any brains!"

"We'll leave my looks out of it," I said coldly. "And the name is Williams."

"I don't care if it's Schmaltz! You're still a genius!" He threw his arms around me and kissed me on the lips.

I tore myself away, boiling with anger. "You do that again," I threatened, "and I'll—"

I stopped—because he wasn't even looking at me. He'd grabbed his script and was running through it furiously. "Go away, go away," he mumbled. "I've got to make that change before broadcast time. Run along. You can send a boy down for the revised script in an hour."

A more unpleasant, disgustingly self-centered young man, I thought as I made my way out of the studio, I'd never met. My lips were still tingling from his kiss. I wished I could wipe the sensation away.

I made up my mind that the next time there was any difficulty over a script, Mr. Newton could fix it up with the conceited pig himself.

I DIDN'T have time to put that resolution into effect, though. With startling suddenness, negotiations that had been going on for several weeks came to a head, and it was announced that Grant Lodge's Personal Notions had been sold to a sponsor.

"That's the best news I've heard in weeks," Mr. Newton said. "From now on the sponsor will have the headache of handling Lodge and his scripts."

Later that day I picked up the telephone and heard a voice I recognized at once—low-pitched, nervous, quick. "Miss Williams?" it said. "You've heard the news? Well, how'd you like to go to work for me?"

I gasped. "Work—for you? But Mr. Lodge, I have a job."

"Sure, I know. But I'll pay you twice whatever you're getting. I'll need somebody to help me out on scripts."

"But I couldn't possibly—"

He went on as if I hadn't said anything at all. "I'm down at the studio now. I'll come up and we'll talk about it."

I hung up, feeling as if a tornado had just swept through my life. Then I turned around, with the apprehensive sensation that someone was watching me. I was right—Mr. Newton was standing in the open door of his office.

"Well," he said, "it sounds as if the genius were trying to hire my secretary away. Right?"

"I don't understand it all," I said. "He just called up and offered me a job. Of course I won't accept—"

"Hmm," Mr. Newton caressed his chin thoughtfully. "I don't know. Might be a good idea. I'd hate to lose you, but—You know what Lodge did? He wouldn't sign with the sponsor until they put a clause in the contract guaranteeing not to interfere with the show in any way. He's bound to get them into some sort of trouble. I'd feel a lot easier in my mind if you were there, sort of keeping an eye on things."

In the end, it was all arranged as simply as that. I felt as if things were being taken out of my hands

admirable. But I loved him."

entirely, as if I were nothing but a piece of property that was being shifted around to suit a lot of other people. And I didn't like it very well. But on the other hand—there was the money.

And—but just then I wouldn't admit this, even to myself—I knew that working with Grant Lodge would be an unforgettable experience. Nerve-wracking it would be, tempestuous, sometimes unbearable—but never dull.

No. I found that out soon enough—never dull.

He never gave you the slightest clue to what he was going to do next. I might not hear from him for two days, and if I called up and tried to arrange to do some work, he'd snarl and tell me not to bother him. Two hours later, he'd be apt to telephone and demand my presence at once, at a session that would last until we were both haggard.

After three weeks of working with him, I didn't have the least idea whether I liked him or hated him. I respected him for his ability, but I disliked him for his arrogance and conceit—even though, so often, I had to admit he had something to be conceited about.

He didn't seem to realize I was a woman, most of the time. He insisted on doing all his writing at his apartment, and whenever I went there he treated me almost as if I'd been another man. He'd be wearing his pajamas and dressing gown, unshaven, his hair uncombed; he'd let me light my own cigarettes and would never make a move to help me on with my coat when I left.

Yet, somehow, he seemed to depend upon me. He'd look to me for approval of what he thought was a particularly good line he'd written, and if I wasn't enthusiastic he'd tell me I was a fool—then work over it again and again until I agreed with him that it was right. Once or twice we clashed over something I was convinced should not be broadcast, but I managed to smooth such places over.

ONE day, at rehearsal, Mr. Newton dropped in and sat down beside me in the studio. "Just thought I'd see how things were going," he whispered. "Everything all right?"

"As much all right as they ever can be with Grant," I said grimly.

He chuckled a little, and lit a cigarette, although the rules forbade it. "You're a wonder, Marjorie. I never thought you'd be able to stick with him even this long."

I don't know what made me say it. "He's not so bad, really," I remarked defensively.

He glanced at me keenly. "Not falling in love with him, are you?"

I started, and looked at him to see if he was serious. "Of course not! What an idea!" And I really thought I was telling the truth.

"Oh well," he said, "you're a young and pretty girl, and he's a good-looking young fellow—in a wild sort of way."

It was impossible to be irritated very long at Mr. Newton—he was too sweet and grandfatherly. I laughed, and said, "Mr. Newton, you're too romantic. Just look at him, and then tell me—how could I fall in love with him? He's—he's just not the loving kind."

Grant choosing that exact moment to burst out in a torrent of abuse against a luckless actor, Mr. Newton looked at me with amused agreement in his eyes.

Then, one night only a week or

so later, the chain of events started that was to change both of our lives with such dramatic swiftiness.

I'd gone to bed early, worn out from a day spent in preparing the final draft of the next day's show, and had just dropped off to sleep when I was awakened by the shrill, persistent buzzing of my apartment doorbell. Sleepily I dragged on a negligee and stumbled to the door.

It was Grant. He burst into the room talking as he came. "I just went out for a walk and all of a sudden I got a wonderful idea! Wonderful! It'll put Personal Notions on the front pages. Where's your typewriter?—we've got to get right to work!"

"Wait a minute," I said suspiciously. "What kind of an idea?"

His black eyes snapping with excitement, he said, "It's wonderful, I tell you! We're going to have a surprise guest on our next show—and do you know who? The President's wife!" (Cont. on page 75)



I know now that the heart can't always follow the path you've chosen for it—and least of all in radio.



They're

Inquisitor Fadiman



Know-it-all Kieran



Quipster Adams



Genius Levant



"SCHOOL TEACHER"

THE "school teacher" of Information Please is Clifton Fadiman—bland, innocent-looking, with mild blue eyes, an unabridged dictionary for a brain, and an ability to turn wisecracks that makes his experts quiver in their fashionable boots. He doesn't have to think up the questions he asks on each week's program, but he probably could, without trying very hard.

"Kip" Fadiman—the nickname comes from an attack of hiccups he had shortly after he was born, and which lasted a week, during which he apparently said nothing but "kip-kip-kip"—is a modern merchant of brain-power, with a special interest in books and literature. He was born in Brooklyn thirty-four years ago, and began earning part of the Fadiman family living when he was old enough to run errands. In high school he and an elder brother edited, published and distributed a newspaper. In Columbia University he tutored less brilliant students, waited on table, worked in the college library, sold magazine subscriptions, wrote book reviews and book advertisements. He even translated two books by the German author Nietzsche into English—and graduated with honors.

After college he had a fling at teaching school, in the Ethical Culture School of New York City—and then joined the publishing firm of Simon & Schuster as a manuscript reader and talent scout. Later he became Simon & Schuster's editor-in-chief, and at present he is one of their literary consultants.

Being editor of a big publishing house would have satisfied anyone less energetic than Kip, but he branched out into reviewing books for *The New Yorker* magazine and lecturing on literature to women's clubs all over the country. Last year his mileage on these lecture tours was between 30,000 and 40,000—he didn't keep exact count. Maybe you heard him in 1933, when he was on the air for twenty-six weeks, reviewing books. And meantime he was writing articles for several national magazines.

When Dan Golenpaul, who thought up the idea for Information Please, needed a master of ceremonies he picked Fadiman partly for his wide knowledge of many subjects, but mostly for his quick—and sometimes cutting—wit. The knowledge falls down sometimes—for instance, a few weeks ago a smart reporter in one of the towns Fadiman lectured in met him at the train and fired a list of questions at

Everybody says, "Information Please!" about those

■ This is what you'd see at a typical Information Please broadcast. At the table at the left are seated Oscar Levant, John Kieran, guest H. V. Kaltenborn, and F. P. Adams. Right, Clifton Fadiman and Dan Golenpaul, the originator of the program.

Human, After All

By **NORTON RUSSELL**

him, just to see if he was really an expert. Kip flunked outright on most of the queries. One of them, "What are the seven wonders of the Ancient World?" has been suggested frequently for use on Information Please, and rejected because everyone thought it was too easy. Fadiman knew only five of the seven wonders.

Kip is married, and lives just off Fifth Avenue on Ninety-fifth Street with his wife and one small son. Downtown, he has an office and a secretary, where he does all his work—for his Information Please duties are still only part of his activities. To write his book reviews, he reads an average of two dozen fat volumes a week, and writes about them. He is editing a book called "Living Philosophies," to be published soon. It is rumored, but not confirmed, that he is a story scout for one of the big moving picture companies. And he is writing a book about—cheeses.

Yes, he loves cheese—a fact revealed for the first time by his friend John Kieran, in a magazine article Kieran recently wrote about him. Cheese is his ruling passion and his hobby, and his forthcoming book is

to be the last word on the subject. He has already divided all known cheeses into thirty general types, subdivided into 700 or so different varieties. In preparation for the book, he is busily tasting all 700 varieties at different ages and temperatures, and indexing his findings.

His position as one of New York's most widely read book reviewers gives him a good deal of power, which he is careful not to abuse. He and Alexander Woollcott are two people who can send a book's sales skyrocketing by giving it a word of praise, since they are both looked up to as critics by people who pride themselves on their sophistication. Kip has never been accused of "log-rolling," though—praising a friend's book simply because he liked the author. Neither does he show any favoritism toward books published by the firm for which he works as a literary consultant.

He played a typically Fadimanish joke on New York movie critics a few weeks ago. He called several of them up when he knew they wouldn't be in their offices, and left a message for them to call him back. Every critic gleefully jumped to the conclusion that he was about to be asked to appear on Information Please, and lost no time in grabbing the telephone. Innocently, Kip told

them, "There's a picture playing now I think you ought to be sure to see. It's called 'Forty Little Mothers,' and it's at the ——— Theater."

As a matter of fact, few New York newspaper columnists or critics are ever invited to go on Information Please any longer, unless they're nationally known. Some went on in the early weeks of the show, but such hard feelings immediately sprang up among those who weren't invited that a blanket no-critic rule had to be laid down.

KNOW-IT-ALL

Until John Kieran began answering questions on Information Please, his radio experience was limited to one brief talk about golf. It was not a success—a Scotch friend of his rebuked him the next day by saying sourly, "Gowf is something that mustna be talked about."

But when Dan Golenpaul was hunting experts for the program, someone told him the sports editor of the New York Times knew so much about practically everything that he was amazing. This wasn't an exaggeration—Kieran *does* know so much he's amazing. His specialties are sports (naturally), Latin, Shakespeare, and birds, but he's no dope when it comes to history, other

(Continued on page 65)

Question Experts—the Four Musketeers of Information Please—so we answer.



His Life

■ Begin the first authorized life story of **Walter Winchell—a shirt-sleeved crusader, and Broadway's No. 1. Family Man**

By
MILDRED LUBER

THE Imperial Theater, on 116th Street near Lenox Avenue, didn't live up to its name. It was musty and old, the carpets in its aisles were frayed from the scuffling of many shoes, its orchestra consisted of one piano whose ancestor must have been a tin can, and everyone in the neighborhood knew by heart exactly what its four faded backdrops looked like.

But to me, a little brat all fussed up with pigtailed and brightly colored ribbons tied tightly around my head, the Imperial was paradise, no less. For one of its vaudeville acts, as announced by a sign in the front, was "The Three Little Boys with the Big Voices"—whose names were Walter Winchell, George Jessel and Eddie Cantor. And I had a great crush on Walter Winchell.

At the time, he was eleven years old.

I'm no longer in love with him, but most of that early admiration is still with me, after more than twenty-five years of friendship. Walter knows everybody, but almost nobody knows him. It's a mark of distinction, around Times Square and along Fifty-

Second Street, to be able to say that "Winchell and I are just like *that*," holding up two tightly-pressed-together fingers—except that usually it isn't true. I'm proud then, that not long ago, when I asked Walter for an interview, explaining I was going to write a story about him, he answered, "Sit down and write your own story—you know me so well."

That's one reason it's a pleasure and a privilege to write this story. Another is that this is the life-story of an American—a story which proves that Democracy and Americanism *can* work. To look at Walter Winchell when I first knew him, you wouldn't have said he stood much of a chance to make anything very spectacular of himself. Immigrant parents, barely the beginnings of an education, poverty—and not much on the credit side beyond a good personality and lots of energy: that summed up the eleven-year-old Winchell. Yet today, he's famous and wealthy; more important, he's a man with the ability and the willingness to fight for the American ideals which made it possible for him to get where he is. A modern crusader, Walter is—a

is News!

crusader in shirt sleeves, with a typewriter instead of a lance.

It's good to know a man like that. Better today than ever before.

I do know things about Walter Winchell that have never been told until now—things Walter, who is as reticent about himself as he is frank about other people, would never tell, and other people don't know. Perhaps, in those long-ago days of the Imperial Theater, some intuition warned me that he would some day be famous, and unknowingly I stored up scenes and incidents in my memory, and kept in touch with him after our lives had apparently parted. Perhaps—and I think this is nearer the truth—Walter was even then such a figure of glamour and excitement to me that I just couldn't help remembering everything I knew about him.

WEST 116th Street, and its surrounding neighborhood in Harlem, was a tough sort of place in those early days of Walter's life. Today, its residents are mostly colored; then, they were "foreigners"—immigrants, Russian, Jewish, Irish, getting their first taste of this bustling new America they had heard about from over the sea; confused, bewildered, alien, and yet somehow intoxicated by this new air of freedom.

Walter was born there, in Harlem, on April 7, 1897. His father, who spelled his name Winchel (the story of how Walter added the extra *l* must come later on), was a dealer in silks, but not a very successful one. His mother, Jennie Bakst before her marriage, was a beautiful, stately woman, with raven-black hair and soulful blue eyes—one of the most charming and intelligent women I have ever known.

They had come, these two, from Russia, to build their family and their home in the great United States. How they would have smiled, unbelievably, as they stepped on Manhattan Island for the first time, if anyone had told them their first son would become known in every corner of this vast land, would enrich its speech with words of his own manufacture, would even fight for its ideals with all the vital energy at his command!

"Winchell says. . . ." "I listened to Winchell last night. . . ." "Winchell had it two weeks ago. . . ." "If we could only get Winchell to give us a boost. . . ." "Winchell. . . Winchell. . . Winchell. . ."

But Jacob Winchel's boy, Walter, left school—P. S. 184 on 116th Street—at the end of the sixth grade. He had to. There wasn't any more time for the luxury of studying. The Winchells had another son by this time, Algernon (only it was safer to call him Algie) and it was time for Walter to begin earning some money.

All the things that Walter Winchell's own children have—education, toys, care, balanced diet, supervision—all these are things that Walter did without. As a matter of sober fact, he never had a pair of roller skates on in his life, nor did he ever ride a bicycle. He probably didn't feel deprived—few enough of the



■ A rare picture of Walter in Gus Edwards' Song Revue—Edwards at the piano, Walter just above him, George Jessel on the rug and Georgie Price, right.



Culver

■ As a second-rate song and dance man, his ambition to play the Palace in New York was never realized. It wasn't until he was a columnist that they engaged him.

kids around P.S. 184 possessed such things. We little girls played a game called "Potzie." Maybe you called it "Hop-sotch" when you were a kid, if you didn't live in New York. The boys' favorite game went by the name of "Pussy-cat." It was a sort of game the feminine mind doesn't comprehend very well, and I can't even now pretend to tell you its object. All I know was that it involved putting a whittled-down slab of wood on the pavement or in the gutter, sending it spinning down the street with a tremendous whack from a broomstick, and then running and shouting like mad.

IT was a boisterous game, but it was mild compared to the fierce warfare that constantly went on between the boys on this block and the boys on the next. A boy grew up early in that neighborhood, grew strong and wiry and tough. He had to. The law of tooth and claw ruled there in Harlem, just as surely as it did in any jungle.

Walter says now that he left school because he was such a dunce. As a matter of fact, he was an honor student, as a copy of his school paper, "The Echo," reveals. I happened to see a copy of it a few days ago at a meeting of the 184 Association, a newly formed club, designed to shelter old P.S. 184 teach-

ers and make their last years comfortable. Walter is one of its members, and so am I.

We—the Lubers family—moved into the neighborhood about the time Walter left school, and our first contact with him was through his mother, that fine and lovely lady. It was with her Algie and I used to go on Saturday afternoons to the Imperial Theater, where five coppers admitted two kids, to watch Walter.

There he was dressed in blue serge knickers pulled far down below his knees, his hair cut "Buster Brown style," and with a collar fashioned after that worn by the same comic-strip character, who was as famous then as Blondie and Baby Dumpling are now. He sang "Sunbonnet Sue" to a little girl in a buckram bonnet and gingham dress—with his small arm tight around her slim waist, he rocked to and fro on the stage, very romantic. For Walter Winchell was a very handsome boy—blond, slim, with finely chiseled features. And, since boys in that part of town grow up fast emotionally as well as physically, he already was learning how to make a feminine heart thump adoringly. Not that he wasted any effort on such an infant as I was.

It hurt Jennie Winchell that he had to leave school, but she found

consolation those Saturday afternoons, watching him on the stage, waving back when he caught sight of her over the footlights and smiled at her for approval. She guided and encouraged him at a time when most parents in the neighborhood would rather have had their children hawking newspapers on the streets than working in one of those depraved places, theaters. Today, Walter knows that what he has accomplished in the world, what he has made of himself, is due in large part to his mother. In fact, though he seldom mentions them, his mother and his wife are two dominating influences in Walter's life. At heart, he's a family man.

Soon Walter had struck up a friendship with two other bright young lads who had stage ambitions, and they formed a trio. George Jessel was nine years old then—another P.S. 184 boy, but not for long. I think he went to school, unwillingly, for about eight months after he moved to 116th Street. Then he quit. He knew enough. Eddie Cantor the third member, was older than the other two—thirteen. He also had more education, managing to reach the seventh grade before he left, by request.

WALTER and George were novices compared to Eddie. Already he had determined to make the stage his life-work. He was a talented mimic, and was used oftener at the theater, under varying names, than the other two boys. George and Eddie had good singing voices, a department at which Walter had to take a back seat. But Walter's good looks made up for any musical deficiencies. He was unquestionably the Don Juan of the trio. That is one of my clearest memories of Walter—his real handsomeness and his acute interest in the opposite sex. He always seemed to think he was in love with some girl.

Things were going along fairly well, with frequent dates at the Imperial for one, two, or all three of the boys, when the Gerry Society—which was the law—stepped in. It decreed that the boys, because of their age, couldn't perform on the stage. That was a blow. Then it developed that for some reason it was perfectly all right for them to perform from the orchestra pit. To this day, no one has ever been able to explain the distinction, but it was the salvation of Walter and George. While Eddie went farther afield, to a theater in Brooklyn, they sang duets from the pit with Jack Weiner, to the accompaniment of colored slides thrown on the screen above them. (Continued on page 51)



The author, Mildred Lubers, greets her childhood friend, Walter Winchell, on his return from Florida.

17 Men

ARE MY CHAPERONES

■ And handsome ones too! But there's another side to my story—for I have one of the oddest jobs a girl ever had

By BEA WAIN

IT'S almost time again. In a few hours I'll say goodbye to my comfortable little four room apartment, my very nice husband and my friends, grab one small suitcase and start out once more on the most hectic experience a woman ever faced. I'll be gone more than a month, a bus will be my home, a fast moving, bouncing, dusty home, and seventeen men will be my chaperones. I'll be in a different place nearly every day: small towns, big cities, made-over barns, night clubs, college campuses.

What's this all about? I'm the singer with Larry Clinton's band and I'm about to start out on a succession of one night stands—as they're called in the band business. That means we're going on tour, to pay personal visits to all the dance places we can squeeze in, never staying more than one or two nights before moving on to the next stop.

That's the way all big bands operate. First we stay in a big city for several months, playing on the radio as many times a week as possible. Then we swing out across these United (Continued on page 68)

■ Bea Wain, who sings with Larry Clinton's orchestra, is one of the highest paid and most famous of girl vocalists. But she earns every cent and here she tells why.



Please see the following pages for a vivid picture story of a band on tour



■ Waiting for the bus: trumpet-
er Harry Williford, saxophonist
Ben Williams and Mrs. Williams.

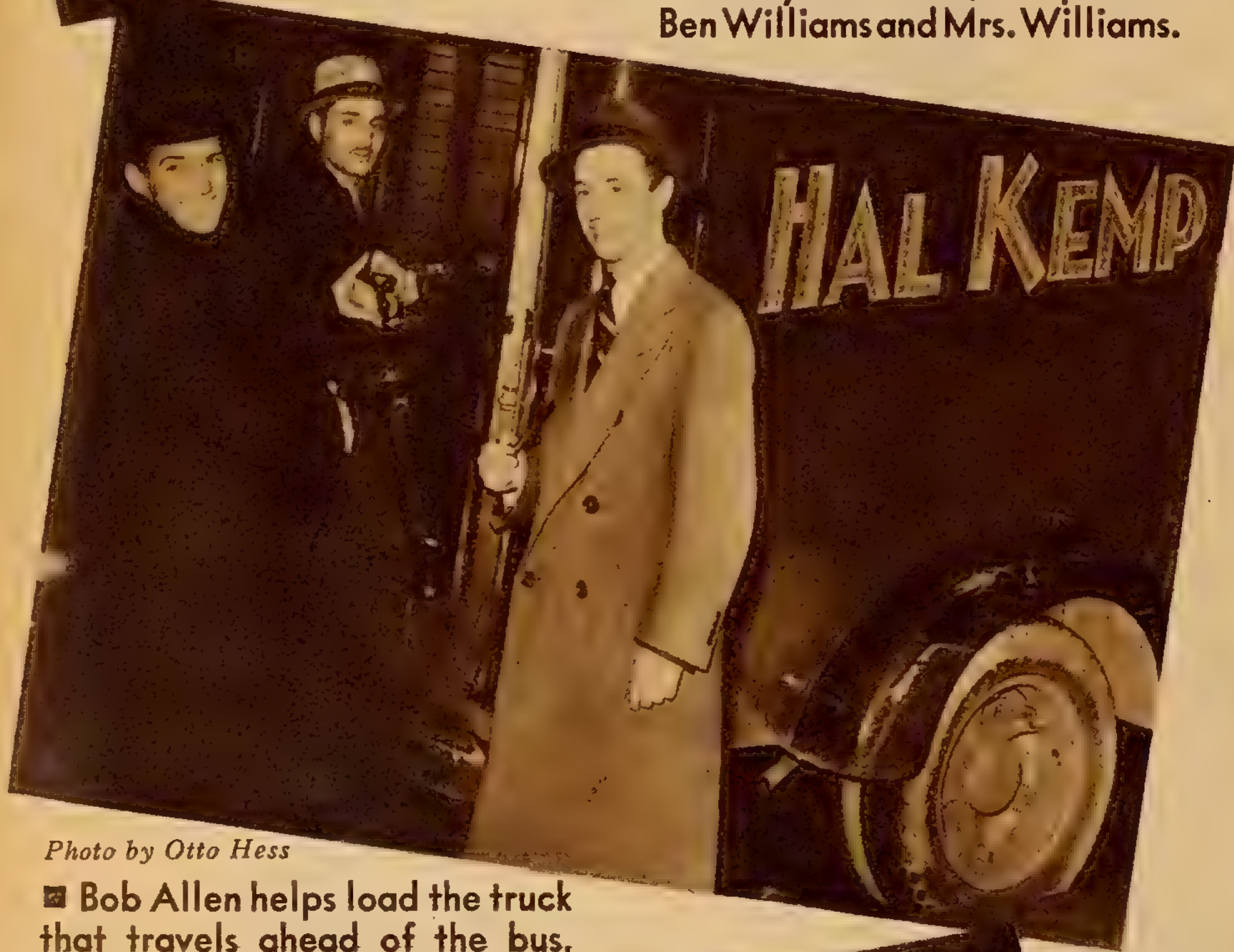


Photo by Otto Hess

■ Bob Allen helps load the truck
that travels ahead of the bus,
carrying instruments and bags.



ON the preceding page, Bea Wain told you in words what being "on the road" with a dance band is like. Now, in pictures, join Hal Kemp's orchestra on its most recent tour of one night stands.

Like most bands, Hal Kemp's travels in a big bus, but in addition, he has a special truck, loaded with instruments and luggage, trundling along ahead of the bus all the time. The truck is necessary, because one of the boys in the band takes along portable dark room equipment, Hal is never without his portable phonograph and a supply of records, and a sun lamp has to go along to pep the boys up after a three-hundred-mile hop.

All sorts of things are likely to happen on tour. For instance, there's a hardware merchant in York, Pa., who gives a party for the gang every time they play his city. The party's held right in the store itself, and everyone in the band revels in playing with the stock of games and gadgets.

During the spring the Kemp band plays at many college proms, and it can usually count on



■ Between shows, trumpet soloist Mickey Bloom relaxes under the sun lamp that goes along on tour. Left, Jack LeMaire and Kenneth LeBahn while away time in the bus with a game of Chinese checkers.

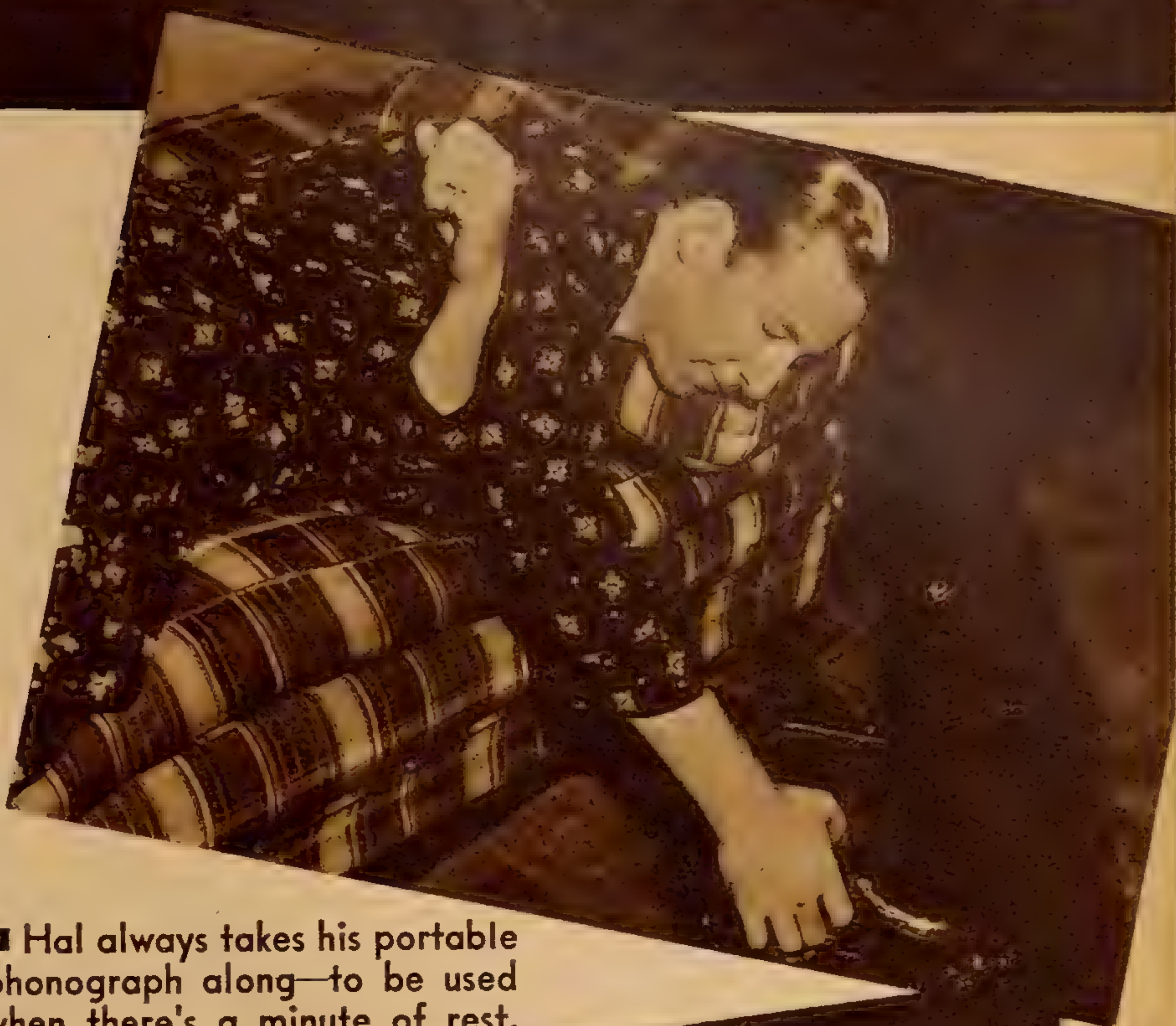
NIGHT STAND!

a party at one of the fraternity houses before or after the dance. Out of the ordinary, though, was the request the band received at Washington and Lee University—to dress up in Colonial costumes to harmonize with the theme of the dance.

Sometimes the band stays overnight in a town after playing at a dance; but frequently it piles right back into the bus and sets out for the next stop, the boys getting what sleep they can.

Mrs. Kemp, the former Martha Stephenson, always tours with the band, and other musicians' wives can come along if they want to. To most of them, though, touring is an old story, and they either make only part of the trip with their husbands, or meet them somewhere along the route. Singer Judy Starr, who was still with the Kemp band at the time these pictures were taken, is married to Jack Shirra, the Kemp bass violinist.

Their weekly broadcast on CBS, *Time to Shine*, doesn't keep the Kemp band from touring. If they're close enough, they come back to New York; otherwise, they broadcast on the road.



■ Hal always takes his portable phonograph along—to be used when there's a minute of rest.



■ Bob Allen and Hal in the fancy dress the band donned at Washington and Lee University.



Photos by Mel Adams

■ Mrs. Kemp, the former Martha Stephenson, always tours with the band. Above, at the hardware store party in York, Pa. Right, Judy Starr and husband Jack Shirra take it easy during an intermission.





■ Chief Manny, with his mother and father, inspects his huge birthday cake, decorated with a jail scene. Below, he says goodbye to Capt. Vallance of the Beverly Hills Police as he sets out in the patrol wagon. Sitting on the steps are Sandra and Ronnie Burns and Joan Benny.



■ Even parents were in Western clothes—Joan Blondell helps young Norman Scott Powell eat his ice cream soda.

The Edward G. Robinsons celebrate their son's sixth birthday with a—

JUNIOR

THERE are two kinds of parties Hollywood really loves—costume affairs and kid parties. The gala picnic given by Edward G. Robinson of the CBS Big Town program for his son Manny's sixth birthday combined the best features of both—and was a huge success. No sissy party this, but a real Western shebang, with everybody dressed fit to kill in cowboy and cowgirl suits. Even the invitations entered into the spirit of the thing—they were subpoenas, summoning the guests to appear at "Chief Manny's Higginsville Jail." At the "Jail" which was Manny's home—they were loaded into a real Black Maria and driven to the "Ranch" a mile up the canyon in Beverly Hills.



RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR

CHIEF MANNYS HIGGINSVILLE RANCH.



■ Nothing tastes as good as hot dogs, particularly if you're wearing a sombrero and a bandanna—at least, that's what Peter (Melvyn) Douglas' grin seems to say. Above, Manny and Wesley Ruggles, Jr.

JAMBOREE

■ Jest a-settin' on the old buckboard wagon an' thinkin'—Joe E. Brown's daughter Kathryn, Richard Arlen Jr., and Gary Crosby, who seems to be doing a hand-stand. Right, Gary, oldest of Bing's four boys, proves by his interest in the Shetland pony that he's a chip off the old block.



Photos by Fink

A choral group like this one of Kay Thompson's on Tune-Up Time gets at least \$14 a singer for 15-minute shows, up to \$20 for hour programs, half as much again for repeat broadcasts, and \$4 an hour rehearsal pay. A soloist like Barry Wood, left below, or Joan Edwards, opposite, is paid at least \$40 for 15 minutes, \$70 for an hour.



How Much

DO RADIO PERFORMERS REALLY EARN?

UNTIL the American Federation of Radio Artists threatened a general strike of all radio actors, singers and announcers, no one could have answered this question. Now that the strike's been averted and an agreement reached, there's a minimum union wage scale for all performers on network sponsored programs. It works like this. An actress like Alice Frost (left) can't be paid less than \$15 for working on a fifteen-minute broadcast, \$25 for one lasting 30 minutes, and \$35 for an hour show—no matter how

much time she's actually at the mike. She gets about half as much again if the show has a repeat broadcast, and \$6 an hour rehearsal pay. Thus, an actor on a daytime serial, if he works in every installment, can make as much as \$105 a week—plus another \$50 if there are re-broadcasts. All figures quoted are minimum rates—stars like Alice and others shown here may, because of their popularity, earn much more. And bit players who only work occasionally find that \$15 doesn't go very far.

CBS



Announcers are paid at the same rate as actors. Above, Paul Douglas of the Chesterfield program.

Soloist Joan Edwards is paid for rehearsal too—\$6 an hour—and \$15 to \$22.50 for repeat broadcasts.

A vocal quartet like the Merry Macs earns at least \$30 on a 15-minute show, \$45 for an hour one.

■ Nothing mattered any longer. She had lost Michael, life had no meaning, unless—but did she dare try Dr. Orbo's dangerous experiment?

Pretty Kitty

The Story Thus Far:

WHAT was Kitty Kelly's real identity? All she knew was that she wakened one morning, with her memory completely gone, in the stuffy, third-class cabin of a ship bound for America. Her only companion was a grim-faced old woman named Mrs. Megram, who told her that her name was Kitty Kelly, that she was a poor Irish girl on her way to New York, and that she had been ill. Not one word of this, Kitty learned a year later, was true—for Mrs. Megram was murdered, leaving behind her a note mentioning Kitty's "rightful place in the world." And Grant Thursday, whom Kitty met on a winter skiing party, insisted that he had known her before, in Switzerland.

There was only one reason, really, for Kitty's eagerness to learn her real name. For months, Michael Conway, a young lawyer, had been begging her to marry him, but she had refused, not daring to say yes until she knew more about her past. Now Michael was becoming bored and restless, drifting away to rich, glamorous Isabel Andrews. One night, pleading work, he broke an engagement with her, and she yielded to Grant Thursday's pleas and went out with him instead. At the restaurant, they saw Michael, in-

toxicated and with Isabel. Afterwards, turning to Grant as her only friend, Kitty agreed to visit a psychiatrist he recommended to her, Dr. Weyman; and Dr. Weyman introduced her to Dr. Orbo, "a man who knows more about amnesia than anyone else in the world."

But Dr. Orbo, when he saw Kitty, said that they had met before—more than a year ago, in Dublin, when he had performed an experiment in artificial amnesia upon her, deliberately causing her to lose her memory.

Part Two

DR. ORBO did not say anything for a few minutes. He stood there, looking at her with an inscrutable smile. Then at last he made a beckoning motion of his hand.

"Will you come around to this chair, Miss Kelly, please?" he said.

There was something sinister about his voice, something Kitty did not like. Yet she felt drawn to the man. He reached out one hand, touched her chin, tilted it back, speaking half to her, half to Dr. Weyman.

"Who are you, Miss Kelly? That is a curious question, a very curious question. I wish I could answer it completely. But unfortunately I

know very little about you. Very . . . little. . . ."

"You speak in riddles, Dr. Orbo!" Dr. Weyman broke in.

"Not in the least, Dr. Weyman. As a matter of fact, I have come halfway across the globe to search for this girl. If you will consult the medical journal again, you will remember that my article closed with the words 'Unfortunately it was necessary to abandon the experiment because of Miss K.'s sudden disappearance.' When I saw Miss Kelly for the last time, she was in full possession of her faculties. But in her bloodstream were two milliliters of the most complex and dangerous of my compounds. That compound should have worn off in two weeks at the most."

"You mean—she disappeared from you with the seeds of amnesia at work in her?" cried Dr. Weyman.

"Exactly." For a moment Kitty fancied she saw a gleam of satisfaction in Dr. Orbo's eyes. Then they turned upon her with almost animal gentleness.

"And so, my dear Miss Kelly, you must tell me quickly—what have you been doing? Whatever became of you?"

"I—I don't know, doctor. I know only that I woke up on a ship bound for America . . . and . . . and that an old woman named Mrs. Megram

For the first time, in dramatic fiction form, you can read the complete story of the CBS serial that has thrilled listeners from coast to coast

Kelly

■ Faster. She watched them, her eyes dazzled by the whirling motion, Dr. Orbo's low humming voice in her ear.

Pinchot



was with me. She told me I was an orphan girl from Dublin—and then she left me. I—I never heard from her again, until two days ago, when they told me she'd been murdered!"

"So—Mrs. Megram is dead!" A muscle quivered in Dr. Orbo's expressionless face.

"Yes—did you—*know* her, Dr. Orbo?"

Dr. Orbo bit his lip.

"A—little." His eyes momentarily brilliant, grew cold again. "As a matter of fact, Miss Kelly, I believe I paid your passage and Mrs. Megram's over on that boat to America. You see, you earned that money yourself—working for me. If you will pardon me—you were my human guinea pig. That same Mrs. Megram, of whom you speak, originally brought you to my laboratory."

"Mrs. Megram!" Kitty frowned. "You mean—she knew me in Dublin?"

"Certainly. Some university student had told her about my experiments in artificially induced amnesia. You were a poor girl from the St. Elizabeth's Orphanage, who wished to go to America, and she proposed you as a subject of the experiments I was making, so you could earn your passage money. You were quite willing. But Mrs. Megram did not play fair with either of us. She must have collected the three pounds I paid you each week, and when she had enough money to pay her passage as well as yours, taken ship with you—never realizing that I was right in the midst of a most unusual experiment."

He paused, studying her upturned face, as though she were some kind of scientific specimen. Kitty drew herself away a little from his touch.

"Is that—all you know about me, Dr. Orbo?" she asked.

"Absolutely all." He looked her straight in the eyes. "Except—that I am eager to continue my experiments—perhaps restore your mind."

"You're *sure* I was nothing but an orphan from St. Elizabeth's?"

"Of course." He smiled. "You told me with your own lips—the day before I began my experiments in Dublin."

"I see."

Kitty turned away, still haunted by a feeling of doubt. Perhaps it was egotism, vanity, she thought. But that skiing at New Hampshire. Grant Thursday's positive assurances that he had seen her at St. Moritz. How did they fit in with this strange doctor's story? As though sensing her thoughts, Dr. Weyman spoke.

"Miss Kelly doesn't seem like an orphanage type, Dr. Orbo," he be-

gan. "Look at her hands, her features, her beauty. . . ."

Dr. Orbo shrugged.

"I once saw a beautiful flower that had pushed its way up through the city streets," he said. "But if Miss Kelly is not convinced that I am telling the truth, she can find it out for herself in a short time—provided she undergoes my experiments. I have already worked out an antidote for her condition. We can start tomorrow, if she wishes."

"Why, of course, Dr. Orbo!" Dr. Weyman's voice was delighted. "You can use my office, too, if you wish. What do you say to that, Miss Kelly? Dr. Orbo is going to attempt to restore your memory. Can you come back tomorrow—say at four?"

"Yes, doctor. . . ."

Obediently she nodded her head, received her instructions. But inwardly her heart misgave her. Who was this man, Dr. Orbo? And could she trust his story? Was she really nothing but an orphan girl with illusions of grandeur? Was this the end? Or was there something wrong

PRETTY KITTY KELLY

*Sponsored by Wonder Bread and
Hostess Cakes on CBS*

Cast

Kitty Kelly. . . .**ARLINE BLACKBURN**

Michael Conway.**CLAYTON COLLYER**

Bunny Wilson.**HELEN CHOAT**

Slim.**ARTELLS DICKSON**

Inspector Grady. .**HOWARD SMITH**

Grant Thursday . . **JOHN PICKARD**

Dr. Orbo.**LOUIS HECTOR**

Isabel Andrews. . . .**LUCILLE WALL**

*Radio script by Frank Dahm
Fictionization by Lucille Fletcher*

and secret about it all—something she could flee from, as though for her life?

She needed Michael so. Michael would know. Michael was hard and practical. Oh, if she could only see him for a moment, lay her head on his shoulder, talk to him again. But Michael . . . Michael was gone.

She pulled herself together, and held out her hand to Dr. Orbo in a brave gesture.

"Goodbye, Dr. Orbo. I'll be back at four tomorrow."

* * *

So she was on the brink of finding

herself after all. Grant had been right, she thought, as she hurried back to the store in the golden noon-day sunshine. After all these months of false clues, Grant had turned her into the right path. And yet, even the prospect of knowing who she was, seemed empty without Michael. Michael! Her high heels tapped out his name on the crowded sidewalk. Michael. If only he would call, make one little gesture, she would take him back. It did not matter what he had done.

"Please, Michael, darling"—she whispered to herself—"please. I don't care about last night. It was nothing, nothing at all. You forgot yourself, that's all . . . Michael, please . . ."

Then suddenly, as she turned the corner to Marks' main entrance, her heart gave a thump of joy. Michael was going through the revolving door.

She hurried after him, calling his name. The noonday crowds were heavy, and she lost sight momentarily of his tall figure in the gray tweed coat, the shabby slouch hat. But it did not matter now. Michael's very presence at Marks was enough. He never came here except to see her. He had come to apologize for last night.

Buffeted by the hurrying women, intent on bargains, she entered the high-ceilinged store, her face aglow with happiness. For a few moments, she stood there on tiptoe, looking for him. Yes—there he was—just beyond the Information Desk—his clean-cut profile turning toward the escalator—about to ride up to the second floor.

"Michael!" she launched herself through the crowd after him. Then her voice died in her throat. For going up in the escalator at his side was Isabel Andrews.

She was beautifully dressed—in a wine-colored velvet suit laden with red fox, and a pert little hat with a shiny bird's wing tilted over one eye. And her hand, in its wine-colored kid glove was resting lightly—but firmly—on Michael's arm.

From the floor below, Kitty could see her laughing and chatting, her white teeth gleaming in a smile. How shiny she was, how gleaming and clean. Even down here, down below, she could see Michael's eyes light up with admiration at her splendor, at the way she stood there, so tall and handsome, gliding in the escalator like a queen.

They must have met—by special arrangement. They were going shopping together—here in Marks. It did not matter to Michael any more that she, Kitty, worked in

(Continued on page 70)

■ Right, Meliza Korjus, the singing star of "The Great Waltz," chats with Master of Ceremonies, Robert Young on one of her frequent appearances on the Good News of 1939 show.

■ Below right, is Dick Powell as happy in his new program as he seems in this picture with Parkyakarkus? Below, Vivien "Scarlett O'Hara" Leigh, who may be on the air before long.



MGM

HOLLYWOOD RADIO WHISPERS

By GEORGE FISHER

■ Listen to George Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night over Mutual

HOLLYWOOD is whispering that Dick Powell, who took over the Al Jolson show recently, is mighty unhappy over his connection with the program. Dick is little more than a stooge, and is forced into the background by Tiny Ruffner, Parkyakarkus and Martha Raye. May I suggest that Dick be more than a mere straight man, for it's no news that he has a real flair for comedy. It's my personal opinion that all the Dick Powell show needs is Dick Powell!

In a few weeks David O. Selznick will have lined up a dozen guest appearances for his new star, Vivien Leigh. David is presenting his "Scarlett" to radio audiences to prove to them that her Southern accent is now the real McCoy.

Incidentally, columnists have been getting in sly digs at Vivien, in their accounts of her private life. It is not believed to be generally known that Miss Leigh is the mother of a six-year-old daughter, but what these columnists don't know is that Vivien is not trying to hide the fact that she has a daughter. In fact, I learned confidentially that Vivien is

making arrangements to bring the child, Suzanne Leigh Holman, from England to be with her during the remainder of her stay in Hollywood.

* * *

Here's a laugh for you. Bing Crosby was requested to judge a beauty contest at the University of Alabama. Because he couldn't take time out to go to Alabama, the college sent him pictures of the contestants. Bing finally chose a picture of a blonde girl, and said he picked her because she looked like she could cook a good meal!

(Continued on page 86)

THE CASE OF THE

Hollywood

■ A thrilling rendezvous with her favorite movie and radio star leads Miss Bell to a perilous adventure—and to a new use of an ordinary lunchbox

The Story Thus Far:

WILLIAM C. FOLEY, one of Hollywood's most brilliant lawyers, hired me as his secretary because he liked my voice, and I discovered later that one of the secrets of his success was that he had an uncanny ability for judging people from their voices. On my very first day as his employee, I was plunged into a maelstrom of intrigue and mystery. To begin with, I had been hired to replace his former secretary, who had been injured by a hit-and-run-driver—as I discovered when a private detective pushed his way into the office, saying that he was investigating her case. Later that day I took notes for an agreement between one of Mr. Foley's clients, Frank Padgham, and two men named Carter Wright and Woodley Page. I was to type the agreement and deliver it that night to a Beverly Hills address.

On my way to the house, that night, I was almost run down by a speeding car—and it didn't look like an accident, either. When I arrived, the house seemed deserted, but upstairs I found Bruce Eaton, the radio and movie star, bound and gagged in a closet. I set him free, and under pretense of getting a drink, he slipped out of the house, leaving me alone. As I started to follow him, I picked up a safe-deposit key from the floor—and then, through an open door at the end of the hall, I saw a dead man slumped over a desk!

While I stood gaping, every light in the house went out, and I hurried downstairs. At the front door I met Mr. Padgham, and told him what I'd seen. While he

investigated, I went to a nearby drug store and called Bruce Eaton's agent, leaving a message for him to call at the office the next day. Padgham was gone when I returned, but Mr. Foley was there, and after instructing me to tell the drug clerk to call the police and report the murder, he took me home. But when we looked

Illustration by
Mario Cooper



Scandal

By Erle Stanley
GARDNER

Author of "The Case of the Velvet Claws"
"The Case of the Howling Dog," etc.



■ I ran to a door in the partition, jerked it open. The banker raised his gun and shouted in a shaky voice, "Stop where you are, both of you."

in my brief case for the agreement, it was empty!

Morning brought the news that the dead man was Carter Wright, chauffeur to Charles Temmler, who owned the house. Mrs. Temmler herself called on Mr. Foley soon after, with a strange proposition. She wanted to retain him to recover the contents of a

safety-deposit box in a bank at Las Almiras, a little country town near Los Angeles. She claimed that the key to the box had been stolen by Carter Wright before his murder, that the box belonged to her husband, and that she had to get its contents before her husband returned from a business trip and discovered the key had been stolen. Mr. Foley, of course, said he couldn't help her and sent her away.

I knew that the key in my possession was the one to the Las Almiras box—but, until I'd seen Bruce Eaton, I didn't want to tell Mr. Foley about it. Eaton called during the morning and made an appointment to meet me. I assumed he wanted to get the key away from me—but when I met him I discovered that he didn't even recognize it. What he really wanted from me was his stickpin.

PART IV.

I PICKED up this key on the floor right after you'd left," I told him, "and when you said that you'd lost something, I naturally supposed this was what it was. I know nothing about your stickpin."

He pulled the car into a parking place at the curb, took the key from me and turned it over in his fingers, looking at it from all sides. "There's a number stamped on it," he said, indicating the numeral 5, "but no name of any bank. Do you have any idea where this lock box is located?"

"Yes," I said, "I have."

"Where?"

"I don't think I have the right to tell you."

He frowned.

"You see," I went on, "I fibbed to you. I'm Claire Bell. I work for Mr. Foley. This morning . . . well, anyway, something happened which makes me think that key fits a certain lock box. I should have told Mr. Foley about it, but I didn't because of what you said over the telephone."

Gravely he handed the key back to me, slipped the car in gear, and said,

"All right, let's eat."

He drove me to a little restaurant, a place I'd never known existed, where we had wonderful food and an atmosphere of delightful privacy. All during the meal, I could see that he was studying me, and I managed to get over some of my tongue- (Continued on page 78)

BRIDGE *of Mercy*

■ Would you kill the woman you loved to hurry the inevitable tragic end? Read the intensely dramatic story radio dared broadcast before you reply

WITH PAUL MUNI AND JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON PLAYING THE LEADING ROLES, "BRIDGE OF MERCY" WAS PRESENTED OVER CBS BY THE SCREEN ACTORS GUILD, SPONSORED BY THE GULF OIL CORPORATION

THE whole story came out in that crowded courtroom. The twelve silent men in the jury box, the impassive judge, the watchful lawyers, the white-faced prisoner, the whispering spectators—they had it served up to them piecemeal, a bit from this witness, a bit from that, until it was all there, every tragic implication complete.

And yet, surely, not quite complete. Judging from what happened afterward, there must have been some-

thing missing—some detail that was still hidden from the world, known only to one man, to John Carson, on trial for the murder of his wife, Mary.

This was the story, as they told it in the courtroom.

They might have been any couple, John and Mary Carson. Young, childless, very much in love—or seemingly so, at any rate. John was a bookkeeper for Greenleaf and Sons, the sort of young fellow you see every noon-hour in the financial

Illustration by Joseph Tesar



district of any big city: lean and broad-shouldered, alert, ambitious, a little dismayed at the destiny that kept him bent over a desk in a tall office building, juggling figures that were so great they made those in his own bank-account seem laughable by comparison.

Mary sensed this dismay, soon after they were married, and it was largely her doing that John began working in the kitchen nights, after the supper dishes were cleared away, spreading books and charts out on the big table, poring over them until the hands of the cheap alarm clock stood at midnight.

Mary would wait up for him, saying nothing, bent over a dress she was making, looking up now and then at his silent, absorbed figure. She had deep, luminous eyes, all the more startling because they were set in a face that was a trifle too pale, a trifle too small and thin. All her soul was in those eyes as she looked up at John, all her admiration and pride in him. Once he turned and caught her looking at him like that, and a lump came into his throat at the love he saw there.

John was popular at his office, and before his marriage he'd run around with the other young fellows—bowling at nights, playing badminton at a gymnasium

■ A shadow passed across Mary's eyes. "Darling," she said, "you won't do anything foolish—try to follow me?"



on Saturdays. Now he was too busy, and outside of office hours about the only time he saw his old cronies was when one of them would drop in to have dinner with him and Mary.

George Derwent was there one evening, but he left early. "You know how it is," he said apologetically, "the gang's waiting for me—going to do some bowling."

Mary must have thought she saw a wistful look in John's eyes, because she said quickly, "Don't you want to go too, John?"

HE put his arm around her and grinned. "Nope. No time for that sort of thing."

"You see, George," Mary said defensively, "John's doing some special work at home now, and—"

"Don't you get enough of that in the office?" George asked with a laugh.

"Oh well, it's not exactly work," John said. "More of a hobby, I guess. You know how some fellows play golf. . . ."

Those deep eyes of Mary's flashed indignantly. "It is *not* a hobby!" she said. "It's much more than that!"

John, still deprecating, said, "Well, it sounds sort of foolish, I guess. But I'm taking a correspondence course."

"It's a home course in engineering," Mary added.

"Engineering!" George said, completely nonplused.

"Sure." John waved one hand vaguely. "You know—dams, power projects, bridges. . . . A—a path to the moon, and beyond—just name your order, and I'll build it!"

His tone invited George to laugh, and George took the cue.

"All the same," John said when

George had left, "I sort of wish we hadn't told him about the course. They'll never quit kidding me."

"Darling!" Mary scolded him. "Don't be self-conscious about ambition! It's what makes great men different from other men!"

John, beginning to lay out his books on the kitchen table, laughed. "Great men! One bookkeeper telling another bookkeeper he's going to build bridges—"

"And you will, too!" She was looking up at him, and yet her eyes seemed to be fixed somewhere beyond him. "You'll build a big bridge . . . maybe not to the moon . . . but a short cut for people who work hard all day long—for tired people—people who want to do things, get places—"

There was something about her intent, absorbed gaze, and her strange words, that frightened him a little.

The next year, though, John forgot his correspondence course, and the books began gathering dust in one corner of the hall closet. That was the summer Mary went to a doctor. It had been such a little pain at first, she hadn't paid any attention to it. But it grew. It grew.

There was Mary's first doctor, and then another one. And x-ray pictures. And an operation.

But the pain stayed, and went on growing, after the operation.

The doctor had to tell John the truth at last.

Your wife is suffering from a form of malignant growth known as sarcoma," he said. "The operation came too late—the condition was too far gone to be checked."

John said, as if he were forcing the words out of his heart: "But isn't there anything we can do?—Another operation—a specialist?"

"I'm sorry—there's nothing anyone can do. Except wait."

"But Doctor—the pain—She's in such terrible pain, all the time—"

"I'm leaving you a prescription for some capsules to be given as directed. They will help."

At first, of course, they did help. But as week followed week, the effects of each capsule wore off faster and faster, they had to be taken at

shorter intervals, the pain was greater between times.

The doctor said she might live for months—depending upon the progress of the disease and her ability to withstand pain.

Coming into the room one night, after the doctor had gone, John took Mary's hand, trying to lie to her—saying with his lips words both of them knew were not true. "The doctor says you're doing fine—in a little while now, the worst will be over, and—"

Mary smiled sleepily. "I know," she agreed, "and soon I'll have no more pain. . . ." Her eyes closed.

"Mary!" John cried. "What's the matter?" A horrible premonition drew his eyes to the bedside table. The box of capsules—it had been full this morning. Now it was nearly empty.

It was instinct that sent him running to the telephone, calling frantically to the hospital.

Unwittingly, she was dragged back to life. The white-suited ambulance surgeon, laboring over the quiet form on the bed, had no time to spare for the haggard man who paced the living room floor.

Toward dawn, he left. Mary was conscious now, and her husband was with her.

"Oh, darling, why did you let them bring me back?"

"I was a coward."

"I'm such a burden to you. . . . And this pain. . . . John!"

"What, Mary?"

"John, I've got to know! How long? How long did the doctor say?"

It was too late now for pretenses, he knew. "A month—two months—"

"As long as that?" she said wearily. "John—you said that—some day, when you build your bridge—I'd be the first to cross it. Remember?"

"Yes," he said, "I remember."

"I need that bridge—now! Will you build it for me?"

"Build you a bridge?" he said in bewilderment. "I don't—Mary!"

"I'd cross it so gladly," she pleaded. "And I'll wait for you—on the other side. Please—a short cut."

YOU don't know what you're asking of me!"

She nodded, wisely. "I do know. But darling, it would be so easy, so quick, if you would only stay with me and see that I—I got safely across. Tomorrow, we'll need more capsules—if you'd only help me—"

"No, no! I can't—I love you—" But in the midst of what he was saying he saw the pain creep back upon her, tearing and clawing, and he fell silent. "You're right," he said at last, "you can't wait too long."

That was the story they told in the courtroom. They told, too, how on the day before Mary Carson's death John was nervous and distracted in the office, seeming to forget where he was or what he was doing. The corner druggist told how John had come in that evening, to buy a package of cigarettes, some toothpaste—and, as if in afterthought, a renewal of Dr. Morton's prescription. Other people told of meeting him on his way home, calling him by name, receiving no answer.

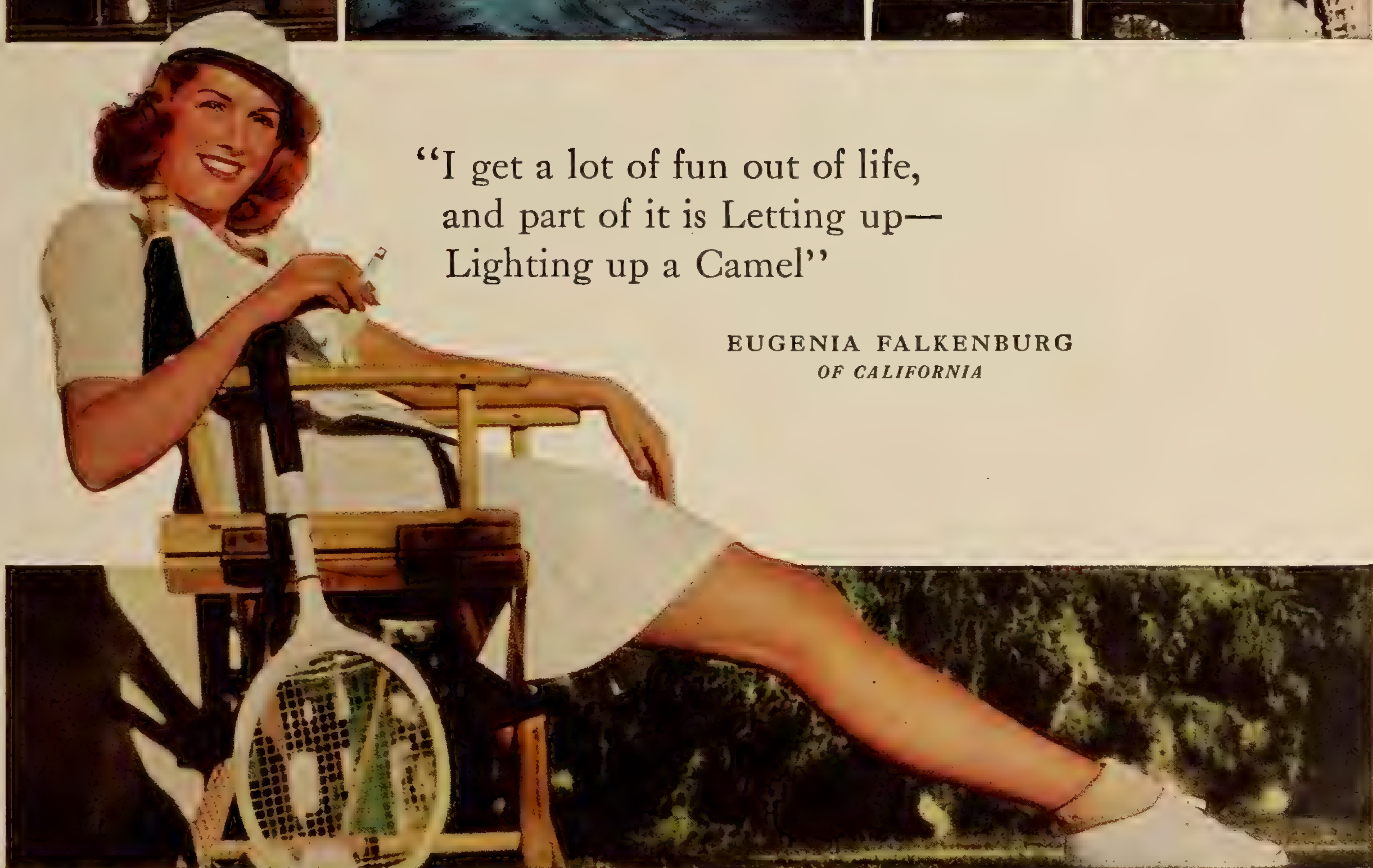
All these bits of the story they told, but one bit they left for imagination to fill: the half hour that passed after John went into his wife's bedroom and closed the door behind him.

(Continued on page 67)



Presenting the broadcast stars of "Bridge of Mercy"—Paul Muni and Josephine Hutchinson who created the dramatic roles of John and Mary Carson on CBS.

Miss Eugenia Falkenburg of California is a typical American girl in her zest for living. She rides...swims...plays excellent golf. And she ranks among the first ten women tennis players in her state.



"I get a lot of fun out of life,
and part of it is Letting up—
Lighting up a Camel"

EUGENIA FALKENBURG
OF CALIFORNIA

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

MISS EUGENIA FALKENBURG is typical of the active younger women who find unfailing pleasure in smoking Camels. "That Camel mildness is something very special. And each Camel tastes as good as the last," she says, "full of ripe flavor and delicate taste! With Camels, I feel as though I'm not—well, you know—*just smoking*. To me, 'Let up—light up a Camel' means—um-m-m, here's smoking pleasure at its best!" There's no reason why you should miss the fun of smoking Camels. So change to Camels yourself—for a new sense of well-being and new cigarette enjoyment.

Costlier Tobaccos—Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic. Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE in America



FOR SMOKING PLEASURE
AT ITS BEST

CAMEL...
THE CIGARETTE OF
COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Will they always be as happy?



Will he always look at her with adoration in his eye... devotion in his heart? Or will he gradually grow indifferent as so many husbands do... kissing her as a duty, if at all? The answer lies almost entirely with her...

You may have it

There is nothing so hard to live with as a case of halitosis (bad breath). And because of modern habits, everyone probably offends at some time or other, *without knowing it*. That's the insidious thing about halitosis.

Don't let this offensive condition chill your romance. Don't let it frighten away your friends. Don't take chances. Protect yourself.

There has always been one *safe* product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine Antiseptic, the most delightful refreshing mouth wash you can use. When you rinse your mouth with Listerine

here is what happens.

Four Benefits

1. Fermentation of tiny food particles (a major cause of breath odors) is quickly halted.
2. Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.
3. Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.
4. The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, avoid questionable imitations. Use only Listerine Antiseptic. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

FOR HALITOSIS (Bad Breath) USE LISTERINE



P. S.—IF YOU HAVE ANY EVIDENCE OF DANDRUFF USE LISTERINE • ITS RESULTS ARE AMAZING!

FACING the MUSIC

BY KEN ALDIN



CHOICE dance-spot plumb of the summer season goes to promising Glenn Miller. The lad gets the Glen Island Casino engagement with MBS and CBS wires. Miller edged out Bert Lown for the spot that in former years cradled the Dorsey Brothers, Casa Loma, Ozzie Nelson, and Larry Clinton.

* * *

Larry Clinton grabs another commercial spot on NBC starting July 3 at 7:30 p.m., EST.

* * *

Horace Heidt scrapped the title "Brigadiers" after he lost his radio commercial and now calls his group "Musical Knights."

* * *

Will Bob Crosby experience the same woes that stymied Benny Goodman when stellar musicians left the King of Swing to form their own orchestras? Rumor row insists Bob Zurke leaves the Bobcats this month.

* * *

Those fourteen, handsomely turned out gentlemen who strolled so proud-

ly up and down Fifth Avenue on Easter Sunday in New York were the members of Gray Gordon's orchestra. The band was organized on Easter five years ago. Since then, promenading on this holiday, has become a ritual. However, it was not until ten months ago that the band achieved any sort of recognition.

* * *

When Enric Madriguera reopens the swank Pierre Hotel roof in New York on May 4, his sweet music, paced by the fetching theme "Adios" won't be the only attraction for the diners. The lofty rooftop affords an excellent view of The World's Fair.

All the bandsmen and vocalists have suddenly gone patriotic warbling "God Bless America" which Kate Smith introduced. . . . A new record firm should be on the market soon, guided by Eli Oberstein, formerly of Victor, and will wax 35 and 75 cent platters . . . Henry Busse has a brand new band. His former group have organized cooperatively . . . Keep your ears tuned to 19-year-old Bernice Byres, Harry James' warbler. She used to sing with Emil Coleman . . . Fats Waller and Duke Ellington are touring Europe . . . Joe Marsala has enlarged his orchestra from seven

(Continued on page 74)

Eastern Daylight Time			
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	
		8:00 A.M.	NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio
			NBC-Red: Organ Recital
		8:30	NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures
			NBC-Red: Four Showmen
		8:45	NBC-Red: Animal News
		9:00	
		8:00	CBS: From the Organ Loft
		8:00	NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
		8:00	NBC-Red: Turn Back the Clock
		9:15	
		8:15	NBC-Red: Tom Teriss
		9:30	
		8:30	CBS: Aubade for Strings
		8:30	NBC-Red: Melody Moments
		10:00	
		9:00	CBS: Church of the Air
		9:00	NBC-Blue: String Quartet
		9:00	NBC-Red: Highlights of the Bible
		10:30	
		9:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan
		9:30	NBC-Blue: Russian Melodies
		9:30	NBC-Red: Music and Youth
		11:00	
10:30	9:00	10:00	CBS: News and Rhythm
	9:00	10:00	NBC: News
	9:05	10:05	NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen
		11:15	
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Vernon Crane's Story Book
		11:30	
8:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: MAJOR BOWES FAMILY
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Southernaires
		12:00 Noon	
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Music for Moderns
		12:30 P.M.	
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table
		1:00	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Church of the Air
		1:30	
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers
		2:00	
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Americans All
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: Magic Key of RCA
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's
		2:30	
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Words Without Music
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Ranger's Serenade
		2:45	
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Kidoodlers
		3:00	
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: CBS Symphony
		3:30	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: Festival of Music
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Name the Place
		4:00	
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: National Vespers
		4:15	
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Hendrick W. Van Loon
		4:30	
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: The World is Yours
		5:30	
8:00	3:30	4:30	CBS: BEN BERNIE
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Joseph Henry Jackson
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: The Spelling Bee
		5:45	
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Blue: Ray Perkins
		6:00	
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: SILVER THEATER
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Catholic Hour
		6:30	
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Gateway to Hollywood
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Grouch Club
		7:00	
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: People's Platform
7:30	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: JACK BENNY
		7:30	
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Screen Guild
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: Radio Guild
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: Fitch Bandwagon
		8:00	
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Dance Hour
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: NBC Symphony
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: DON AMECHE, EDGAR BERGEN
		9:00	
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: FORD SYMPHONY (Ends May 28)
		8:00	NBC-Blue: HOLLYWOOD PLAYHOUSE
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
		9:30	
7:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music
		9:45	
7:15	7:45	8:45	NBC-Blue: Irene Rich
		10:00	
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Knickerbocker Playhouse
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Circle
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: Goodwill Hour
		10:30	
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Cheerio
		11:00	
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Dance Orchestra
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: Dance Orchestra

SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Charlie goes over the day's script with Bergen and Dorothy

Tune-In Bulletin for May 28, June 4, 11, 18 and 25!

MAY 28: Howard Barlow and the CBS Symphony Orchestra play the world premiere of two prize-winning piano concertos, CBS at 3:00. . . . Helen Hayes stars in the Silver Theater, CBS at 6:00. . . . Alec Templeton is guest on the Ford Hour, CBS at 9:00. . . . Second broadcast of a new dramatic show, Knickerbocker Playhouse, on CBS at 10:00.

June 4: A new program—News and Rhythm, on CBS at 11:00 this morning, with a rebroadcast reaching the coast at 10:30 A.M. . . . On CBS at 9:00, your last chance this season to hear the Ford Hour—Igor Gorin is the guest star.

June 11: This is the last day the King and Queen of England will spend in the U.S. . . . On CBS, you can listen to the International Polo matches.

June 18: Again the CBS microphones are on hand to report the polo matches.

June 25: Your last chance to hear Jack Benny, NBC-Red at 7:00. . . . Ben Bernie, CBS at 5:30, does his last show of the season today too. . . . Likewise the Musical Steelmakers, Mutual at 6:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Chase and Sanborn Show, on NBC's Red network from 8:00 to 9:00, Eastern Daylight Time.

In spite of the fine work of Don Ameche, Dorothy Lamour, Donald Dickson, and Robert Armstrong's orchestra, this is Charlie McCarthy's program, so we might as well face the fact. You can't be around the red-headed little imp without falling under his spell—principally because Edgar Bergen, his boss, never allows him to "go dead." At rehearsal, at odd moments when Bergen's attention is apparently elsewhere, Charlie is always alive—whispering in Bergen's ear, laughing at someone else's jokes, or talking to

someone in the audience.

The Chase and Sanborn show is prepared in separate units, and never is performed all the way through, from beginning to end, until the actual broadcast. Edgar Bergen has a business office in Hollywood, and there he writes Charlie's lines. Don Ameche gets his dramatic script a few days before the broadcast and looks it over—but if it suits the guest star for the week, it's usually okay with Don. Because he's so versatile, selection of the guest spot is usually done more with the guest star in mind than him.

There's a rehearsal Saturday night, and another about noon on Sunday, so Producer Cal Kuhl can get the different units timed. Bergen's valet always attends both rehearsals, beaming with delight at the privilege, because tickets to the performance are at such a premium he could never see it otherwise. The valet is one of the few people ever allowed to touch Charlie—Bergen and his secretary, Mary Hanrahan, are the other two.

At the broadcast, in NBC's Studio A in Hollywood, Charlie sits on a high leather-and-chromium chair, built on rollers. He heckles Ameche during Don's opening talk, before the program goes on the air, and when the orchestra tunes up often turns and yells, "If you don't know how to play, now's a fine time to learn." But the high point of unbroadcast McCarthy wit came when Claudette Colbert was on the program. Charlie was talking to her, at rehearsal, when Bergen noticed that one of the tacks which hold his pants to the wooden body needed adjusting. He turned Charlie over his knee to fix the costume, and Charlie, frightfully embarrassed, whispered, "My God, Bergen, not in front of Claudette."

SAY HELLO TO . . .

H. V. KALTENBORN—the dean of radio news analysts, heard on his own program, sponsored by Pure Oil, on CBS tonight at 10:30—a citizen of the world, a student of international affairs—never reads from a script, but talks directly from scribbled notes—came to nationwide prominence during last Fall's European crisis.



Eastern Daylight Time

MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ The Amos 'n' Andy staff—Bill Hay, Amos, Madaline Lee, Andy.

Tune-In Bulletin for May 29, June 5, 12, 19 and 26!

MAY 29: Gray Gordon and his Tic Toc Rhythm open tonight at Enna Jettick Park, Auburn, New York—on NBC.

June 5: Aunt Caroline Ellis, a new dramatic serial, opens today on NBC—but the time hadn't been set when Inside Radio went to press. . . . On NBC-Red, tonight at 9:00, Phil Spitalny's girl orchestra and Dorothy Thompson do their last program before taking a summer holiday.

June 12: Eddie Cantor's last program of the season—CBS at 7:30.

June 19: Fred Waring and his gang start their new five-times-a-week program on NBC-Red tonight—Monday through Friday at 7:00.

June 26: For its usual fine dramatic program, don't forget the Lux Theater tonight at 9:00 on CBS.

at a small table on the far side of a room about 24 by 15 feet, decorated in gray with green drapes, and talk into a microphone suspended between them. Bill Hay, with a microphone of his own, is in a corner nearer the engineer's booth. Madaline Lee, when she's on the show, also works at her own microphone.

Freeman Gosden (Amos) and Charles Correll (Andy) start writing just after lunch, in a practical-appearing business office near their homes. There Gosden walks the floor as he discusses the evening's episode with Correll, who does the typing because he once took a course in it and thus can do it faster. Presently, as they talk, the lines begin to sound right, and Correll starts putting them down. The dialogue is usually written in about two hours.

Unless Miss Blue is in the script, the boys don't bother with rehearsal, and they aren't required to have their script okayed by the network before broadcasting, so they just stroll over to the studio a few minutes before three o'clock, when they go on the air. No further preparation is needed, after having worked together so long—their network debut was made on August 19, 1929. The characters they have played in the Amos 'n' Andy programs now number about 125, and any one of them may come to life again tomorrow to compete for the public's favor with The Kingfish, Henry Van Porter, Brother Crawford, Lightnin', and all the other well-loved people of Amos 'n' Andy's Harlem. No matter who the characters are, Correll and Gosden supply the voices.

The bound volumes of their collected scripts (the only copies in existence) make a pile no pole vaulter could clear.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Amos 'n' Andy, on CBS from 7:00 to 7:15, Eastern Daylight Time, with a rebroadcast that reaches the mid-west at 9:00 Standard Time, the mountain area at 8:00 Standard Time, and the Pacific Coast at 7:00 Standard Time, sponsored by Campbell's Soup.

In startling contrast to the three-ring circus of modern radio, here's a program that's written, produced and acted in by two men—and two men only. The only other voice ever heard in an Amos 'n' Andy episode is that of Madaline Lee, who plays Genevieve Blue, Andy's secretary, on irregular occasions. Bill Hay, of course, makes the opening and closing announcements, but he never takes part in the actual story. Gaylord Carter, the organist, isn't even in the studio with Amos 'n' Andy during the broadcast, but in Studio Four on another floor of the CBS Building.

While broadcasting, Amos 'n' Andy work



SAY HELLO TO . . .

VIVIAN SMOLEN—who plays Margie in the CBS serial, Doc Barclay's Daughters, this afternoon at 2:00—is a native New Yorker—started her career as an actress at the age of 13—has never acted for any other medium but radio—her greatest hobby is music—she likes all kinds from swing to symphony—plays piano but hates to practice.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	PROGRAM
		8:00 A.M.	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:15	NBC-Red: Hi Boys
		8:30	NBC-Blue: Swing Serenade
		9:00	CBS: Richard Maxwell
		9:00	NBC: News
		9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:15	CBS: Manhattan Mother
		9:30	CBS: Girl Interne
		9:30	NBC-Red: The Family Man
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		9:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Central City
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
		10:45	CBS: Stepmother
1:15	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
1:15	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:00	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		11:30	CBS: Big Sister
10:00	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		12:00 Noon	CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
1:30	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
		12:15 P.M.	CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Time for Thought
		12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: Goodyear Farm News
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over
		1:30	CBS: Road of Life
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: This Day is Ours
		2:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
		2:15	CBS: Dr. Susan
1:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Your Family and Mine
		1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Midstream
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: News
		6:00	CBS: Howie Wing
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Bob Trout
4:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
		5:00	NBC-Blue: Orphans of Divorce
		7:15	CBS: Lum and Abner
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: EDDIE CANTOR
7:15	5:15	6:15	MBS: The Lone Ranger
6:30	8:30	6:30	CBS: Cavalcade of America
7:30	6:30	7:00	NBC-Red: AL PEARCE
		8:30	CBS: Howard and Shelton
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
		9:00	CBS: LUX THEATER
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Guy Lombardo
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: True or False
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Contented Hour

Complete Programs from May 26th to June 27th

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	3:00 A.M.
			NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:15	NBC-Red: Hi Boys
		8:30	NBC-Red: Do You Remember?
		9:00	NBC: News
		9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:15	CBS: Manhattan Mother
		9:30	CBS: Girl Interne
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
		10:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
12:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Central City
		10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
12:15	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
		10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
12:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell
1:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
		10:45	CBS: Stepmother
1:15	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
1:15	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
9:45	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	CBS: Scattergood Baines
1:00	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		11:30	CBS: Big Sister
10:00	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most out of Life
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		12:00 Noon	CBS: Carters of Elm Street
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Her Honor, Nancy James
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Life Can be Beautiful
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: Goodyear Farm News
		1:30	CBS: Road of Life
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Pebbles Takes Charge
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: This Day is Ours
		2:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
		2:15	CBS: Dr. Susan
1:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Your Family and Mine
		1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: Ted Malone
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Midstream
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
		5:00	CBS: News
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Howie Wing
4:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		5:45	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
7:00	9:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Jimmie Fidler
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: HELEN MENKEN
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: BIG TOWN
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: The Inside Story
6:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
7:30	6:00	7:00	CBS: DICK POWELL
8:00	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: INFORMATION PLEASE
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: For Men Only
		9:00	CBS: We, the People
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Melody and Madness
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Battle of the Sexes
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS: Benny Goodman
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: MARY AND BOB
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: FIBBER MCGEE
		10:00	CBS: Hal Kemp
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: If I Had the Chance
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Bob Hope
		10:30	CBS: H. V. Kaltenborn

TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Producer Cecil Underwood, Molly, writer Don Quinn, and Fibber.

Tune-In Bulletin for May 30, June 6, 13, 20 and 27!

MAY 30: Memorial Day, and a holiday . . . One of the year's big sports events—the Indianapolis Speedway automobile race, on NBC and CBS. . . At 6:00 this afternoon, King George speaks on all networks from the British Columbia luncheon, Victoria, B. C.

June 6: Les Brown's orchestra opens at Enna Jettick Park—listen over NBC.

June 13: Helen Menken stars in another episode of *Second Husband* on CBS at 7:30.

June 20: They say swing is on the downgrade—but you won't think so if you listen to the applause Benny Goodman gets on his CBS program, tonight at 9:30.

June 27: Listen on NBC-Blue at 9:30 to a dramatic true story, told by Mary and Bob for *True Story Magazine*.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Fibber McGee and Molly, on NBC's Red network from 9:30 to 10:00, Eastern Daylight Time, sponsored by Johnson's Wax.

Here's a program that's run on schedule, like a train. It's probably one of the best organized broadcasts on the networks. First and foremost among the rules that are always followed is this: after the Tuesday broadcast, every one connected with the program must take a two-day rest—and when Fibber says rest, he means rest. Nothing is done about the following Tuesday's show until Friday morning. Then Jim and Marian Jordan, better known as Fibber McGee and Molly, get together with writer Don Quinn and agency producer Cecil Underwood to talk the next script into shape. They work in a business office—always—because they're convinced that the business-like and efficient atmosphere helps them to get the work done in two hours.

By Saturday morning, Quinn has the first draft of the script ready, and Fibber

reads it, after which Quinn goes ahead to write the final, working script. He does this Sunday night, working all night and finishing Monday morning. Monday morning the cast—except the musical portion of it—gathers at the NBC Hollywood studios and rehearses for two hours, after which Quinn makes any changes that have been decided on. Tuesday morning the whole cast, including Billy Mills' orchestra, Donald Novis and the Four Notes, rehearse about four times, concluding with a complete run-through about three o'clock. At five-thirty, Pacific time, they go on the air. And this program of preparation never varies by much more than an hour from week to week.

One thing you'd notice right away about the Fibber and Molly program is the absence of flashy and super-informal clothes on its cast. Conservatism is the keynote—maybe because Fibber and Molly haven't been in Hollywood very long. The whole atmosphere of their broadcast is simple, friendly, homey—in fact, it justifies that often-misused phrase, "One big happy family."

Introducing you to the supporting cast—Bill Thompson is the creator of Nick De Populas, Horatio K. Boomer, the Old Timer, and many other dialect characters. Six-foot Harlow Wilcox is the announcer. Harold Peary, of the big voice and husky laugh, does characters in the comedy skits not taken care of by Thompson. And Isabel Randolph plays Horatio K. Boomer's heart-interest, Mrs. Uppington. She joined the McGees about a year ago and immediately became a hit.

Now that Molly's back on the show, the Jordans and their two children have moved to their ranch in San Fernando Valley, right next door to those of their old Chicago friends, Don Ameche and Norris (Abner) Goff.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

PATSY KELLY—Bob Hope's stooge on the Pepsodent program, NBC-Red at 10:00 tonight—you've seen her many a time on the screen, particularly in comedies with the late Thelma Todd—started her career as a dancer in New York—Ruby Keeler brought her to Frank Fay's attention and he put her in a vaudeville show—then she was in musical comedy before moving to Hollywood—isn't much different off-stage than she is on, always apt to break into a fit of clowning—she'll buy anything that looks like a bargain—her father was a member of the Royal Irish Constabulary—and she was born in Brooklyn.



(For Wednesday's Highlights, please turn page)

My "fair" friend told me . . .



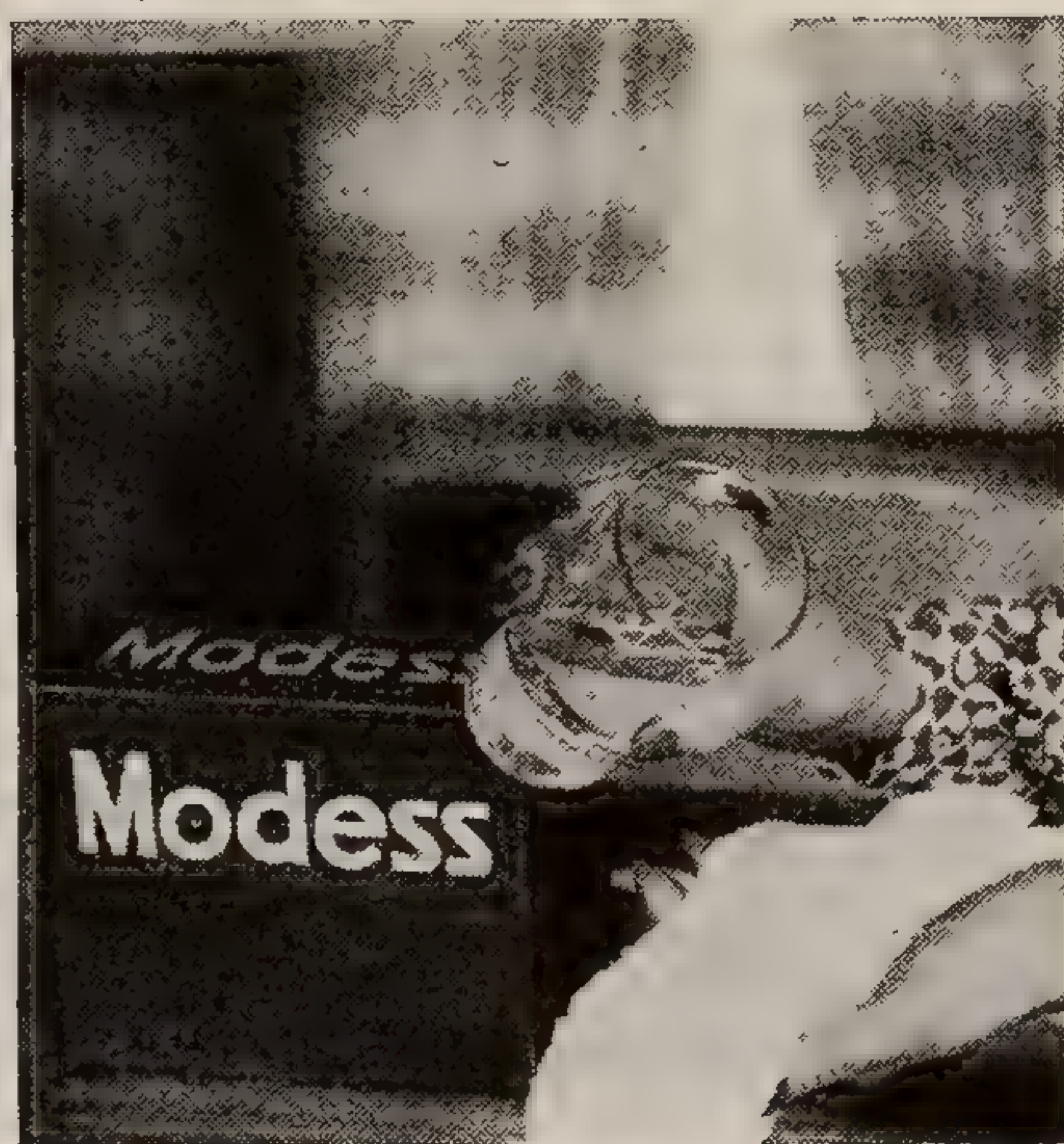
"Say—Isn't this a gorgeous day for sight-seeing!" the woman from Arizona called from her trailer window . . . "Not for me!" I grumbled. "I just ran over to tell you that I can't tramp around any Fair Grounds with you today. My last day, too—and so many things yet to

see!" . . . She asked a sympathetic question, and before I knew it I was telling her my troubles and ranting about the woes of womankind. "My dear," she smiled, "you come right in here. I've got just what you need!"

So in I went—and thank heaven I did. Otherwise, I might never have learned about Modess. And to my way of thinking, that's one of the most important things I learned during my visit to the Fair.



My, but she was a grand person! She said she used to suffer from chafing at "certain times" herself . . . until she discovered Modess. "You see," she said, "there are two types of napkins—*fluff-type* and *layer-type*. Modess is *fluff-type*." Then she cut a Modess pad in two so that I could see the fluffy, downy-soft filler.



"And Modess is safer, too . . . as well as softer," she said. Then guess what she did! She got a glass of water, took the moisture-resistant backing out of a Modess pad . . . and dropped water on it! Yes, actually. And not one drop went through! "My goodness," I said, "I never knew *that* before—and it's certainly something worth knowing."



Well—she just insisted on giving me some Modess. And that was what saved my last day at the Fair. We walked miles . . . how I *did* appreciate the comfort and safety of Modess!

Next day, before we left, I went to the store to buy my trailer-friend a new package of Modess . . . and was I surprised and pleased! I found that this soft, "fluff-type" napkin cost no more than those layer-type pads I'd been in the habit of buying!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD, ASK FOR MODESS JUNIOR)

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	
		8:00 A.M.	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:15	NBC-Red: Hi Boys
		8:30	NBC-Blue: Swing Serenade NBC-Red: Do You Remember?
		9:00	
		8:00	CBS: Richard Maxwell
		9:05	
		8:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:15	
		8:15	CBS: Manhattan Mother
		9:30	
		8:30	CBS: Girl Interne
		8:30	NBC-Red: The Family Man
		9:45	
		8:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
		10:00	
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Central City
		10:15	
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
		10:30	
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Doc Schneider's Texans
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
		10:45	
1:15	8:45	9:45	CBS: Stepmother
1:15	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00	
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	
1:00	9:15	10:15	CBS: Scattergood Baines
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		11:30	
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		11:45	
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		12:00 Noon	
1:30	10:00	11:00	CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
		12:15 P.M.	
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
		12:45	
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		1:00	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
		1:15	
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: Goodyear Farm News
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Let's Talk it Over
		1:30	
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Road of Life
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
		1:45	
	11:45	12:45	CBS: This Day is Ours
		2:00	
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
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1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Dr. Susan
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:30	
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:45	
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
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11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
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11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
		4:00	
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
		4:15	
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
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12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
		4:45	
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
		5:00	
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Midstream
		5:30	
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
		5:45	
	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
		6:00	
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: News
		6:15	
4:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Howie Wing
		6:30	
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Bob Trout
		6:45	
	5:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
		7:15	
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Lum and Abner
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
		7:30	
6:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Ask-It-Basket
7:30	6:30	6:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
		8:00	
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Gang Busters
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY
		8:30	
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Hobby Lobby
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Tommy Dorsey
		9:00	
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: TEXACO STAR THEATER
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: TOWN HALL TONIGHT
		10:00	
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: 99 Men and a Girl
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE
		10:30	
8:30	9:30		CBS: Edgar A. Guest

WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Vocalists Baker and Langford, and Texaco's director Bacher.

Tune-In Bulletin for May 31, June 7, 14, and 21!

MAY 31: Three distinguished gentlemen are celebrating birthdays today—Fred Allen, Don Ameche and Ben Bernie. . . . Kay Kyser's musical quiz program on NBC-Red tonight at 10:00 comes from Catalina Island, where Kay's doing a dance date.

June 7: The King and Queen of England arrive in the United States today—you'll hear the ceremonies during the morning on all networks.

June 14: June must be the month for famous people to have birthdays—today is Major Bowes'.

June 21: A tuneful musical comedy is It Happened in Hollywood, on CBS at 11:00 this morning.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Texaco Star Theater, on CBS from 9:00 to 10:00, Eastern Daylight Time—a cavalcade of entertainment, a big and cosmopolitan show that in itself is a course in radio production. An awfully big chunk of work goes into every short Wednesday-night hour of the Star Theater.

Bright and early on Thursday morning, before the echoes of the previous night's program have ceased humming in the ears of the people who heard it, the next show is under way with a musical conference in the living room of Bill Bacher's Beverly Hills home. Bacher is the dynamic radio director who in earlier days made a success of Show Boat and Hollywood Hotel; now his personality blends all the elements of the Star Theater into a smoothly running unit.

At the music conference are orchestra conductor David Broekman, his arrangers, and soloists Frances Langford and Kenny Baker. Together they select next Wednesday's music, and Broekman runs over the numbers on Bacher's piano for Frances' and Kenny's benefit. Then permission to

use the music has to be obtained through CBS' New York office.

Thursday night the wheels of activity speed up as the comedy writers and comedians get together. The writers are Hal Block, Leo Townsend, Bob Ross and Roswell Rogers, with Harry Kronman as the "over-all" writer who combines the various spots the others turn out. Besides them, this conference is attended by Ken Murray, Bacher, Ned Sparks, Jimmy Wallington and Louis A. Witten, vice-president of the advertising agency which presents the show. Witten's job is to watch the written material and see that no controversial or offensive topics creep into it.

On Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, there are conferences, writing sessions, and music rehearsals galore, quite literally ranging all over Greater Los Angeles, from Bacher's home to Louis Witten's office, to meetings at the Brown Derby, Sardi's, Victor Hugo's and the stages of the two CBS theaters, the Vine Street and the Music Box.

Rehearsal goes on all day Tuesday, in both the Vine Street and Music Box theaters, from nine in the morning until midnight. Then there's a brief respite for a light supper, and the crowd all goes to Louis Witten's office for the all-important "cutting session," which frequently lasts until three in the morning. This is the time that the show is subjected to a microscopic examination, and everything is balanced, tightened, and cut when necessary. After a few hours of sleep, the cast shows up at the Vine Street Theater at eleven next morning, for more rehearsal. And this rehearsal goes on until four o'clock, only an hour before the program hits the air.

All that work, by so many people, just so you may have an hour of amusement! If you aren't impressed, you should be.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

MARTHA MEARS—the feminine half of the romantic team on It Happened in Hollywood, heard at 11:00 this morning, and every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning, on CBS—she's blue-eyed, a singer by profession, and making her acting debut on this program—though she sings on it too—got her start on St. Louis stations after graduating from the University of Missouri—Gus Edwards happened to hear her, signed her to a contract, brought her to New York—a personal appearance tour took her to Hollywood, where she was singing at the Cafe Lamaze when chosen for this sprightly musical-comedy program.



(For Thursday's Highlights, please turn page)

TO BLUE-EYED GIRLS LIKE

Vera Zorina

STARRING IN THE BROADWAY SUCCESS
"I MARRIED AN ANGEL"

**Marvelous
Matched Makeup
brings new
allure!**



Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!



MARY: What! Choose my *powder* by the color of my eyes, Claire?

CLAIRE: Yes, and your rouge and lipstick, too, Mary! Really, until you try Marvelous Matched Makeup, you don't know how flattering a harmonized makeup can be!



MARY: It's *wonderful* on you, Claire! But your eyes are *blue*! Mine are *brown*!

CLAIRE: Mary, whether your eyes are brown, blue, gray or hazel, the Marvelous people have just the shades for you! They tested girls and women of every age and coloring—



MARY: And they found eye color is the guide to proper cosmetic shades, Claire?

CLAIRE: Exactly! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes. *It's the color of your eyes!*



CLAIRE: And Mary, Marvelous Matched Makeup is everything you've ever dreamed of! You'll *adore* the powder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives your skin such a smooth, suede-like finish!



CLAIRE: And wait till you try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, Mary! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, natural glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so *smoothly*—gives your lips lovely, *long-lasting* color!



MARY: Marvelous gives a thrilling new beauty *instantly*! You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too)—but for *perfect color harmony*, get them all! Just order by the *color of your eyes*! At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!

(65¢ in Canada)



MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

By Richard Hudnut

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐
Please send me my Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous trial sizes. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name

Street

City State

MF-739

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
			8:15
			NBC-Red: Hi Boys
			8:30
			NBC-Red: Do You Remember?
			9:00
			NBC: News
			9:05
			NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
			9:15
			CBS: Manhattan Mother
			9:30
			CBS: Girl Interne
			8:30 NBC-Red: The Family Man
			9:45
			CBS: Bachelor's Children
			8:45 NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
			10:00
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Central City
			10:15
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
1:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Smilin' Ed McConnell
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
			10:45
1:15	8:45	9:45	CBS: Stepmother
1:15	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
			11:00
9:45	9:00	10:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
			11:15
1:00	9:15	10:15	CBS: Scattergood Baines
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
			12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Time for Thought
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Life Can Be Beautiful
	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: Goodyear Farm News
			1:30
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Road of Life
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Peables Takes Charge
9:30	12:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: This Day is Ours
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
			2:15
1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Dr. Susan
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Sunbrite Smile Parade
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: Rhythm Auction
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Midstream
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
			5:45
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: March of Games
	4:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: News
			6:15
4:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Howie Wing
			6:30
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Bob Trout
			6:45
			5:45 NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
			7:15
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
5:15	6:15	6:15	NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
			7:30
7:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Joe E. Brown
			8:00
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: KATE SMITH HOUR
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: RUDY VALLEE
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: MAJOR BOWES
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: GOOD NEWS OF 1939
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Walter O'Keefe
8:00	9:00	9:00	NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL

THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Andre Kostelanetz rehearses his 45-piece Tune-Up Time Band.

Tune-In Bulletin for June 1, 8, 15 and 22!

JUNE 1: For sports fans, NBC tonight broadcasts the Max-Baer-Lou Nova fight from the Yankee Stadium.

June 8: President and Mrs. Roosevelt greet the King and Queen of England today in Washington—and all the networks will be there to listen in. . . . Ted Husing describes the National Open Golf Championship matches at the Philadelphia Country Club this afternoon—on CBS.

June 15: King George makes his last radio address on this continent today, from Halifax, Nova Scotia, at 12:30 P. M., on all networks . . . and there'll be another broadcast tonight at 6:00 when the royal couple leave for England.

June 22: There's a new serial you're likely to enjoy, on NBC-Red at 5:00 this afternoon, Eastern time—it's called Midstream.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Tune-Up Time, on CBS from 10:00 to 10:45, Eastern Daylight Time, sponsored by Ethyl Gasoline.

Two of radio's most original minds help make Tune-Up Time a delightful program. They belong to Andre Kostelanetz and Walter O'Keefe—Andre for the music, Walter for the comedy. Maybe we should add two more minds to that pair—Joe Quillan and Izzie Elinson, Walter's gag-writers—but the comedy has such a definitely O'Keefe flavor it's safe to give him most of the credit.

There's no orchestra director quite like Andre Kostelanetz. Because he knows so much about the science of sound, he spends about half his rehearsal time in the control room, listening while his first violinist conducts the orchestra, and ordering microphones to be shifted around, a foot this way, a foot that. For one week's program, he rehearses only five hours—doesn't have to rehearse any longer because the orchestra is so well trained.



FULTON LEWIS, JR.—the Washington news commentator who is heard over the Mutual network tonight at 7:00, Eastern time—he's the man who won a single-handed campaign to get the press gallery of the House thrown open to radio reporters as well as their writing brethren—he himself is a former newspaperman—born in the District of Columbia—was the reporter who started the investigation of air-mail contract irregularities early in President Roosevelt's administration—in the last election he predicted Roosevelt would win in all states except Maine and Vermont—is married, with two children.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

(For Friday's Highlights, please turn page)

RADIO MIRROR

His Life Is News!

(Continued from page 24)

I remember one Saturday matinee, Walter, alone, was singing "I Dream of You in the Gloaming." On the screen was a picture showing a calf-eyed doodle with a high collar, leaning on a fence and gazing across a meadow. His loved one hung in a sunburst medallion in the corner. Sighs and titters from the love-struck couples in the rear of the house punctuated the sentimental song.

Then the inexperienced man in the projection-booth (it was late in the afternoon, and the regular operator was out to supper) disarranged the slides, and instead of the amorous youth whom Walter was so earnestly trying to portray in song, there appeared a street kid on his haunches peering through a knothole at a ball game. Cat-calls, whistles, and general bedlam broke loose, while the pianist banged away feverishly, with plenty of trills, hoping to attract the attention of the projectionist; and Walter nearly tore his tonsils trying to make himself heard. The flat-nosed, cauliflower-eared theater bouncer finally had to stalk out on the stage to quiet the hullabaloo.

Incidentally, although he will not appear in this story again, that pianist was Phil Baker—who has made something of a name for himself since then, too.

THE boys, particularly George and Walter, began having sweetheart-trouble about this time. There was nothing boyish about their reactions to life, remember—all that had been knocked out of them by environment. The trouble was, they always seemed to get stuck on the same girl. Eddie was more content. Then, and later, he dreamed of nobody but his school sweetheart, Ida Tobias.

Two years of intermittent activity in the Imperial—and then George, Walter, and Eddie all got jobs in an all-children's act called "The Song Revue" conceived and produced by Gus Edwards. Others in the show were Lila Lee, Eddie Buzzell, and Georgie Price.

Walter and George both fell in love with the same girl again, while they were in "The Song Revue." Her name was Irene, and she must have been an accomplished flirt, even at that early age, because she kept them both dangling. Finally, in desperation, Walter retailed the first bit of Winchell gossip—and the only one he has ever known wasn't true when he told it. He informed Gus Edwards that George was hanging around Irene. The trick worked. From then on, George was kept out of the running, and the field was open for Walter.

It's my sad duty, however, to report that Walter did not last very long as a member of the troupe. For he was sprouting into an early adolescence which was accompanied by fuzz on the cheeks and a voice that was louder than it was good. Even the genial Mr. Edwards had to admit, before long, that a fog-horn voice was out of place in a kiddie show.

Luckily, the transition from boy to man didn't last long. Another few months, and "Mrs. Winchell's boy Walter" was ready to start out as a vaudeville performer, on his own.

The next six years of Walter Winchell's life would be impossible today.

(Continued on page 53)

HOW TO LAUGH AT SNOOPERS



SNOOPERS live in every neighborhood. They just love to snoop and snoop! And my, how their tongues do waggle and waggle—if they eye your wash-line and see tattle-tale gray!



WHAT TO DO? Listen to this: Tattle-tale gray means left-over dirt. It means your soap is so weak-kneed it doesn't wash clean. So run to the grocer's as fast as you can and change to the soap that gets out ALL the dirt. Change to Fels-Naptha Soap!



THEN TURN ON THE SMILES and grin all over—every time you catch a snooper peeking at your wash. For Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and dirt-loosening *naptha* whisk out tattle-tale gray like magic. They get clothes so dewy-fresh and white you'll be proud to have *everybody* snoop at them!

COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY-every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	PROGRAM
		8:00 A.M.	NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:15	NBC-Red: Hi Boys
		9:00	CBS: Richard Maxwell
		8:00	NBC: News
		9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB
		9:15	CBS: Manhattan Mother
		9:30	CBS: Girl Interne
		8:30	NBC-Red: The Family Man
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45	NBC-Red: Edward MacHugh
		10:00	
12:00	8:00	8:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Story of the Month
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Central City
		10:15	
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Jane Arden
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
		10:30	
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
		10:45	
1:15	8:45	9:45	CBS: Stepmother
1:15	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Houseboat Hannah
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00	
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: It Happened in Hollywood
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	
1:00	9:15	10:15	CBS: Scattergood Baines
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		11:30	
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Young Widder Brown
		11:45	
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		12:00 Noon	
1:30	10:00	11:00	CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Carters of Elm Street
		12:15 P.M.	
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Her Honor, Nancy James
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Romances of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Time for Thought
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8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
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9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
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9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: Road of Life
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9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music
		1:45	
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		2:00	
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Doc Barclay's Daughters
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		2:15	
1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Dr. Susan
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:30	
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Your Family and Mine
	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:45	
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
		3:00	
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15	
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
		3:30	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
		4:00	
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
		4:15	
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
		4:30	
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Vic and Sade
		4:45	
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
		5:00	
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Midstream
		5:30	
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
		5:45	
	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
		6:00	
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: News
		6:15	
4:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: Howie Wing
		6:30	
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: Bob Trout
		6:45	
	5:45	6:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: Amos 'n' Andy
		7:15	
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: Lum and Abner
6:45	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler
		7:30	
7:30	6:30	6:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
		8:00	
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: FIRST NIGHTER
	6:00	7:00	MBS: Guess Where
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
		8:30	
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: BURNS AND ALLEN
		9:00	
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: CAMPBELL PLAYHOUSE
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Plantation Party
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Waltz Time
		9:30	
8:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Death Valley Days
		10:00	
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Grand Central Station
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Lady Esther Serenade
		10:30	
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Bob Ripley

FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Guess Where's cast—Hulick, Booth and Cantor—study the globe.

Tune-In Bulletin for May 26, June 2, 9, 16 and 23!

MAY 26: At the Randall's Island Stadium in New York City, the I. C. 4 A. (Intercollegiate Amateur Athletic Association of America) is holding its annual national track meet, and NBC describes it to you.

June 2: Eddy Duchin's orchestra opens tonight at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York, with broadcasts over Mutual.

June 9: Ted Husing describes some more of the National Open golf matches, this afternoon on CBS.

June 16: That popular serial, Your Family and Mine, is on CBS now—at 2:30 in the afternoon, Eastern Daylight Time.

June 23: Horace Heidt's band returns tonight to its old stamping grounds, the Biltmore Hotel—you'll hear it on CBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Guess Where, on the Mutual network, from 8:00 to 8:30, Eastern Daylight Time, sponsored by Philip Morris Cigarettes.

As you can see from its title, this is a quiz program, but it's a different kind of quiz program. To answer its questions all you have to know is your geography.

Budd Hulick, once of the Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd team, now a radio performer on his own, is the master of ceremonies, who asks the questions. Shirley Booth and Charles Cantor play Mr. and Mrs. Stowaway, who are cast in little skits which contain clues to the city or country where they are supposed to be. At the climax of the skit a member of the audience is asked to name the location. If he succeeds, he gets a cash prize of ten dollars. If he fails, the skit goes on, adding another clue, and he gets nine dollars for the correct answer. If he needs still one more clue, he only gets eight. If he still fails, he gets five dollars anyway. No matter what happens, he gets a package of the sponsor's cigarettes.



MARY MASON—who, as sixteen-year-old Nancy Chandler, causes plenty of excitement in the CBS serial, The Life and Love of Dr. Susan, on the air at 2:15 this afternoon—she comes from California, where she played in moving pictures until the lure of New York became so great that she just packed up her clothes and came East—was in summer stock for a while, then landed a part in a Broadway show—just now, besides her radio work, she has a leading role in the Broadway comedy hit, "The Primrose Path"—playing the daughter of another well known radio actress, Betty Garde.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

(For Saturday's Highlights, please turn page)

RADIO MIRROR

(Continued from page 51)

With a talented and pretty girl as his partner, he toured the country, singing, hoofing, wise-cracking. The reason that couldn't be done today is just this: It wasn't a very good act, and the second-rate vaudeville house has about gone out of existence.

It was always Walter's ambition, as it was the ambition of every vaudeville troupier, to play the Palace in New York. He'd have done his act there for nothing, just to give the booking agents a chance to see it, but the Palace wouldn't even have him as a gift. Many years later he did play the Palace, but not as an actor. He was a writer then, and the salary he got was the highest ever paid any newspaper man by a vaudeville theater.

For six years, though, Walter stuck to the stage, and finally worked himself up to the point where he was earning from seventy-five to a hundred dollars a week—the weeks that he worked. His act was called "Spooneyville" then, I remember.

He knew, though, that he wasn't a top-notch performer and probably never would be—he had an engaging personality, he could put across a joke, he was nimble on his feet; but his voice, even now that it had settled down into a serviceable tenor was nothing to make Al Jolson lose any sleep at nights. And even more important, he didn't really care for the stage. Oh, it was all right—it was a way to earn that all-important living. But it wasn't what Walter Winchell wanted to do for the rest of his life.

WHAT did he want to do for the rest of his life? He didn't know.

So, in a way, it was a relief when, shortly after his twentieth birthday, he enlisted in the Navy. There's nothing very remarkable about those war-time months, except one thing—considering his later career. His duties, serving under Rear Admiral Marbury Johnson in New York, were the carrying of confidential Naval messages.

The war was over, and still Walter didn't know what his future was to be. Following the path of least resistance, he returned to vaudeville—still as Walter Winchel. The change in his name, oddly enough, seems to mark a change in his fortunes as well. In Chicago, in 1919, a theater electrician mistook a flourish for a letter, and added the second l to Walter's name as he spelled it out in lights on the marquee. Walter liked the looks of the new name, and decided to keep it—and it was only a month or so after this that something important happened.

Walter was playing Washington, D.C.—and President Wilson was in the audience. Something clicked in Walter's brain. Instead of sticking to the act, the way he played it night after night, he injected a spontaneous, ad lib comment. I can't tell you what he said. I wasn't there, and Walter has forgotten. But President Wilson threw back his head and laughed.

If he'd really liked the stage, that incident would probably have cemented him to the life of a vaudeville troupier forever. Instead, it gave him the push he needed to tear him loose.

He could do things with his head! He didn't have to rely on his voice or his dancing feet! He could—why, he could probably write!

He knew no one who wrote for a living, no one who could help him to

(Continued on page 55)



"It's all very queer, Mrs. Koala. I thought your baby was going to be the hardest worker in your family—hitching up trees like a house a-fire to gather bark for dinner. And now all he does is sit and whimper! What ails him?"



"H'm-m. So he's chafed and all over prickly heat... Yes, scuffing up and down tree trunks all day in this weather must have its seamy side. Dear—dear—we ought to fix it some way, so a fellow can earn his daily bark!"



"But how simple!... Johnson's Baby Powder, of course! Come out of your mother's pocket, pal, and buck up! That soft, smooth, downy powder will cool you off and take you a-sailing over all life's rough spots!"



"I knew you'd like it! Johnson's is made of extra-fine talc—and no orris-root, either. And it's such an inexpensive way to keep a baby cheered up!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

Eastern Daylight Time			
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	
			NBC-Blue: Cloutier's Orch. NBC-Red: Gene and Glenn
		8:15	NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert NBC-Red: Hi Boys
		8:30	NBC-Red: Musical Tete-a-tete
		8:45	NBC-Blue: Jack and Loretta
		9:00	NBC: News
		9:05	NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB NBC-Red: Texas Robertson
		9:15	CBS: Eton Boys NBC-Red: Cloutier's Orch.
		9:25	CBS: News
		9:45	NBC-Red: The Crackerjacks
8:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Hill Billy Champions NBC-Blue: Ranch Boys NBC-Red: The Wise Man
8:15	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Amanda Snow NBC-Red: No School Today
8:30	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Barry McKinley NBC-Red: Florence Hale
8:45	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up NBC-Red: Armchair Quartet
9:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: Symphony Concert NBC-Blue: Music Internationale NBC-Red: Music Styled for You
9:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Our Barn NBC-Red: Federated Music Clubs
8:00	10:01	1:00	NBC-Blue: Education Forum
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Let's Pretend NBC-Blue: Farm Bureau NBC-Red: Call to Youth
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Calling Stamp Collectors
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Little Variety Show NBC-Red: Campus Notes
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: Men Against Death NBC-Blue: Seeger Ellis NBC-Red: Kinney Orch.
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Matinee in Rhythm
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: Al Roth Orch. NBC-Red: KSTP Presents
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Southwestern Stars
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Erskine Hawkins Orch. NBC-Red: Youth Meets Government
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: What Price America?
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Three Cheers
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: News NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten
2:05	4:05	5:05	CBS: Dance Orchestra NBC-Blue: El Chico Revue
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: All Hands on Deck NBC-Blue: Renfrew of the Mounted
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Americans at Work NBC-Blue: Message of Israel NBC-Red: Dick Tracy
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: County Seat NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee NBC-Red: Lives of Great Men
7:30	6:00	7:00	CBS: JOHNNY PRESENTS NBC-Red: Tommy Riggs
8:00	6:30	7:30	CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZ NBC-Red: Avalon Time
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Phil Baker NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance NBC-Red: Vox Pop
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Saturday Night Serenade NBC-Red: Hall of Fun
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE NBC-Red: Arch Oboler's Plays
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Dance Music

SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Saturday Night Serenade's stars—Haenschen, Eastman, Perry.

Tune-In Bulletin for May 27, June 3, 10, 17 and 24!

MAY 27: Two programs say goodbye for the summer—Kate Smith's commentating quarter-hour at noon on CBS, and Tommy Riggs' Quaker Party, on NBC-Red tonight at 8:00. . . . It's the last day of the I. C. 4 A. track meet on NBC. . . . Bernie Cummings and his orchestra open at the Cavalier Hotel, Virginia Beach—listen on NBC.

June 3: Horse-racing this afternoon—4:15 on CBS, the Belmont Stakes. . . . Henry Busse's orchestra opens at the Cavalier Hotel—still with an NBC wire.

June 10: Last day of the National Open golf tournament, Ted Husing announcing on CBS. . . . Charlie Barnet and his orchestra open at the Hi-ho Casino, Brooklyn, playing over Mutual.

June 17: Hal Kemp's orchestra starts a two-night engagement at the Cavalier Hotel—enough to squeeze in an NBC broadcast or two. . . . This afternoon CBS gives us another track meet—the annual Princeton Invitation Meet.

June 24: The busy Mr. Husing announces the Professional Golfers Association tournament, on CBS. . . . Harry Owens and his orchestra go into the Broadmoor Hotel, Colorado Springs, broadcasting on CBS.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Saturday Night Serenade, on CBS from 9:30 to 10:00, Eastern Daylight Time, sponsored by Pet Milk.

One of radio's long-run programs, the Saturday Night Serenade has been on the air since October 3, 1936, without changing either its sponsor, its cast, or its theme song—an untitled original composed by its orchestra director, Gus Haenschen.

It's not one of the big, glamorous programs—doesn't try to be. In radio trade slang, it is known as a "mother spot," and the music you hear on it is called "bread-and-butter music," which means that it's

good, solid, substantial melody, intended to please, never to startle.

On every single program since the series started, Mary Eastman has sung a lullaby—new or old, but always a lullaby—and she and Bill Perry have sung a sentimental duet. The sponsors long ago worked out the formula to appeal to mothers, and they see no reason for changing. Every month the executives of the company which cans Pet Milk come to New York, select all the music, and completely map out every program for the coming four weeks. Then they go back to their factory in the Mid-West. That they know their radio business is amply proved by the long-continued success of the program.

The Serenade comes from the stage of CBS Playhouse No. 1—the same house tenanted the night before by Andre Kostelanetz and Walter O'Keefe. In back of the singers and orchestra is a huge sign telling how many pairs of triplets are being fed Pet Milk—it's one of the company's policies to see that all triplets born in this country get Pet. But lately so many triplets have been born that the sign has to be changed every couple of weeks. Right now it lists 92 sets.

The choral group on the program—six girls and eight men—is led by Emil Cote, a French-Canadian who used to work in a Detroit automobile factory. As a hobby, he organized choruses, but they were so good the hobby became his profession.

The person you'd never expect to find on this program of quiet, melodic music is Carl Kress, the guitar player in the band. He owns the Onyx Club, which, you may remember, was the cradle of "The Music Goes 'Round and 'Round," and has since become a top-ranking swing establishment. He never hears any swing on the Saturday Night Serenade.

SAY HELLO TO . . .

BOB TROUT—the jovial announcer on the Professor Quiz program, CBS at 8:30 tonight—and crack special events man for the Columbia network for the past six years—born on a farm in Wake County, N. C., thirty-one years ago—made his radio debut when he was twenty-three over WJSV in Washington, D. C.—became well known as President Roosevelt's announcer—now his other duties keep him from the Presidential assignment most of the time—has his own commentating program on CBS four days a week—likes to cook and specializes in Southern dishes—hopes some day to own a radio station.



(Continued from page 53)

write for a living. But he had a hunch. He bought a second-hand typewriter and picked out a one-sheet newspaper called "Newsense"—the first Winchell word-coinage.

Tacked up on the call-boards of dingy, drafty vaudeville theaters, the little typewritten sheet soon became something for traveling players to look forward to. Performers learned that in it they could find news about friends who were hundreds of miles away—or perhaps an item of news they themselves had given Walter a week before.

EACH embryonic edition of "Newsense" was better than the one before. Walter slaved over every issue, loving the work, even though it didn't bring him a cent of money. He learned two important things in those days. First that the ingredient in his blood which had always puzzled him was undoubtedly printer's ink. Second, that brickbats are more lively than bouquets.

By 1922 you could hear the death-rattle in vaudeville's throat, if you had sharp ears—and no one has ever accused Walter Winchell of being hard of hearing. During a long-drawn-out period when, as a vaudeville artist, he had called on booker after booker who gave him chilly welcomes, he paid a visit, as editor of "Newsense," to the editor of the "Vaudeville News," a house-organ for the Keith-Albee circuit.

The editor of "Newsense" asked the editor of the "Vaudeville News" for a job. And the latter, having seen and been amused by "Newsense," actually hired him!

"I can pay you twenty-five dollars a week," said the editor.

Twenty-five a week!—to a man who earned four times that amount (when he earned anything). Walter didn't bat an eye.

"That'll be fine," he said. "When do I start?"

Next month—the amazing story of how an ex-vaudeville performer revolutionized American journalism . . . Walter Winchell's romance . . . and the truth about the daily life of a really colorful and unique personality.

THE WINNERS!

CONGRATULATIONS—to the following winners in the Sammy Kaye-Radio Mirror theme song contest—and thanks to everyone who entered the hunt for words to this beautiful melody. It's been fun!

FIRST PRIZE OF \$50

Margaret Wolf,
911 Croghan Street,
Fremont, Ohio

SECOND PRIZE OF \$25

Marian Millar,
P. O. Box 143,
Shrewsbury, New Jersey

FIVE PRIZES OF \$5 EACH

Jon Whetsel,
W. 2609 Euclid Ave.,
Spokane, Washington

Ruth Catherine Lange,
905 Prairie Ave.,
Des Plaines, Ill.

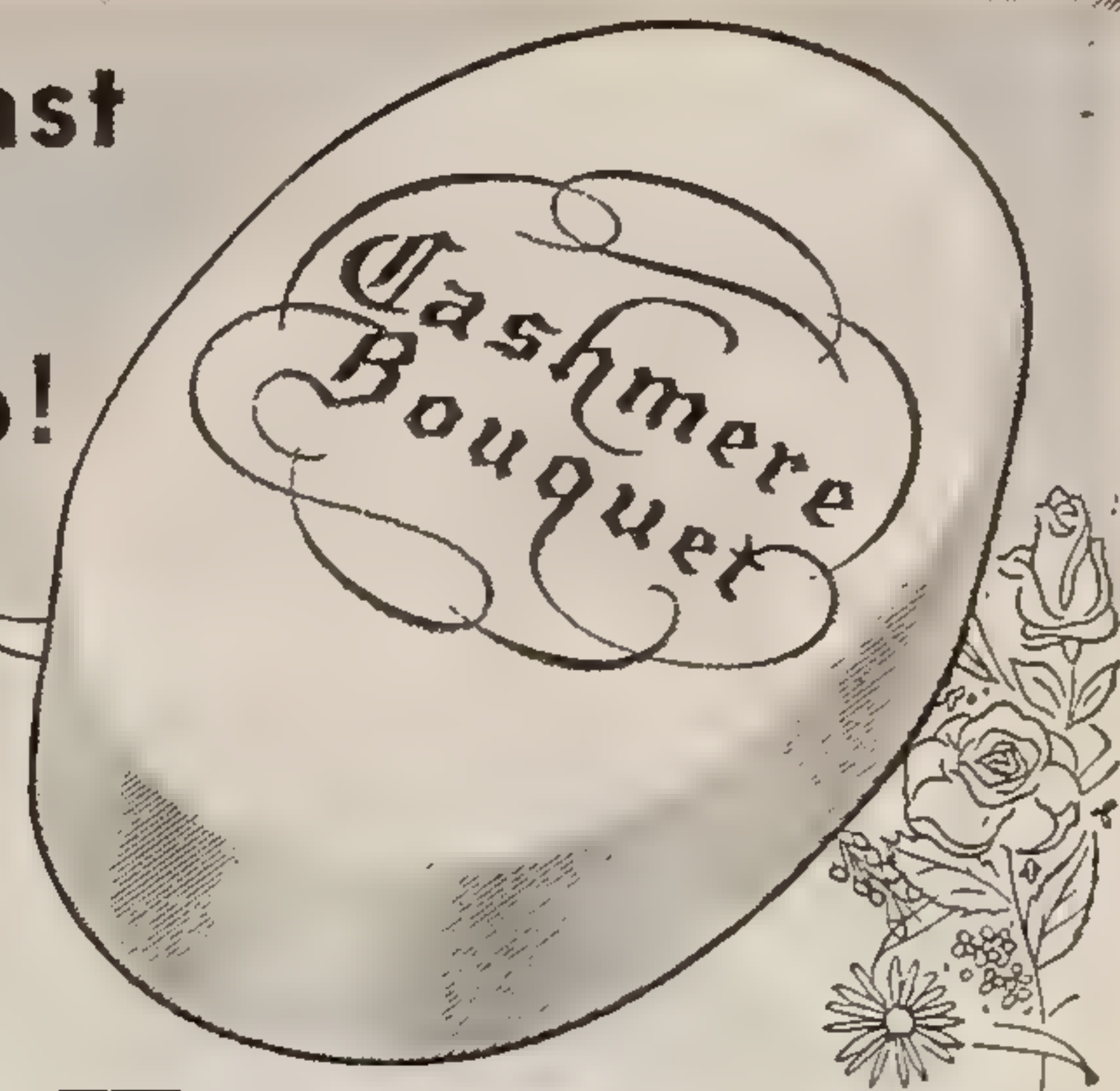
Don G. Connor,
106 Holly Street,
Muscatine, Iowa

Birneis Young,
238 N. Pleasant Street,
Oberlin, Ohio

Elynor Staples,
73 Crescent Street,
Rockland, Maine



Nice Girls guard against
body odor with this
lovely perfumed soap!



**FRAGRANT
SKIN HAS
SUCH ALLURE!**

**THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS
BATHE WITH
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!**



GIRLS WHO BATHE WITH
CASHMERE BOUQUET
ALWAYS SEEM MORE
GLAMOROUS! THE
DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER
OF THIS LOVELY
PERFUMED SOAP REMOVES
EVERY TRACE OF BODY
ODOR. AND THEN
ITS LINGERING PERFUME
CLINGS... LEAVES
YOUR SKIN ALLURINGLY
FRAGRANT!



YOU'RE ALWAYS SO EXQUISITE,
DARLING... JUST LIKE A LOVELY,
FRAGRANT FLOWER!

MEN ADORE
THE DELICATE,
FLOWER-LIKE
FRAGRANCE THAT
SURROUNDS A GIRL
AFTER A BATH
WITH CASHMERE
BOUQUET SOAP!

I USE THIS PURE,
CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR
MY COMPLEXION, TOO!
ITS GENTLE, CARESSING
LATHER REMOVES DIRT
AND COSMETICS SO
THOROUGHLY,
LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH
AND RADIANT!



Cashmere Bouquet
10¢—3 for 25¢
at drug, department
and ten-cent stores

THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

Have time for
FUN
this summer



Tastier meals with
less work

*This
easy
way*



● Don't be a kitchen slave these glorious summer days. Stop having to worry, "Oh, I must get home to get dinner!" Keep a supply of Franco-American on hand and you can have a tasty spaghetti meal on the table in next to no time. (See suggestion below.)

Franco-American Spaghetti makes a splendid main dish, too. Children love it for lunch. It's full of nourishment, full of flavor with a zestful cheese-and-tomato sauce containing eleven different ingredients. Be sure to get Franco-American—a can costs only ten cents. Order some today.

**NO HOT OVEN NEEDED FOR THIS
★ QUICK, EASY DINNER ★**

BEEF and MUSHROOMS with SPAGHETTI

Season $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. chopped beef with $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper. Melt 2 tablespoons butter in hot frying pan and brown meat. Add 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup and 1 can Franco-American Spaghetti, mixing well. Cover and cook over low flame till heated through. Serve with lettuce and tomato salad; fresh berries and cookies for dessert.

**Franco-American
SPAGHETTI**

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Send for FREE Recipe Book

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, Dept. 437
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Honeymoon House For Rent

(Continued from page 11)

For Tony was in New York when I talked to him, making a personal appearance which needed the combined efforts of a great many police to control the crowds at the stage door and a great many ticket takers to handle the admissions flowing into the box office, assuring a handsome profit over Tony's handsome salary.

Tony was happy again. The months of hell were over. Tony and Alice could smile, they could talk to each other long distance and laugh, at each other, the world, the phone bill. Tony had proved what every man who has a bride at his side must prove, that he is a success in his own eyes and in hers.

He hadn't been able to prove that before. Not while he was in Hollywood. Hollywood didn't give Tony the shining kind of success it gave Alice. He was popular on the Burns and Allen radio show. And in a succession of second-rate pictures he acquitted himself with romantic competence. But he was discouraged never to have an opportunity to contribute his efforts to a picture that might stand for something. And he was hurt that many who pretended to be his friends were quick to say, "Tony's a nice enough chap. But he's not in Alice's class. It's only a matter of time until the break between them."

DISCUSSING all this, he said, "It got me down. Took my confidence away. I reached the place where I hated the night I went on the air. I couldn't stand before the mike and sing a song without wondering why in God's name they bothered to have me there and pay me what they did, when, I was convinced, a fifty dollar a week man would do just as good a job."

And, as a matter of fact, Tony and Alice themselves had had doubts, right from the beginning, about their marriage. All the head shaking and gloomy prophecies finally got in at them, as it was intended they should. Both were considered better box office if they remained single. And the one thousand, two hundred and fifty news correspondents from all over the globe who are stationed in Hollywood and who find themselves in daily need of stories were quick to pick up the scent of disapproval which this romance occasioned and to raise the cry. If you've never lived through anything half as insidious as this—and you likely never have—try it some time.

I think Tony and Alice survived only because life for both of them has been a school of stern reality. Neither had led sheltered lives. Both were poor. They'd had to fight to make their ways. Consequently they came not to expect too much of men and women—and to learn how to hide their hurt when a thrust goes home.

Thus, when she said at her wedding breakfast, "I don't know how long our marriage will last," Alice spoke defiantly, the way the Irish will when they're hurt and more than a little frightened.

Tony heard her in silence. And when she had finished he slipped his hand through her arm and talked easily of a trip to New York she would be making alone within the

next week or two, trying to forestall the rumors that trip soon enough precipitated.

They've reacted differently to centuries of persecution, the Irish and the Jews. The Irish are aggressive and ready to fight. The Jews are more patiently and quietly on their guard.

Hollywood's like other moneyed suburbs. Its citizens, relieved of practical considerations, vie with one another as witty and exciting gossips. The favorite game there is that of hunter and quarry. Perpetually Hollywood is on the chase of someone.

Following the Tony Martins' much discussed and much criticized marriage it was natural they should become the quarry. Discussion and conjecture regarding what they did and what they didn't do became the sport of the town. And, indirectly, the talk of the world. For Hollywood gossip soon becomes the basis for newspaper and magazine stories.

After a time, as Alice became increasingly important, there were those unwilling to gossip at her expense for fear of seeming jealous. There were those who didn't know when they might need her favor. And there were others, undoubtedly, who quit out of growing respect for her hard won achievement.

Tony, however, without the sanctuary of such success, wasn't let off.

"He's not in her class," the talk went. "Their marriage hasn't a chance. Won't be long now. I happen to know!"

I've often wondered if Tony and Alice knew that one of the worst offenders in this respect was the wife of an executive who, fancying Tony as a romantic escort on nights her husband was busy, was piqued when he was persistently firm in discouraging her overtures.

Such a state of affairs would be enough to wreck a marriage that started out far more propitiously than Tony's and Alice's. But in their case it had the opposite effect.

Through it all Tony had Alice beside him. Long nights, he tells me, they lay awake talking, downing the strange fears which beset human beings at such times, reaching surely for each other's hand, making plans, discarding them for better.

SOMETHING had to be done. They both knew that. Their love, so precious to them both, was threatening to destroy itself. But, though they were determined to stand together and fight, they didn't know what to do.

It was Tony's agent, finally, who solved the problem.

"Get out of Hollywood," he told Tony. "It's your only chance. Don't you care what it costs you! Go on a personal appearance tour! Find out for yourself where you stand with the public! I, for one, am sold you'll wind up with more confidence in yourself than you ever had before."

It cost Tony exactly ten thousand dollars to free himself. He had to leave Twentieth Century-Fox and the Burns and Allen program. But it has proved the wisest money he ever spent.

Theaters where he has appeared want him for return engagements. It looks as if he could keep going round

the twenty-six week circuit indefinitely. Two motion picture companies, impressed by the Standing Room Only signs which theaters have had to get out and dust off when banners with his name have flown from their marques, have offered him contracts. And in radio, as this story goes to press, a sponsor was negotiating for Tony's services to sing and direct an important summer show.

So far, you see, the gamble has been a success. Tony, away from Alice, has found that he, too, is important in the entertainment world—that he can stand on his own feet and be a big success.

He doesn't know when he will return to Hollywood, or, if he does go back for some special movie role or a series of broadcasts, how long he will stay. Alice, of course, must remain there. But it is with hope in their hearts and minds that they go on with their gamble, believing the only way they can insure their future together is to put an end to their previous pattern of living—the pattern of living which got them both down.

And since, for a while, they must continue to gamble, the lovely Beverly Hills house in which they took such pride has been put on the market, for rent. It's a large place, not at all the sort of house in which a woman would choose to live alone. Too, I imagine, Alice would rather not live in it, without Tony.

EVEN now, by appointment, strangers with speculative eyes are considering it. The big living room which Tony and Alice furnished around the grand piano . . . the upstairs front room with the big double bed which they shared with blissful neglect of new-fangled notions . . . the kitchen where they cooked bacon and eggs when the servants were out, preferring this to strutting their stuff at the restaurants that are jammed on Thursday evenings with radio and screen celebrities.

"Honeymoon House For Rent." It has a sinister ring. Yet its real meaning is hopeful. Only a fool would predict that Tony and Alice will live happily forever after, that the most difficult years of their married life are behind them. It's impossible to tell anything about two such intense individuals five minutes beforehand. But this far one can go: their marriage has a sounder basis today than it ever had before. They've suffered and fought to preserve it, and the things for which we suffer and fight have a way of becoming increasingly dear.

As Tony said: "When adversity comes your love grows up to meet it, I guess, if it's great enough. And if it isn't, it's just too bad . . ."

Separated now while Tony sings his way back to confidence and happiness, he and Alice talk to each other every night on the telephone. In modern fashion, they divide the cost. Whenever it's possible, they plan to fly to some half-way city and spend the week-end together—and those week-ends will be the sweeter because they must be planned for and hoped for so long before they occur.

I think it is appropriate that their honeymoon house is for rent. Their honeymoon unquestionably is over. Not so their marriage. In fact it may very well be that their marriage has truly just begun.

JULY, 1939

3 THINGS YOU DESIRE

NOW IN ONE EXCITING NEW SHAMPOO



Sparkle for even dry hair, manageability for the hair-dress, with no scalp irritation, are all 3 now possible with this marvelous new shampoo discovery

HAVE you ever gazed in envy at some other woman and said to yourself, "Why wasn't I born with hair like that?" But don't blame your Fate. Just read on carefully and discover how old-style shampoos may be cheating your hair of its natural beauty. What's more important, your hair has such an electric effect on the rest of your make-up.

Picture yourself entering a roomful of people. Because of a new discovery in Halo Shampoo your hair now dances with dazzling highlights. It casts subtle overtones on to your skin, giving your complexion softer, more transparent color. You read in the eyes of every man around that the total effect is perfect!

Now why couldn't old-style shampoos do this? Because old-style shampoos so often leave an unrinsable film of soap or oil to actually dull the hair and cover up its natural brilliance. That's why women used to need a lemon or vinegar rinse. Why your hair so often looked dull and dead, stringy and unmanageable.

How lucky for all women that a scientist made this discovery now in Halo Shampoo—a way to make rich, creamy

shampoo lather without the use of either soap or oil.

Here at last is the perfect shampoo for dry, oily or normal hair. One shampoo with Halo demonstrates perfectly how it removes all trace of dull film left by old-style shampoos. How radiant and full of luster it leaves your hair, eliminating any need for lemon or vinegar rinse. How silky-soft and manageable it leaves even "wild" hair. How clean and fragrant your scalp, without irritation. In fact, even loose, flaky dandruff is safely removed.

Buy Halo from any drug, department or 10c store in the 10c, 50c or \$1.00 size. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

Two Thrilling New Hair Styles for Summer



Crisp short ends are brushed up in close-to-the-head swirls. No long straggling wisps dangle on the back of the neck. A brief forelock meets the high side wave in a smartly tailored rollatleft.

At its longest the hair is not more than four inches in length. On either side of the high left side part, the hair is up and off the face with a soft wide wave, with tapered ends wound in pin curls.



HALO SHAMPOO



REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

It Was "Love At First Sight"



Phantom Desire

(Continued from page 13)

young men," he granted. "And I don't doubt you will relegate it to its proper place—the way countless sensible men have done before you and will continue to do after you."

"Your father doesn't mean to be harsh," my mother told me "but he doesn't want you to make a mistake that will ruin your life . . ."

"If you could see her!" I tried to make my mother understand.

"I'm sure she's very pretty," she said. But Matthew—you're young and innocent, even if you are a man. This kind of—of love—you feel for Rosemary is sudden, and most romantic.

"The love Jane gives you and that you give Jane is built on understanding and faith. It will bring you comfort and happiness that will endure."

"I can't marry Jane," I said. "It wouldn't be fair to her."

"Now, yes," she interrupted.

I shook my head. "It always will be."

"Can you tell Jane that?" Her voice grew colder. "She's in the garden. I just heard the gate click. I asked her to come. She doesn't know you're home. I wanted to surprise her."

I was almost glad to go to Jane. She was an old and dear friend. I hated to hurt her. But at her hands I expected more understanding. I regretted I had mentioned Rosemary to my parents. By their ugly thoughts and suspicions they had marred the beauty we had found together.

Jane came towards me in a little

rush and her eyes were shining.

"Matthew dear, what a surprise."

"Hello there!" I tried not to sound cold or formal.

"You're worried," she said, quick to sense a difference. "You—you haven't even kissed me."

I put my arms around her shoulders. Jane was tall and straight and proud, one of those clean and brushed looking girls. "I'm not worried exactly. It's just that I've been thinking."

"So have I," she told me. "And you know, Matthew, I'm almost glad you went away. Otherwise I might never have realized . . ."

It seemed too good to be true. She also had discovered our engagement was a mistake.

But when we reached the swing she explained what she meant and it was very different.

"I've been having very solemn thoughts. I warn you," she laughed. "I've been thinking what it means to get married. How it isn't just a social affair, with presents and a new house. But how it is the beginning of a new life we'll share, you and I . . ."

"Jane," I interrupted, "Jane, wait . . ."

"No," she said, "I want you to know the thoughts I had. All of them. Marriage means sharing. And there's no real sharing if thoughts aren't shared too."

"Oh Matthew, I do love you. I'm glad I won't be Jane Simmons any more. Just to be your wife, and to love you always . . ."

I couldn't tell her then. There were weeks before our marriage. Not all the moments in them would be like this. We would have little disagreements, little indifferent spells, and I planned to use one of these for my wedge. It would be easier that way.

But the weeks that followed were otherwise than I had anticipated. Jane and I had practically no time alone. There were preparations and there were parties. And through it all I played the part of a prospective bridegroom, feeling like a dog, and waiting for the opportunity to put an end to it.

Several times I began to tell Jane what had happened to me but my phrasing was unfortunate, I'm afraid, for always she misunderstood and gave my words a meaning that made it too difficult to stop her.

MY parents never mentioned Rosemary again. And I didn't either. I wouldn't expose her to the attitude they had shown in her direction. And they, undoubtedly, were glad enough to go along on the assumption that it had been the light attachment they had thought it.

My father was as generous as he always had been and always would be to a son who was obedient. The check he gave me, which I put away so I might return it when the time came, was lavish. And he made every provision for me to take hold and progress in his factory.

Not an hour passed that I didn't think of Rosemary. I could see her in

her father's store . . . making little pilgrimages to our hillside . . . swimming in the pool at the hotel—as she had been when I first saw her—her grave face smiling under her white cap. I remembered the flutter of her fingertips against my cheeks. I remembered the sweetness of her kiss. Again the magic of that starlight night and the magic of her loveliness sent the blood beating in my brain when I needed all my faculties about me . . . that I might arrange things so I could get back to her.

At last I could wait no longer to tell Jane. It was the morning of our wedding day. Having been loathe to hurt her and something of a coward I was, I knew, about to hurt her far more than if I had spoken before.

I found her in the garden.

"MATTHEW," she called, "the groom isn't supposed to see his bride on their wedding-day until they meet at the altar. But I think that's nonsense too. I'm glad you came."

"Jane," I blurted, "what do you suppose would happen if we didn't go through with it? If all the people who have been invited were cheated of their show?"

"I don't know." She looked mystified. "Are you—afraid of the big wedding? I'll run away with you to a justice of the peace, if you are."

"I don't mind the show, I guess!" I prayed for enough courage to bear down and see it through.

"Afterwards," she said softly "it will be nice to remember, of course. Only grooms never do remember their weddings. I tell you what, so you will remember, I'll give you a sprig of this rosemary . . ."

"Rosemary!" I snatched that name from her lips.

"Yes, rosemary. You can wear it in your buttonhole. Rosemary's for remembrance, didn't you know . . . Matthew! Matthew! What is it?"

"I can't," I told her and I felt broken inside. "I can't do it, Jane."

"You . . . you can't marry me, Matthew?"

"It would be wrong," I insisted. "It would be a horrible mistake. I couldn't make you happy, Jane . . ."

"You couldn't make me happy?" she sounded relieved. "Why Matthew, you're all I want!"

"But if you knew it was a mistake, Jane." Now I was like a terrier who has caught his game and won't let go.

I scarcely heard her. "If . . . if you didn't want to, Matthew . . . I'd understand. I'd let you go."

"But you'd get over it!" I wouldn't look at her. I didn't want to see her eyes. "You're beautiful and so good. Your life wouldn't be spoiled."

"My life? There wouldn't be any life left." I was conscious that her hands moved up to her throat, as if she would iron away that choke that had strangled her words. Then she spoke louder. "If you're going . . . go quickly. Go quickly, please, Matthew . . . now!"

Then I saw her eyes and the pain that was in them wiped out everything else, even for that moment my image of Rosemary.

"Jane, don't!" I begged her. "Please don't! I didn't mean it. I've got buck fever, I guess. All grooms get it. All grooms get it, Jane. Please forgive me."

She came into my arms. And now she wasn't proud. She was hurt and numb, and it was my fault.

"Hold me tight," she asked me. "Don't let me go!"

* * *
Years passed and they were long. I worked ten, twelve, and fourteen hours a day. The factory prospered as it never had before. My father was approving and my mother was proud. Jane wore a fine coat and worried about my health. Our two children went to the best private school.

At least one hundred times I got it all straightened out in my head. Rosemary belonged to my youth. She was a pretty dream to remember gratefully, nothing more. I was, I told myself, among the fortunate men of the world. I had a charming wife, a lovely home, two fine healthy children, a prospering factory. No sane man could ask for more.

Sometimes I would think I had put the interlude with Rosemary behind me, finally and successfully. Until the pink cosmos in Jane's garden reminded me of her mouth. Or the air of a summer night had the soft texture another night had known so long ago. Then it would be back again, that old feeling, in an engulfing wave. And I would have bitter thoughts when my shaving mirror showed gray hair at my temples and be afraid I was going to die without ever having lived.

AT such times I doubtless was more abstracted with Jane and the children too. One night she taxed me about this.

"Matthew," she said, "put your book down, please. I want to talk to you about . . . the children and I need something from you, Matthew."

"What!" I tried to joke—there was such import in her voice. "Is that



SKIN SMOOTH IN SPITE OF SUN AND WIND

I'VE ALWAYS
DEPENDED ON POND'S
VANISHING CREAM
FOR SMOOTHING AWAY
LITTLE ROUGHNESSES.
I'M DELIGHTED
THAT NOW IT HAS
"SKIN-VITAMIN" IN IT

NOW EXTRA

"SKIN-VITAMIN" IN THIS SWELL POWDER BASE*

Women who are careful of their make-up are always eager to hear about the extra "skin-vitamin" that comes in a famous powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Skin that lacks Vitamin A becomes rough and dry. But when this "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's before powder and overnight to help supply this important vitamin for your skin. Same jars, labels, prices.

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Mrs. William Rhinelanders Stewart

Smart young society favorite, always seen in fashionable places. She goes hatless throughout the active outdoor season—winters in Palm Beach.



YOU'RE STILL MY ADORABLE BRIDE!

YES—HONEYMOONS LAST LONGER FOR WIVES WHO
GUARD AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

ISN'T TOM
WONDERFUL? HERE
WE ARE, MARRIED
TEN YEARS—AND
HE STILL SENDS
ME FLOWERS
EVERY WEEK!

LUCKY WOMAN!
BUT IF I HAD
A "SCHOOLGIRL
COMPLEXION"
LIKE YOURS, MAYBE
MY HUSBAND
WOULD BE MORE
ATTENTIVE

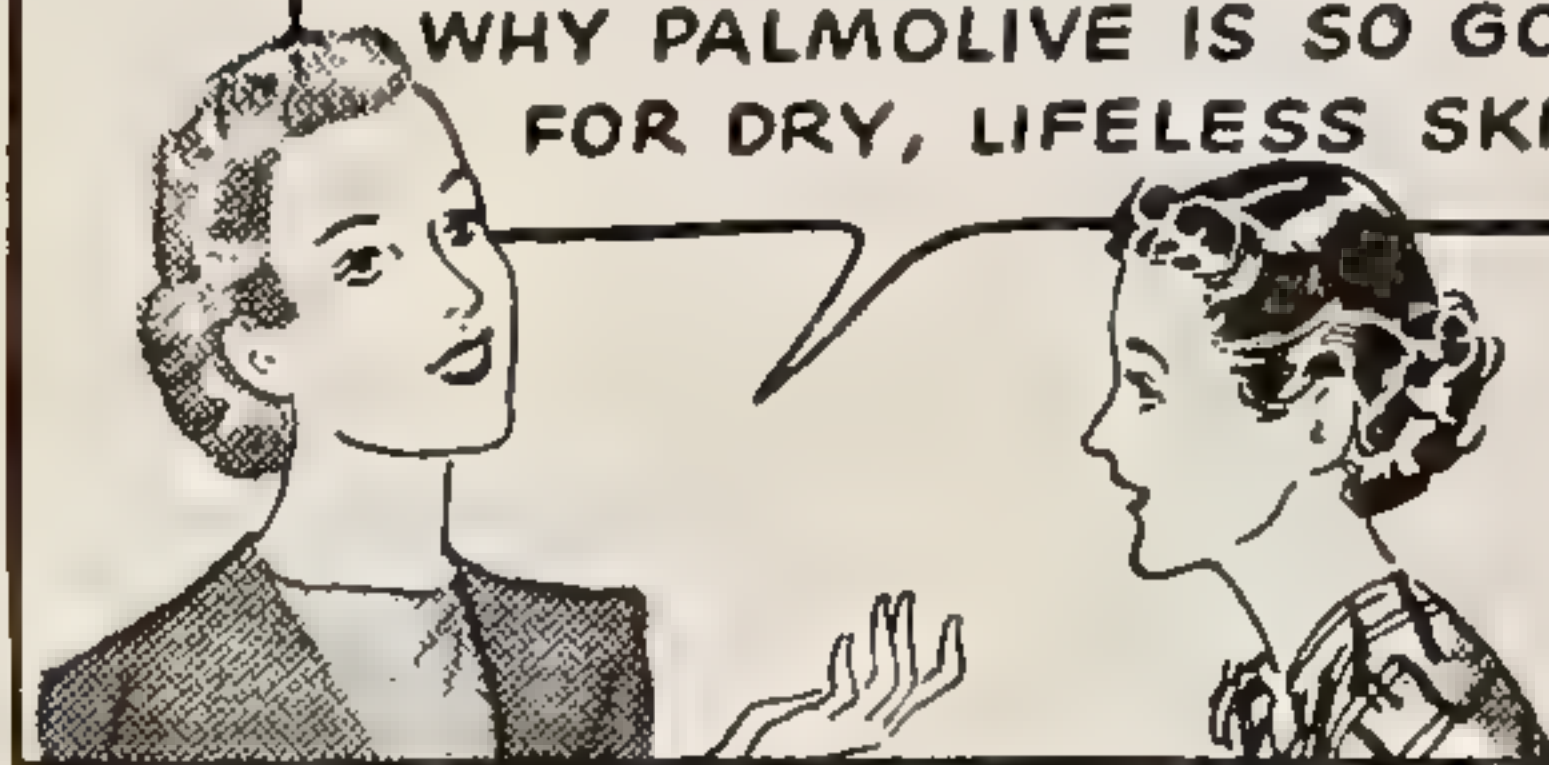
WHAT DO YOU
SUPPOSE MAKES MY
COMPLEXION SO
DRY, LIFELESS AND
OLD-LOOKING?

MAYBE YOU'RE
USING THE
WRONG SOAP!
WHY DON'T
YOU TRY
PALMOLIVE?
THAT'S WHAT
I USE!



Olive Oil, PALMOLIVE'S SECRET!

YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE
WITH **OLIVE OIL**, A MATCHLESS
BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY
NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN
SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG! THAT'S
WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD
FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!



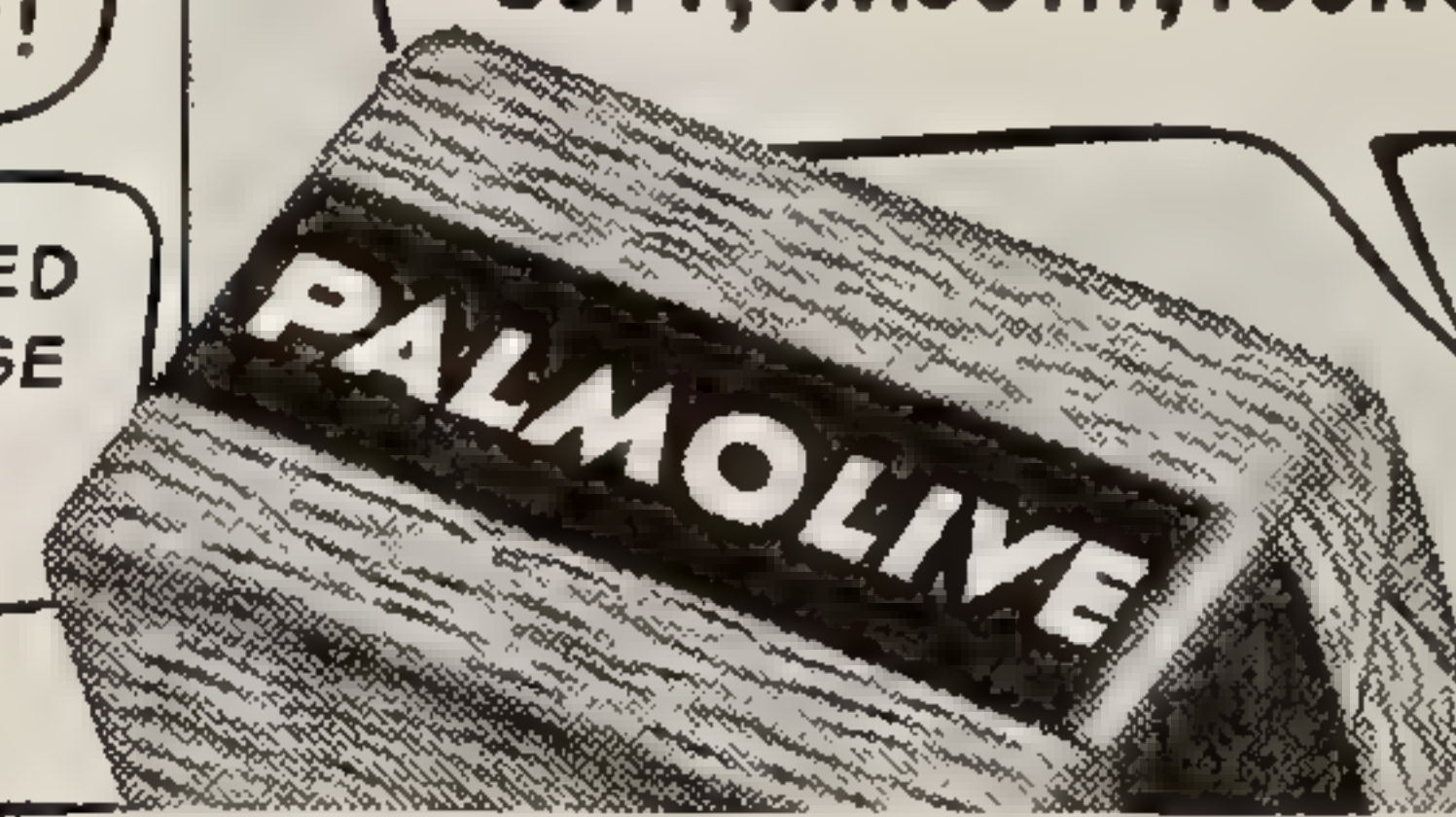
AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS
MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM
OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY
DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSSES SO
GENTLY, YET REMOVES DIRT AND
COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY.
LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!



YOU'VE CONVINCED
ME! I'LL CHANGE
TO PALMOLIVE
TODAY!

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!

THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO
GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN
SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!



check I gave you last week gone so soon?"

But she wouldn't be put off. She at last had found her courage to bring things into the light, whatever the consequences.

"You've given us too many checks," she said gently, "and too little else. At first I thought I must not interfere with your absorption in your business. I reasoned I had been wrong when I thought you wanted to be a writer more than anything else—that you really were a business man at heart, like your father. Now I know I was wrong. You really hate that factory, for all the success your slaving has brought it, don't you? It's been an escape . . ."

"JANE!" I was horrified. "What has happened to make you feel . . ."

"Nothing! Nothing has happened!" And the bitterness in her usually calm voice frightened me. "That's just the trouble, Matthew. One day follows another. At the end of it we're a little older. Empty days and empty years . . ."

"The children feel it too. At night they rush to meet you and you kiss them dutifully and turn away—just the same as you kiss me and turn away . . ."

"I'm not demonstrative, you know," I protested.

She shook her head hopelessly. "Let's not parry words. Let's be honest now, while we still have time. Let's change whatever it is that's wrong, Matthew—whatever it costs one or both of us.

"Tell me, why can't I reach you . . . why?" Her voice broke. "Tell me, of what were you dreaming just now

when you were pretending to read that book?"

"A silly dream!" I laughed, rather effectively I thought.

"It wasn't so silly though," Jane insisted quietly, "for it brought a look to your face I've yearned to bring there. Who was it you were thinking about? Tell me, please Matthew."

"You're being ridiculous!" I insisted. "All right, have it . . . it was a puppy love affair. Just youth and moonlight. I thought I'd forgotten."

She shook her head. "But you never have. I know. Was her name, by chance, Rosemary?"

"How did you know?" I demanded, entirely off guard now.

"You've called her in your sleep. So many times. I want you to go find her, Matthew. And if she lives up to your dream and she's free and you live up to her dream too—I'll, I'll set you free."

"Jane!" I said, "You must be crazy!"

"I don't think so," she answered quietly. "I don't want to lose you, Matthew. But I'd rather have nothing and know I had nothing than keep on as I have been going—afraid—and pretending to myself all the time that things were different.

"It is Rosemary you want, isn't it honestly?"

"I've always wanted her," I admitted slowly. "But, Jane . . ."

She stood up and moved towards the door. "Go to her tomorrow. For her sake and your sake—and mine. If you don't mind I won't get up for breakfast. I—I haven't been sleeping well lately. Goodbye."

Bedford Crossing was so very much the same that I forgot the years that had run through the glass. The same

cars were parked along the tree-arched street. Salvia grew in the same little stone-rimmed gardens. The same penny candy lay under the glass case. Chocolate babies. Orange marshmallow bananas. Licorice shoe laces.

I forgot my graying temples and the slight paunch that was beginning to show at my waist. I tried to think of home but Jane and the children had no reality. And had Rosemary come in wearing the same white organdy frock I wouldn't have been surprised.

I was restless with the excitement that had been increasing within me ever since I had left home. I actually had difficulty controlling my voice when I spoke to the old man who ran the store.

"I haven't been to Bedford Crossing for years," I said. "But it looks just the same."

He nodded. "Didn't you have a daughter?" I asked.

"Two daughters," he agreed, "and a son."

"Is Rosemary still here?" It seemed an eternity before he answered.

"Rosemary? Sure enough. I'm expecting her any minute."

IMPATIENTLY I walked over to the door.

"There's nobody coming now," I said, "but a middle-aged woman and a child."

The old man peered over my shoulder. "That's Rosemary! Guess she's put on a lot of weight since you seen her. Always stuffing."

I tried to say "That couldn't be Rosemary," but I made only a strangled sound.

"Look at her, will you?" her father

went on. "Can't stop eating long enough to walk down the street. Kid's just like her, only sickly. Husband went off and left them."

They were closer now. "Luly," the middle-aged woman said, "quit dragging on me, walk up, can't you?" And it was a querulous voice I never had heard before.

"Here's an old friend come to see you," her father called.

The lining hung from her coat. She peered at me near-sightedly.

I WAS passing through Bedford Crossing," I managed to get the words out somehow. "And I thought I'd stop to say hello."

"Face is kind of familiar," she agreed.

"My name's Tolliver," I explained. "Matthew Tolliver. It's been a long time since we met. I don't expect . . ."

"Well my lands!" Her pudgy hands, unwashed, with their garish red nail polish chipped and peeling, reached for my coat lapels. "I wouldn't of known you. Imagine you coming to see me. And me looking a sight. I got up late this morning and didn't have a minute to fix myself. I'd have dolled up if I'd known."

"That's quite all right," I said, stepping backwards. I didn't want her hands on me. "I can only stay a minute."

"You look prosperous," she offered. "Guess you've done pretty well for yourself."

"Better than I knew," I told her soberly.

"What? Oh well, you're lucky. I often thought about you. You kept saying you were coming back, but you never did. All the fellers that

stayed at the hotel gave the village girls a line like that."

I had to get out of the place. "Good-bye," I said, "I must go . . ."

"Land sakes," her voice trailed out of the door after me. "Why rush . . ."

I went to the hotel. I had to be able to close a door and be alone. I had to convince myself the woman I had left in that store was Rosemary. I had to face the fact that it was because of her I had withheld myself from my wife and my children.

I threw myself on the bed. I felt ill and heartsick. It grew dark outside the windows and I must have slept, because when I looked again the sky was streaked with the cold gray of dawn.

Another day passed the same way. Then I checked out and started for home. I had to go slowly. My movements were uncertain, the way they were after I ran a high fever when I had pneumonia. Mentally I felt as if I had recovered from a severe fever too. I was able to think clearly at last, something I hadn't done for years.

I remember there was a big bowl of white gladioli on our hall table when I let myself in. And I heard Jane talking to someone in the living-room. I recognized the voice as Jim's. He was a lawyer and our friend.

Jane told him: "I'm afraid there's no doubt about it, Jim, there must be a divorce. And since it's going to be a painful operation I'd like to get it over quickly. Please."

It was Jim who saw me first. "Matthew!" he said. "You've come just in time. Jane's been trying to tell me some nonsense about a divorce and . . . Well, I guess the best thing I can do is leave you two alone."

"I don't blame you for insisting upon a divorce," I told Jane when we were alone. "And I'll—I'll make it as easy as possible. It will be best for me to go away again, I suppose. But before I leave I have to tell you . . ."

"What, Matthew?" Her voice was strained.

"I have to tell you," I continued, "that I've wasted years. That I've been too much of a fool to know what I had. That I've been so blind, Jane, I couldn't even see your beauty or your sweet, dear dignity."

"I don't understand," she said. "It isn't necessary, Matthew, for you to make pretty speeches, to—to ease things."

"I'm not making pretty speeches," I told her. "I'm trying to tell you I love you . . ."

SAY it again!" Her voice lifted.

"I love you," I repeated. "More than I've known. More, no doubt, than you'll ever know."

She came towards me. And as my arms closed about her I knew peace at last.

"Matthew, Matthew!" She was half crying. "Why didn't you say you loved me the very instant you came in? We've wasted minutes . . ."

"You're tied to a fool for life!" I warned.

"That's so short a time when you're happy," she told me. As if I didn't know that now.

Coming in future issues of RADIO MIRROR—more in this series of real life stories told by radio's Aunt Jenny—warm, human dramas about people everybody knows and problems that are part of everyone's life.

Fairest of Brides — Even You Are Lovelier with CHERISH!



For the perfect ensemble, wear Park & Tilford Cherish Perfume with the new Park & Tilford vacuum-sifted Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick. Use the convenient, double-acting liquid Park & Tilford Perfumed Deodorant to guard your daintiness!

You are young and beautiful . . . but you gain a completely alluring loveliness when you add the final pulse-throbbing touch of Park & Tilford CHERISH perfume. This spicy, floral odeur gives you enchanting glamour! \$1 size at drug and department stores. Smart tuck-away size, 10c at ten-cent stores.



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Look for the
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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



Jean Rouveral is Betty of One Man's Family.

If you are numbered among the army of interested listeners to the serial, *One Man's Family*, heard every Wednesday at 8:00 o'clock on the NBC Red network, you will be familiar with Jean Rouveral, who plays Betty Carter on the program.

Jean was born in St. Louis, Missouri. At the age of eight, she made her stage debut, appearing with Leo Carrillo in the play, "Magnolia."

Taking time out for her schooling and dramatic study, Miss Rouveral returned to the stage when she was seventeen, to play in "Growing Pains." Later she was signed by Paramount, and played ingenue leads until she gave up pictures to go to college. Soon after she appeared in "Private Worlds" and in a series of films and stage plays.

Miss Rouveral is a former school mate of Page Gilman, who plays the role of Jack on the program. Both she and Gilman attended Stanford, which is Jack's fictional alma mater in the serial.

* * *

Mrs. L. N. Otterbein, Canton, Ohio—Here are short biographies on the three personalities you requested:

Virginia Clark, who plays Virginia Clark in *The Romance of Helen Trent* was born in Peoria, Illinois, October 29. When she was three, she and her family moved to Little Rock, Arkansas. She attended the Rightsell Grammar School, Lockhart's Private School and the First Methodist Church School. Miss Clark left Little Rock to go to the University of Alabama, where she majored in dramatics. She made her debut on a small station in 1931 and was an instant success; weighs 125 pounds, has brown eyes and is five feet four and one half.

Joan Blaine, who plays the lead role in *Valiant Lady* was born in Fort Dodge, Iowa, April 22. She attended the Northwestern University, where she studied law, and Columbia University, New York City, mainly on

scholarships she won. She made her radio debut at Medford Hillside, Boston, in 1930 and came to the Columbia Broadcasting System in 1931 with David Ross. Joan weighs 115 pounds, is five feet six inches and has dark brown hair and eyes.

Anne Seymour, star of *The Life of Mary Marlin* was born in New York on September 11, 1909. She had her first radio audition at WLW, Cincinnati and spent several months there. Then moved to Chicago to take leads in *Grand Hotel* drama series. Likes athletics, particularly horseback riding . . . drives a high power roadster . . . is five feet seven inches tall, weighs 135 pounds and has brown hair and eyes.

FAN CLUB SECTION

If you're interested in joining an *Artie Shaw* Fan Club, drop a line to Lester E. Balcom, 294 Summer Street, Malden, Mass. He'll be glad to send you details.

A fan club has recently been organized for *Florence George*. Get in touch with Betty Church, Pres., R.F.D. No. 1, Box 96, Saylesville, R. I., for further information.

The *Glenn Miller* Fan Club is making a drive for members. Anyone wishing to join should write to Miss Anna Flynn, 22 Fisher Street, Natick, Mass.

I have no record of an *Annette King* Fan Club. If one has been organized, I'll be happy to hear from our readers.

For details regarding an *Enoch Light* Fan Club, get in touch with Joseph Wright of 47 Sheffield Avenue, Buffalo, New York.

We've been requested to make the following announcement: "The Club's name is *Fred Waring Fanatics*. Members receive membership card, photograph of the Pennsylvanians, and a club paper called "Fraternity Whispers" on a bi-monthly basis. Dues are fifty cents a year (seventy-five cents in foreign countries.) If you're interested, write to Ruth Stanford of 508 18th Street, Union City, N. J.

Brothers—and Enemies

(Continued from page 15)

into night spots. Tommy gets first choice of any place he wants to play and Jimmy has to tag along behind him. If Tommy draws big crowds, Jimmy suffers by comparison. It isn't fair, because Tommy, getting first choice, can go into a place at the height of the season when business is best.

FOR example, last summer Tommy hit a famous country club in August, which happens to be the best month to draw crowds. Tommy packed the place every night. Jimmy, coming into the same place in October, didn't do as well. It was the end of the season, and Benny Goodman playing in his underwear couldn't have done any better. Nevertheless, people said Jimmy's band wasn't as good as Tommy's.

That's bad, but what is even worse for Jimmy is to have Tommy do bad business in a dance place or theater. If Tommy doesn't draw well the managers won't even hire Jimmy! "If Tommy can't get the business," they moan, "think how bad Jimmy will be." You can't beat that.

Jimmy has to work three times as hard for the money he gets as Tommy does, and he doesn't get nearly as much. Tommy, because he has a radio commercial, can hang around New York if he wants to. He just picks himself out a nice hotel spot like the Pennsylvania Roof and settles down. He not only gets a bigger name every time he does a radio commercial, but

he also gets a six-time-a-week radio wire out of the hotel.

You probably wonder how Tommy feels knowing that his success stands in the way of his brother's future. He isn't any too happy about it, but there isn't anything he can do about it, either. The music business is the most keenly competitive in the world. If he boosts Jimmy, he may find himself being "Jimmy Dorsey's brother, Tommy." He's too smart a business man to do that.

Then, too, there has always been a rivalry between the two brothers. They've fought each other all their lives. It has been a natural, healthy, brotherly fight, and Tommy can't help feel just a little bit proud of the fact that his older brother has never quite gained the fame he has.

Jimmy and Tommy were fated to be musicians. There was a Dorsey band before they were born. It was led by Tom Dorsey, Sr., who could play any instrument invented. He played music almost constantly and when he wasn't playing it, he was teaching it.

When they were old enough to sit up, Tommy and Jimmy were given a music sheet instead of a picture magazine. When they were old enough to be slinging a baseball around in the backyard of their home in Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, they were, instead, slamming music around on a pair of saxophones. They could sight read at nine, at eleven, they might not have known who won the French and

Indian war but they knew what an embrochure was and they knew chord construction and harmony.

Like most kids, they tried to outdo each other. In spite of their father's efforts to make them a team, they were individualists before they were out of knee pants. Pretty soon the Dorsey kids could play just about every instrument, but Jimmy was sticking closest to the clarinet and sax, while Tommy couldn't be torn away from the trombone.

Jimmy, a year and a half older than Tom, got the first job in a band called the Scranton Sirens. He wasn't in the band twenty-four hours before he said to the leader, "I got a kid brother who plays a swell trombone and you ought to hire him." The leader didn't want a trombone player, but Jimmy threatened to quit unless Tommy was hired.

Tommy got the job, but the leader soon found out he had made a terrible mistake. The boys played beautifully together, but they fought like wild animals.

THE leader of the Scranton Sirens made the mistake of siding in with Jimmy. He made some crack about Tommy being a bad influence in the band. "Listen, you," Jimmy said, "you can't say that about my brother." He then laced into the leader and before long they were both out of the band.

To write what happened to Jimmy and Tommy after they left the Scranton Sirens to the time they organized

Glamorous ART MODEL TRIUMPHS

over summer-dulled hair—
reveals its glowing beauty
this new way



Miss Alice Anderson

—so gracefully formed, she models daringly
smart swim-suits, says:

"I not only model swim-suits, but I also like to swim. Anyone who knows what swimming does to hair, can imagine my joy when I discovered Drene Shampoo! It takes away that dull, stiff look—so I can have my hair sparkling with all its natural beauty and smoothly dressed in a jiffy for sudden studio calls!"

IT'S thrillingly easy now to keep your hair looking soft, clean and invitingly fresh through summer. Despite swirling dust, dirt and excess perspiration that mats down hair . . . You'll be thrilled to see how a single



washing with Drene Shampoo sweeps away that drab summer-dulled look! And most amazing—reveals the glamorous natural luster and brilliance hidden in your hair!

For Drene does *more* than merely wash away dirt. It actually removes that ugly dulling film (bathtub ring) that all soaps leave on hair. And, Drene leaves no dulling film or greasy, dust-catching film itself, because it's not a soap—not an oil! Yet foams into abundant rich, mild lather that cleans away dirt, perspiration, even loose dandruff flakes . . . Leaves hair radiantly free of dulling film—so lemon or vinegar after-rinses are unnecessary!

No soap shampoo can give Drene's revolutionary results! Drene is the only shampoo licensed to use its new, patented *safe* cleansing ingredient—so refuse substitutes! Approved by Good Housekeeping. Made by Procter & Gamble, Drene is America's larg-

est-selling shampoo! Try it—have your hair glorious this summer! Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

ONE SHAMPOO DOES NOT GIVE BEST RESULTS
WITH ALL TYPES OF HAIR

That's why there are

NOW 2 KINDS OF
drene



SPECIAL DRENE FOR DRY HAIR
(for hair wild, fluffy after washing
—helps leave it soft, manageable)

REGULAR DRENE—for oily hair

At drug, department, 10¢ stores; at better
beauty shops—insist on Drene.



Any famous movie personality knows that beautiful eyes are one of her greatest assets. On the screen or off, she'd never risk a garish, too-made-up look. So of course she uses Maybelline—the modern, flattering eye make-up in good taste.

"You never see me without correct eye make-up!"

Says Lovely LOLA LANE

You can have eyes like stars this same easy way. A soft blending of Maybelline Eye Shadow over your eyelids does things for your eyes—makes them look larger, wider-set, more luminous. The Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil is perfectly pointed to form graceful, expressive brows. Maybelline Mascara darkens your lashes to long sweeping loveliness, instantly. No trouble to apply. It's harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. And it stays on perfectly—keeps the lashes soft and lustrous.

If you want your eyes to be noticed and admired, insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores.



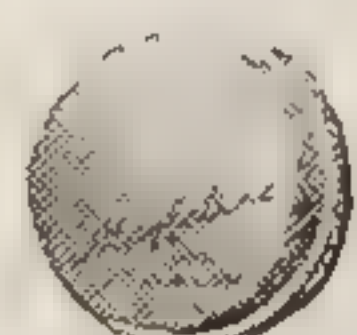
Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold-colored vanity, 75c. Shades, Black, Brown, Blue.



Maybelline Cream form Mascara (easily applied without water) in dainty zipper case. Same shades.



Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).



Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous harmonizing shades.



Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

the first Dorsey Brothers band would be writing a history of modern jazz. Jimmy always got the jobs, then he always got Tommy, then together they always got Trouble. Mama Dorsey has it summed up about right. "Sure," she says, "My boys are such fine friends—their music that don't get along."

There isn't a swing musician alive who can't tell you a story of a Tommy Dorsey-Jimmy Dorsey fight. They played in pit orchestras for musical comedies and fought so much the performers on the stage almost went crazy. Managers of night clubs all over the country would raise their hands in horror when they heard a band with Jimmy and Tommy in it was going to play their club.

Tommy came to New York but Jimmy was right behind him. They got a band together and went to work playing for the Boswell Sisters over NBC. Connie Boswell won't soon forget the first record she made with the Dorsey Brothers. They started at eleven at night, and at six in the morning everybody was too hysterical to make the record. The Dorseys had fought for seven hours solid because Tommy didn't like a certain passage Jimmy was playing, and then Jimmy didn't like the way Tommy played.

SOMEHOW, the Dorsey brothers kept their band together. There were periods of months when they didn't talk to each other. The band caught on like wildfire.

But any musician will tell you why that band couldn't last. Tommy and Jimmy are worlds apart. Tommy is the more dynamic of the two. He's a natural born leader. He was always the front for the band, the fellow who not only played the trombone but led with the baton as well. He was the shrewder in business, so he handled the business end.

All you have to do is look at Tommy next to Jimmy to see how different they are. Tommy has a lean, sharp face and piercing blue eyes, he's nervous and quick in movement and his tongue is sharp. Jimmy has a smooth, round face and friendly blue eyes, he's always ready for a laugh and is just a little shy.

Off the bandstand, Jimmy and Tommy were pals. On the bandstand they became mortal enemies. Tommy's sharp tongue and quick temper got under Jimmy's skin, and Jimmy tried, the best way he could, to lash back at his brother.

On Decoration Day, May 30th, the Dorsey's band was playing the Glen Island Casino, one of the top dance spots in the country. Early in the evening, the band started off on a number fatefully entitled, "I'll Never Say Never Again, Again." Jimmy had argued with Tommy before about the number, because he felt Tommy had been playing it too fast. Tommy thought it wasn't fast enough. When Tommy got up to play his trombone solo, he lit into it fireman style, playing even twice as fast as usual.

Jimmy put his hands on his hips and shook his head slowly from side to side. Tommy lowered his trombone, his face flaming red. "What's the matter Lad, don't you like it?" he said.

"No," Jimmy said, "I don't like it." "You can go to the devil," Tommy said, and with this he tucked his horn under his arm and walked off.

Jimmy and the boys shrugged their shoulders. This wasn't the first time the quick-tempered Tommy had walked off the stand in the middle of a number.

The band stayed at the Glen Island Casino all that summer. Every night Jimmy expected Tommy back, but he never did come back.

One day, when the engagement was almost over, a fellow from another band came out to see Jimmy and said: "Mac's organizing another band. He wants to know if he can come out and sit in with you just to avoid legal difficulties until his band formally gets under way?"

"Sure," Jimmy said. That was all.

Next night Tommy came out to Glen Island. He slipped into the band, picked up his trombone and began playing. Jimmy came over after the number and the boys fell on each other's shoulders. Tommy said, "You know how it is, Lad, I want a band of my own."

"Sure," Jimmy said, "and if you need any help, just let me know."

"Same goes for you," Tommy said.

But once Tommy's band got under way, the Dorsey brothers' competitive spirit became even fiercer.

FOR a while, it looked as if Jimmy had the jump on Tommy. He had the seasoned men of the original Dorsey Brothers band. Tommy had to get new men and build from the ground up.

Then Bing Crosby, long a pal of Jimmy's, asked him to come to the coast and join the new Crosby commercial. Jimmy took the job. In a way, it was the wrong move. The Jimmy Dorsey band was always secondary to Bing. Not because the Bouncing Bing wanted it that way, but because the sponsors were building Crosby.

Tommy stayed in the East. Anyone who knows the band business will tell you that New York is the best place in the world to build a band. All the big bands are made in New York. Swing came in, and Tommy was right in New York to grab a coast to coast wire and cash in on it. Jimmy had just left the Crosby commercial, and was committed to six months on the road. Six months at a crucial time when swing is breaking can mean a lot.

When Jimmy Dorsey finally arrived in New York, he was just—"Tom Dorsey's brother."

Up until the last month, it's been that way. With Jimmy taking a fearful kicking around. But in the last month the Jimmy Dorsey band has been coming along with terrific drive.

The men who have stuck with Jimmy so long and so faithfully are at last getting a chance to prove what they can do over a network wire.

It is once again Dorsey vs. Dorsey, on almost an equal basis, and those in the band business know that the two fighting Irishmen are getting a tremendous bang out of trying to top each other's music.

What the beaming, round-faced Mama Dorsey said to Papa Dorsey the night she saw Tommy and Jimmy on the bandstand with their arms around each other is turning out to be prophetic:

"Sure, and look at our boys," she said in her heavy Irish brogue, "it's proud I am of them. But," she added, "you'd better get 'em apart before they go to fightin'."

They're Human, After All

(Continued from page 21)

branches of literature, and the home life of the American Indian.

Gray-haired, with an honest, homely Irish face, and very affable, Kieran is also a genuinely modest man. Becoming a radio star hasn't made his head swell a fraction of an inch. He first joined the staff of experts in the early days of the program simply because he was asked to, and thought it would be fun. Later, when Canada Dry decided to sponsor the show, Golenpaul went to Kieran and told him the good news, adding, "Of course, I'll be able to pay you fellows more money from now on, too." Kieran shook his head doubtfully. "I don't care so much about that," he said, "but I'll tell you what I would like. Couldn't I get a few more extra tickets to the broadcast? All my friends keep asking me for them, and I never have enough to go around."

KIERAN comes by his wide knowledge naturally. He's been surrounded by books as long as he can remember. His father was the late James M. Kieran, president of Hunter College in New York City. His mother, a Hunter graduate, was a school teacher; and John himself taught for a while in a rural school in Dutchess County, New York. After that he went into construction work for two years, joining the staff of the *Times* in 1915. The war interrupted his newspaper work and he served overseas for two years—but it didn't interrupt his reading. He carried a miniature library along with him.

Ever since the war he's been a working newspaper man—on the *Times*, the *Tribune*, the *American*, and then back to the *Times* in 1927. He started the first signed daily column that paper ever had.

About the only type of question you can be quite sure Kieran won't answer is one dealing with modern books. He never reads them—at least not until they've stopped being best-sellers, and until everyone else has read them and he's convinced they're something extraordinary. He constantly reads and re-reads the classics, because, he says, "If a book isn't worth reading over and over, it isn't worth reading at all."

Kieran married a *Times* telephone girl after he returned from the war, and now they have three children and live in Riverdale, in the same section where John used to go walking and studying bird-life. He goes to his office—a corner of the *Times*' big city-room—every afternoon and besides keeping close track of everything that goes into the sports section of the paper, writes his own column. Shortly after he began going on the air each week in Information Please, a crisis arose in the *Times* office. People who were convinced that Kieran knew the answer to every question under the sun began telephoning him at his office. On Wednesdays, the day after the program, as many as two hundred calls would come in. So the *Times* hired a man with a husky, forbidding voice to answer his telephone and keep all questioners away, in order to

give John time to get some work done.

John plays the piano, but not as well as Oscar Levant. He never took a music lesson in his life, and teaches himself to play a piece he likes by buying a player-piano roll of it, putting it on the player attachment of his piano, and memorizing the keys that go down as he plays the roll at slow speed. For a man with a memory like his, it's no trick at all.

COLUMNIST-CAMPAIGNER

Ask a New Yorker to identify Franklin Pierce Adams and the chances are he'll look at you with a blank and glassy stare. Ask him to identify "F. P. A." and he'll exclaim joyously, "Oh, the columnist!" At least, that's what would have happened until just recently. Now that F.P.A. is on Information Please every week, and is called Mr. Adams on the air, his last name is beginning to have some meaning of its own.

F.P.A. has been a New York institution ever since 1904, when he started his first column on the old *Evening Mail*. It was called "Always in Good Humor" then; in 1922, when he moved to the *World*, he changed its name to "The Conning Tower." Right now "The Conning Tower" is appearing in the *New York Post*.

F.P.A. is a columnist, but not the Winchell kind. In fact, "The Conning Tower" has never been popular outside of New York. Nearly every paper that has ever had it has tried to syndicate it, without success. It

ANY GIRL WHO REALLY WANTS TO CAN WIN ROMANCE

MADELEINE CARROLL
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"Lovely skin wins hearts, so be careful about Cosmetic Skin—use Lux Toilet Soap as I do."

CLEVER girls take Madeleine Carroll's advice. Foolish to risk Cosmetic Skin: dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Use cosmetics all you wish, but use Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather to remove them *thoroughly*. That's what lovely screen stars do! This gentle white soap helps keep skin *smooth*, appealing.

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"YES! CLEANLINESS

IS JUST THE NOUN,

THAT BEST DESCRIBES

YOUR FLAVOR-TOWN"



"Spic and span," people say when they first visit Flavor-Town (Canajoharie, N. Y.). "What flavor and quality," you'll say when you try a package of Beech-Nut Gum. Six varieties. Refreshing and restful.

Beech-Nut



One of America's GOOD habits

GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR? We invite you to visit the Beech-Nut Building there. If you're driving, we would be delighted to have you stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

is short on gossip, long on a subtle kind of humor that's funniest to people who, like F.P.A. himself, are book-worms and experts on Shakespeare and operas by Gilbert and Sullivan.

He loves to carry on campaigns in his column, too. For instance, he has crusaded against such annoyances as dry sweeping and people who won't put house numbers where they're visible from the street, but insist on hiding them behind honeysuckle bushes or under the eaves. He also hates people who split infinitives or mispronounce words.

A lot of famous people owe at least part of their start to F.P.A. It was he who first encouraged Dorothy Parker, George S. Kaufman, Deems Taylor, Morrie Ryskind and many others, by publishing their work in his column. Rube Goldberg, O. O. McIntyre, and Grantland Rice were all his co-workers on the staff of the *Evening Mail* when he first came to New York.

Adams wasn't always a newspaper man, though. Born in Chicago in 1881, he grew up there and went for a little more than a year to the University of Michigan. He quit college to sell insurance, a profession he stuck to for three years before he landed a job as a cub reporter on the *Chicago Journal*. While he was on the *Journal* he was a constant contributor to the column written in the *Tribune* by Bert Leston Taylor, called "A Line of Type or Two"—a column very much like the one F.P.A. writes today. His contributions were accepted and published so often that they finally led to his job in New York, on the *Mail*.

DURING the war, F.P.A. served overseas, and worked on the *Stars and Stripes*, the American Expeditionary Force newspaper which had Alexander Woolcott as one of its star reporters. Nowadays, he lives with his second wife and four children in Westport, Connecticut, and drives a battered old car which he stoutly refuses to trade in for a new one.

Adams was a member of the "board of experts" on the historic first Information Please program, last May. He thinks appearing on it is so much fun that it would probably take something pretty disastrous to make him miss a broadcast now. When Dan Golenpaul first tried to tell him about the kind of program he was planning, Adams couldn't make head or tail of the scheme. "Look," Golenpaul finally said, "suppose I ask you a question. Maybe then you'll get the idea. Who was the Merchant of Venice?"

"Antonio," said Adams—and suddenly brightened. "Ah-hah!" he chortled in triumph. "You expected me to say Shylock. Why, I could play this game all night long. You ought to make me pay you for the privilege of being on the show."

BROADWAY GENIUS

The only strictly Broadway personality, and the nearest to a real genius, on the Information Please board of experts is Oscar Levant. He isn't a newspaper man, like F.P.A. or Kieran, nor an editor, like Fadiman, but a musician to his fingertips—the cleverest fingertips you ever heard on piano keys.

Born in Pittsburgh, Oscar was a musician from his earliest childhood. He didn't have a great deal of the

kind of education most children get, but when he was just a boy went abroad and studied under the famous composer Schoenberg. Back in the United States, he was pianist with Ben Bernie, and went to Hollywood in the early talkie days to do the background music for a picture called "Street Girl"—you may remember it. Until lately, he's been under contract to write and arrange music for Selznick International Pictures.

The only instrument he plays is the piano, but he can play it so well that he can rip off the most complicated pieces with no more effort than if he were playing "Chopsticks." He composes a lot of music, both popular and symphonic. "Lady Play Your Mandolin" was by him, and so are two recent numbers, "Last Night a Miracle Happened" and "The Sleeper Awakes."

GEORGE GERSHWIN was one of Oscar's intimate friends, and at the last big Gershwin concert in New York before the composer's death, Oscar played the piano score of the "Concerto in F."

Right now he is conducting the orchestra for the huge spectacle-play, "The American Way," in which Fredric March is starring. Oscar's never seen the show, though—he and his musicians play in a little room seven floors above the stage, their music coming to the auditorium over a public address system. All their music cues come to them over a complicated set of stop-and-go lights.

Except where music is concerned, Oscar isn't an "intellectual" like the others on Information Please. He's pure Broadway, and along that fabulous street he has a great reputation as a wit. One of his sayings is apt to travel from Fortieth Street to Fifty-second in the space of an afternoon and end up in Winchell's column the next morning.

He's the most sloppily dressed of the four Information Please musketeers. Where Fadiman runs to neat, conservative business suits, F.P.A. to rough tweeds, and Kieran to a sweater under his suit coat, Oscar favors a missing vest, carelessly knotted tie, and baggy coat and trousers. Often he doesn't seem to be paying any attention to what is going on around him in the studio during a broadcast, and even puts his head down on the table in front of him for a short nap—from which he looks up suddenly to identify a secondary theme in a seldom-played symphony or concerto.

The other three regulars on the program are all family men, married and with children, but Oscar is a bachelor and lives in a midtown hotel, near his beloved Times Square. His best friend wouldn't call him handsome, but just the same he is usually accompanied to the broadcast by a beautiful girl—and not very often does he bring the same girl twice.

Oscar is very much of a movie fan, although because of his work in "The American Way" he has to do most of his movie-going at matinees. As you know if you've listened to the program when he was on it—every other Tuesday, that is—he seldom misses a question about the movies, although he usually has to go through a long mental process to get the answer: "It played in the Music Hall—Irene Dunne—a dog—Cary Grant—RKO produced it—I've got it!—'The Awful Truth.'"

Bridge of Mercy

(Continued from page 40)

"Mary, are you awake?"

"Yes, John."

"Your—your bridge, Mary—"

"You've decided? Oh, I'm so glad." She was smiling—really smiling, in relief and happiness. "Only—" A shadow passed across her eyes. "Darling—will you be all right?"

"I'll be all right," he assured her.

"You won't do anything foolish? Try to follow me?"

"No—I won't. I promise."

She wouldn't look at anything but his face, wouldn't look at his busy hands as they unwrapped the parcel, filled a glass with water. She never did look at anything again but his face, not until the very end.

In the courtroom, the prosecuting attorney said, "Gentlemen of the jury, Mary Carson might have lived for some time still. The defense claims she wished—*against all human instinct*—to die. But I say there is not a scrap of evidence to support that theory—that this man murdered his sick and helpless wife, by administering to her a lethal dose of sedative capsules!"

THE attorney for the defense said, "Gentlemen of the jury, consider these truths. Mary Carson was so hopelessly ill, so racked with intolerable pain that she attempted suicide. And if—if, I say!—John Carson, this loyal and compassionate husband, did help this poor tortured soul to that long sleep she so desperately desired, then it is not you, but a higher Judge, who has the right to say he was wrong!"

Through all the arguments, John Carson sat motionless in his chair, detached, uninterested, a spectator. He had refused to testify for himself, refused to ask for the sympathy and pity so many would have freely given him. Even when the jury was out he sat there, sunk in lethargy—almost, you would have said, bored.

The jury filed back into the box.

The perfunctory questions: "Gentlemen of the jury, have you reached a verdict? . . . Hand it to the Clerk of the Court, please."

The Clerk began to read, "We, the jury, find the defendant, John Carson, not—"

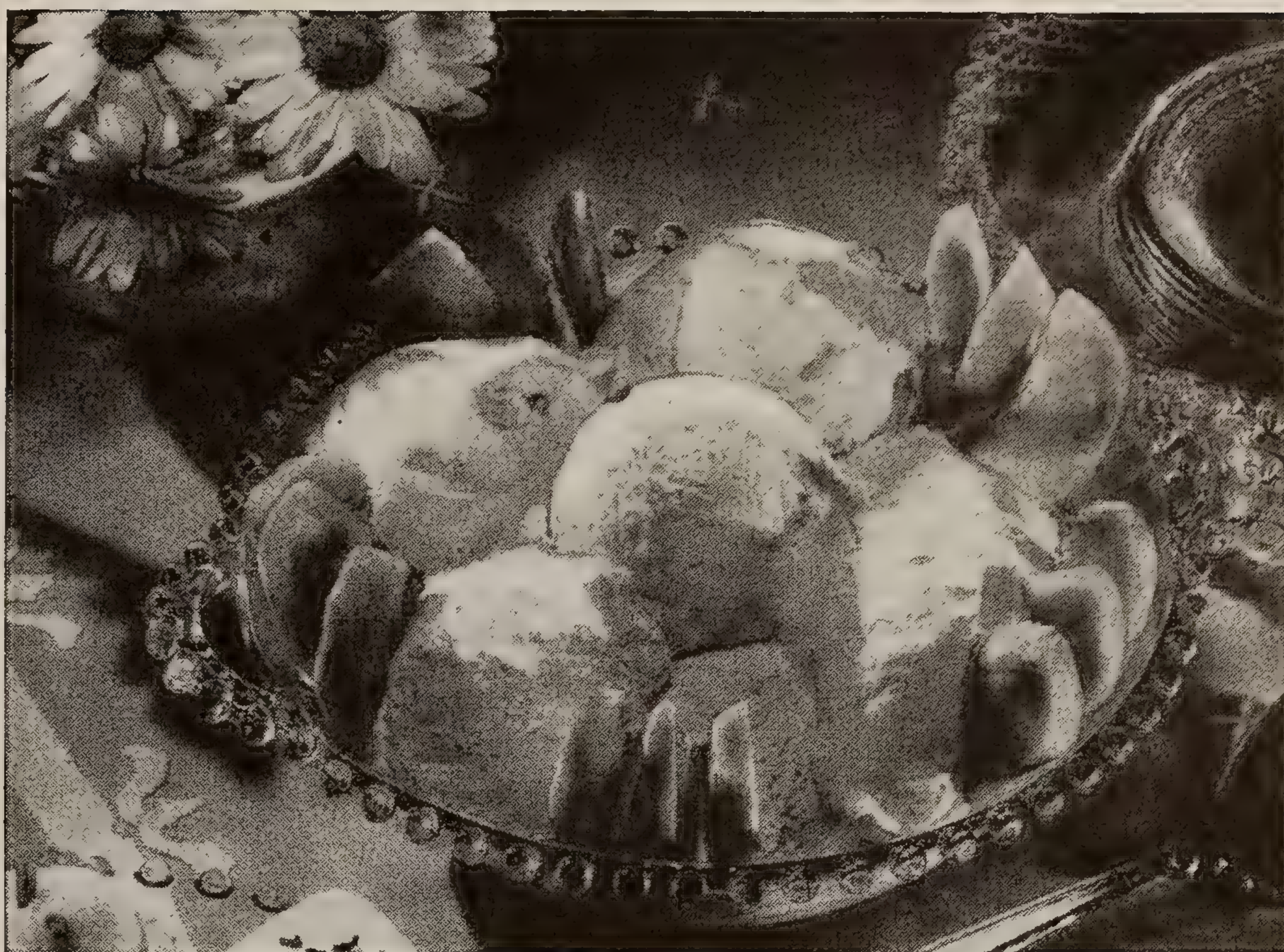
"No!" John shouted, leaping upright, incredulity and horror in his eyes. "You can't free me—I'm guilty! I did murder my wife!"

Above the excited hum in the crowded room the judge's gavel rapped sharply. John's attorney was plucking at his sleeve, trying to drag him back into his chair. John shook him off.

"No! I will talk! Let me tell you what it means to be tied, hand and foot, week after week, month after month, to a dying woman! Long, dull days in a sickly house—sleepless nights—the incessant care of a helpless burden that stands on the threshold of death and refuses to cross! Refuses, until you eat your soul away hunting for a means to free yourself!"

He glared wildly at the judge, at the jury, at his own lawyer, sweeping the room furiously with his gaze. "Suicide!" his voice rang out in the sudden silence. "It wasn't suicide! It never was suicide! It was murder. It was murder the first time—I failed because I was in too much of a hurry

Neatest Trick of the Month!



PEACH ICE CREAM—FULL OF FRESH FLAVOR!

(For automatic refrigerator)

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup ($\frac{1}{2}$ can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
1 cup crushed, fresh peaches
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup confectioners (4X) sugar
1 cup whipping cream

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and water. Add peaches, sweetened with sugar. Chill. Whip cream to custard-like consistency. Fold into chilled mixture. Freeze in freezing unit of refrigerator until half frozen. Scrape from freezing tray and beat until smooth but not melted. Replace in freezing unit

until frozen. Serves 6. (With this recipe you can make *two batches* of ice cream from *one can* of Eagle Brand.)

• You'll say this is the finest—most deliciously *fresh-flavored* ice cream you ever ate! But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.

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Make this
AFTER-SHOWER-FRESHNESS
L-A-S-T with a daily shower of
MAVIS
talcum

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So often you've felt *hotter* after your shower? Make yourself alluring this easy, delightful way—After toweling, shower your entire body with Mavis Talcum! Priceless!—this lasting exhilaration—this hour-after-hour coolness. The Mavis daily ritual helps keep you enchanting. In 25¢, 50¢, \$1 and convenient 10¢ sizes.



THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TALCUM

—I called the ambulance too soon. The second time I did not fail! That's the truth, gentlemen—I gave her the capsules, deliberately! I killed her!"

It was strange—strange and wonderful—how little fear he felt when he walked down the chilly corridor toward the big door that would so soon swing open and admit him to—what? To darkness? To a bridge of light, with someone waiting for him at the other end?

The heavily shod feet of the prison officials clop-clopped beside his own light steps. Behind him, the prison chaplain's voice was solemn: "Our Father, Who art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy Name. . . ."

OF course, John thought, it was so much harder for everyone else—the other prisoners in Condemned Row, the officials, the man who threw the switch, even the reporters—so much harder for them than for him. All he had to do now was put one foot before the other, let himself be led toward whatever goal had been prepared for him, sit in that massive ugly chair, wait for them to turn on the current.

The straps were in place. He looked about, at the circle of white strained faces. Something struck him a terrific blow, and his senses clouded—

"John!" It was Mary's voice.

"Mary—where are you? I can't see you—"

Her voice was far away, yet all around him. "Here, John. Don't be afraid, darling."

Not seeing her, though, he was afraid—afraid she might not understand. "Mary," he said urgently, "I had to lie, about you being a burden. Forgive me—something stronger than I made me do it!"

"But I made you do it, John. Don't you know that? You had to die—to be punished on earth."

"Oh yes," he said, and thought he nodded in understanding. "Oh yes, I see that now. Others, seeing me go free, might kill through hate—might hide behind the cloak of mercy. . . . But why can't I see you? You said you'd wait for me."

"I am waiting, dear. I can't go any farther now—nor you—it's our punishment."

He accepted that, too, as if he had known it must come. He only asked, "How long, Mary, how long?"

"I don't know," she said, and already he felt a lightening of the bonds that held his spirit to the earth. "Perhaps until we have learned that pain and suffering must be borne as a cross is borne . . . to the Appointed Place. . . . I'll be waiting for you, darling," she said, "at the end of the bridge."

(Based on the original script, "Quality of Mercy," first presented on the Don Lee Network.)

17 Men Are My Chaperones

(Continued from page 25)

States to see everybody in person who tunes us in. And ladies, there are lots of people between New York and New Orleans.

First I wanted to tell you all about these one night stands because they're the most exciting thing in this business of making music. Especially for a woman. It's a thrill—how can it help but be?—to see America first in the company of seventeen men. And the darndest things happen. They're bound to when you travel two thousand miles in a few weeks. Then I knew I had to write this article for all you girls who think you'd like to sing in an orchestra.

Anything you do has its good and bad sides, and being a singer in a band isn't an exception. I don't have to tell you about the good side of my job. You know about it already—the excitement and glamour, the thrill of doing work I like to do, the fun of meeting lots of interesting people and seeing lots of interesting places.

I love my job, of course, or I wouldn't be in it. Naturally, its disadvantages don't outweigh its advantages—not for me, anyway. But they might for some people. They might for you. You should know about them, at least; take a peek with me into this very different world of being on "the road"; and then it will be easier for you to decide if you ever get a chance to sing with a band.

A tour is exciting the first time you make it. After that—well, one tour is pretty much like another: a lot of hard work.

Let me take you on a typical tour.

On the road we travel in a huge bus. It is our home. On these trips it is every man for himself, so I travel light. In the bus I wear a sweater and skirt. I carry three such outfits and a couple of formal evening dresses. The reason I travel light, is because in order to get

in and out of places fast, I have to carry my own luggage. The young fellow who takes care of the instruments and the musicians' luggage has enough on his hands. My wardrobe is complete in one suitcase.

Here's an average day. I can construct it for you in advance, because I know about how it will be. Yesterday, let's say, we left Lexington, Kentucky, about noon. It was a hot, dusty trip to Mobile, Alabama. We got into Mobile about eight o'clock at night. I piled out of the bus with the other musicians and dashed for the nearest restaurant. I gulped a quick meal, and then rushed to a dressing room in the dance hall where we were to play. I unpacked my suitcase, and as usual felt like bawling when I saw my gowns. Somehow I managed to get one of them smoothed out well enough to wear, and putting on my make-up hurried to the bandstand to work.

SIX hours later, at three o'clock in the morning, three of the fellows in the band saw that I arrived at the hotel safely, where I went to bed dead tired and slept until noon. Now, in a few hours, I'll be in the bus again and rolling down the highway towards Birmingham, Alabama.

I have quite a bad cold, but I expected that before I started. I've never yet been on a trip when everybody in the orchestra didn't catch cold. It isn't so much the change of climate that gives us colds, it's the drafty theater and dance hall dressing rooms.

The actual traveling, though, is lots of fun. There's always new country to see, and this Southern tour in the springtime is particularly lovely. We have good times in the bus, too. We play cards, sing, tell stories and sleep—in fact, we do a great deal of sleep—

ing. We have our standing jokes, too. One that always strikes me very funny is this: When the bus driver wants to make a sharp turn, or swing out in front of another car, he yells, "How's it in back?" Nobody thinks of looking in back of the bus to see; we all just yell, "Okay in back." Then, a second or two later, we follow that up with another yell, "Crash!" One of these days we're going to get hit, I'm sure, and then it won't seem so funny.

OUR bus weighs about sixteen tons, so when we come to a bridge that has a capacity of less than that we make all the two-hundred-pound men in the band get out and walk across. You ought to hear them moan. When things get dull we make up quartets and try to see who can sing the worst harmony. The bus driver generally puts a stop to this. But we razz him plenty too, because he never seems to know the right roads to take and always has to ask somebody in the band.

I remember one particularly long hop we made while we were touring the New England states. We had to get to a town in New Hampshire in a hurry, so we planned to travel all day without stopping. Just before the bus pulled out, I sneaked away and bought a dozen candy bars, two dozen sandwiches and a basket of fruit.

I waited until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when all the boys had reached a proper pitch of starvation, and then, loading all my stuff on my arms, I began peddling it up and down the aisle. The boys set up a howl of delight and began diving in their pockets for money. It was a lot of fun and I made a pretty penny. Sandwiches sold for fifty cents, fruit was a quarter and candy bars twenty

cents apiece. They all wailed that I was profiteering on human misery, but they really enjoyed the joke just as much as I did.

That trip didn't turn out so well, however, as we ran into blizzards. Once we were stuck in a farmer's yard all day long, while trying to turn around, and almost froze to death in the bus. This made us behind schedule so instead of sleeping nights we had to keep driving. We all took turns keeping the driver awake. By the time we got back to Boston, which was our last stop, we were all literally knocked out. When we finally got into New York I slept for two days. My husband, Andre Baruch, said I didn't even turn over once during the entire two days.

Playing a different town every night, you soon find out that every place has a personality of its own. Each one is a little different from the last. Generally, people are very nice to us, but in a crowd of two thousand, which is our average draw, there are bound to be a few who do their best to make the band's girl singer miserable. One of these is the fellow who, quite drunk, stands as close to the microphone as he can and blows his breath in my face. If he can't annoy me this way, he may begin making insulting remarks. Then, and only then, I send out my S.O.S.

The boys in our band average about 185 pounds apiece, and can take care of any twenty men. One of the players, a big fellow named Joe is my personal bodyguard. If a customer gets impossible to handle, I simply step away from the microphone and say, "Joe, how's your wife?" Joe slips out from behind his instrument and gently sees that whoever is annoying

me is given a quiet, bum's rush.

Sometimes we have some pretty ticklish situations, since some of the mill towns we play in draw very tough customers.

But there again, there's another side to the picture. When we play at college dances it is wonderful. The college youngsters treat us wonderfully well, they invite us to frat houses for dinner, show us around the town, and do everything to make us comfortable. And in most of the small towns we play in people are just as nice.

Nice people bring up a particularly difficult problem. I've yet to play in a place where at least ten young men haven't asked me to dance with them. And I've had to refuse, every time. Almost always, I've refused when I'd rather have accepted. But if I dance with one, I would have to dance with everyone who asked me, and I wouldn't have any time left to sing. That being the case, Larry Clinton would soon be looking for another vocalist.

ON a tour, I've figured out that I sign about a thousand autographs a night. Now, of course I love to sign autographs—it flatters me to know that anyone thinks my handwriting is worth keeping. But it does rub me the wrong way when, as often happens, a card is shoved roughly under my nose and a gruff voice barks, "Sign here!" Silly to let it bother me, perhaps, but when your nerves are on edge from traveling and lack of sleep, little things do get under your skin.

This may sound funny, but often I get very lonely. Being one girl among seventeen men has its drawbacks. The men generally pal around together in

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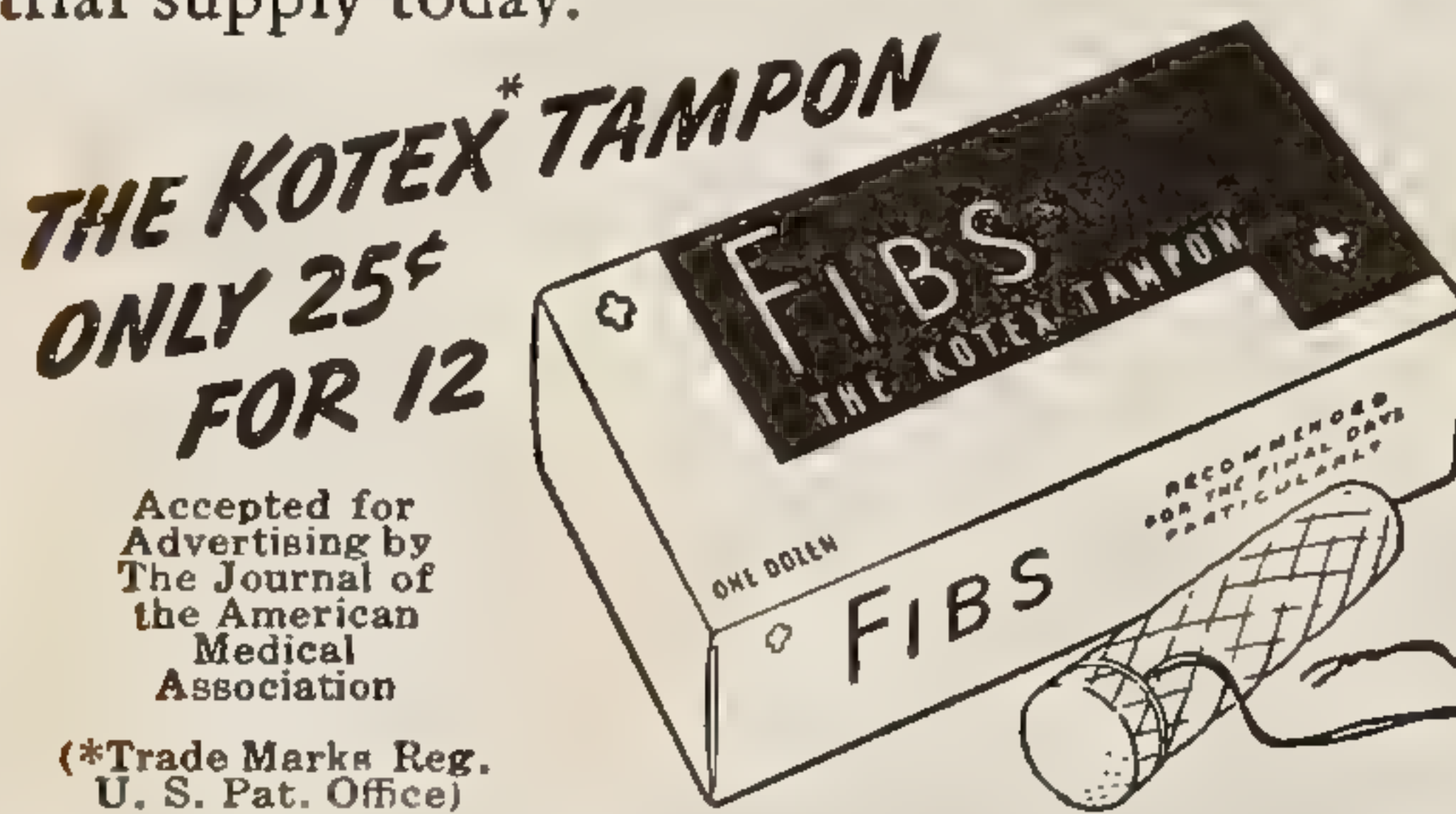
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little groups and have quite a bit of fun. I have no girl friends to talk to, and when I'm not in the bus I often have to spend three or four hours just sitting by myself in a hotel room. I'm married, and I miss my husband. On long trips I often don't see him for a month and a half.

More than anything else, these one-night stands are a test of stamina—mental, spiritual and physical. I'm just about the healthiest person in the world, and very strong, but after fifteen days on the road you'd never know it. The disheartening thing is that about this time it begins to tell on my voice. Very often I feel that my voice is a disappointment to the people who hear me—they've heard me sing so much better over the air. They don't realize that I've been climbing on and off a bus, traveling as much as five hundred miles a day, and that I'm very tired.

SINGING at home, in New York, the tears often run down my cheeks because the meaning of the song touches me. Out on the road, the tears sometimes come just the same—but because I feel so badly about the way I'm sounding, and I'm worn out and discouraged.

I don't want to sound like a cry-baby, or as if I think I'm the only one who takes bumps on the road. The boys in the band are often a haggard looking bunch too. But we all do our best to keep up the general spirit. When they see I'm feeling low they go out of their way to dig up all the funny stories they know and act as

crazy as they can just to make me feel better.

I've heard of certain bands that become so exhausted on the road that they quarrel and fight among each other. Another girl vocalist once told me that the orchestra leader she worked for had to keep walking up and down the bus on one six-hundred-mile stretch just to keep the men from getting into a brawl. When I hear stories like that I realize that I work with a pretty swell bunch, because no matter how tired we are, we all manage to get along swell.

Well, that's life on the road. I've tried to paint it truthfully, as it really is, leaving out nothing, in the hope that what I wrote would be of some help to the many, many girls who are seeking a career as a band singer. I wanted you to realize that you must take into consideration more than the mere fact that you may be able to sing well. You must ask yourselves, honestly, if you would be able to put up with the trials and hardships of one nighters, which are an inseparable part of the business. You must be sure that you have a good set of nerves and the spiritual as well as physical stamina to endure the grind.

If you are sure you can "take it" I'd be the last person in the world to discourage you. I've had a lot of fun, and I wouldn't trade jobs with anyone in the world. But, even so—sometimes I long for a nice, fat commercial program on the air, a little spare time to spend with a husband, and a home that doesn't move every twenty-four hours.

Pretty Kitty Kelly

(Continued from page 34)

Marks. Nothing mattered to Michael any more but Isabel Andrews.

She wanted to walk, she must get away, out into the air. Somewhere—it did not matter where—so long as she was away from here.

"Oh—I say! If it isn't the very person I've been looking for!"

The voice of Grant Thursday broke upon her ears. She had almost stumbled against him, on his way in through the revolving doors. His arm, warm and protecting in its woolly overcoat, was half way around her shoulder.

"Kitty! How did it come out? What did the doctor say?"

"The doctor?" She looked at him for a moment in bewilderment. "Oh—yes. He said he's going to restore my memory."

"Weyman is?" His gray eyes were solicitous.

"No. A man named Dr. Orbo. He—he remem . . ."

"Not Orbo!" Grant's face changed. "But good heavens! That's the very man I've been looking for all week!"

"You know him?"

"I should say I do!" Grant laughed shortly. "Or rather I don't. Most elusive chap I've ever met. I haven't seen him yet. But I've been trying to do business with him for the last six months."

"Do business with him! But—he's a doctor. A brain specialist!"

"As a profession, yes. But on the side he's a business man. And as screwy a one as you've ever met. But it doesn't matter. Tell me what he said about your memory."

He smiled down upon her from his

height, all tenderness, all interest. But she had scarcely begun her story when he took her gently by the arm.

"Come along. We can talk better outside. I've got my car on 49th Street, and we can go for a little spin in the country."

Half curious, half miserable, she allowed herself to be drawn away. It did not matter. Bunny would take care of Miss Dornford, make up some excuse at the store.

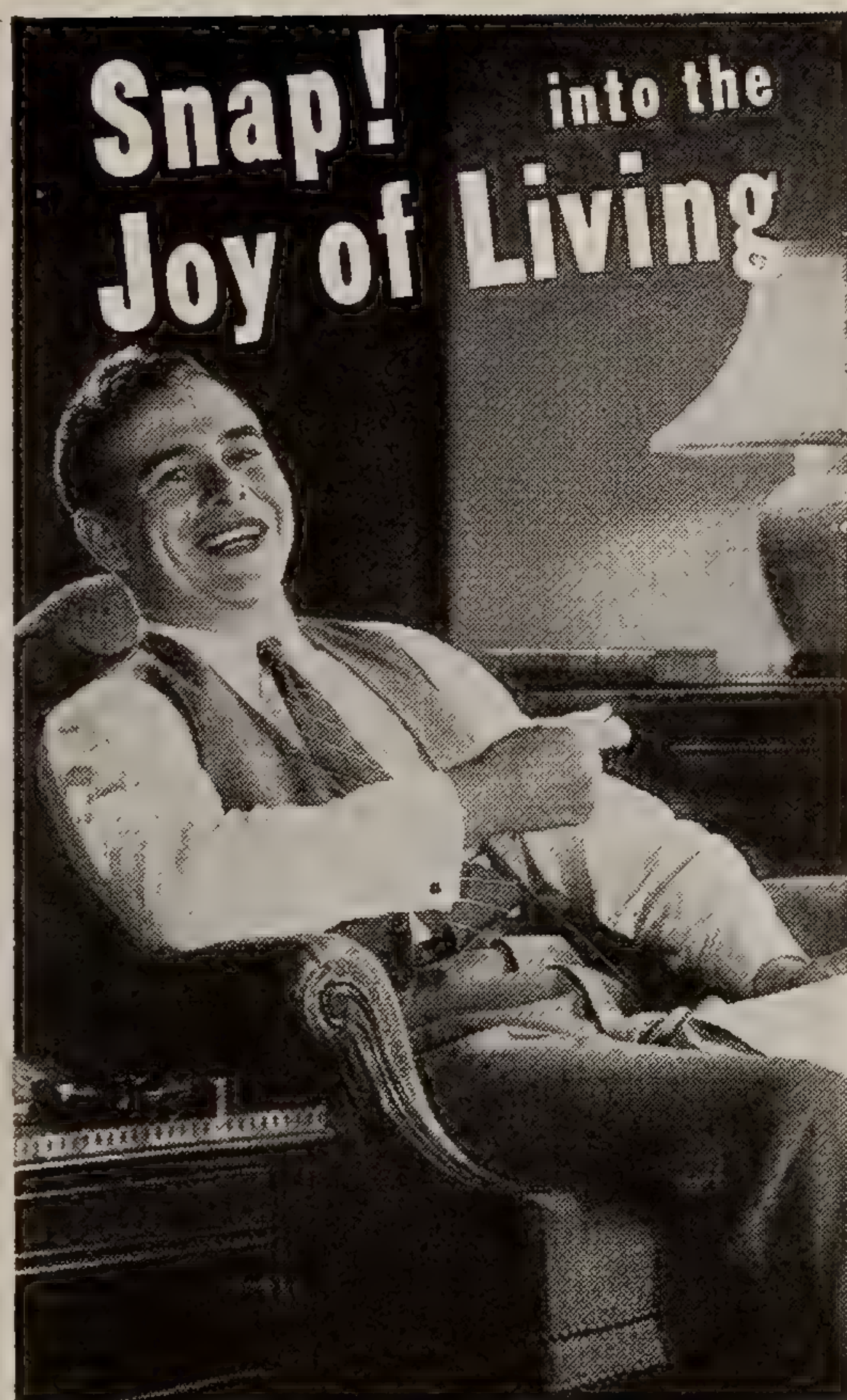
They went out into the bright sunshine. Grant chatted gaily, drawing her out about the doctor, the details of her visit. He stopped once, to buy her a bunch of violets from a street vendor, pinned them on her coat. Then they were at the car, a long low shining affair of maroon and chromium, with a foreign trade-mark scrawled in silver across the radiator.

"It does a hundred and twenty at the slightest provocation," Grant announced, as she slid in, sinking into the low-slung depths of the leather cushions.

In fifteen minutes they were out of the city, and gliding along a wide parkway.

It seemed somehow so natural. As though she had done it all before. The car. The comfort. The handsome man at her side. Perhaps, perhaps it *was* real. Perhaps the man at her side was . . .

"And so he said you were an orphan from Dublin!" Grant chuckled softly. "Well, Kitty, I'm afraid the poor old benighted codger is going to get the surprise of his life, when he treats you tomorrow, and finds out



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about St. Moritz and you and me."

"Oh, Grant, he won't be able to bring back my memory in a day!"

"If he brings it back in an hour, that won't be too soon for me. Kitty—dearest . . ." He slipped his foot off the accelerator, let the great car slow down, as he took her hand into his own. "Kitty, I might as well tell you. I can't wait any longer. I love you. And I want . . . so very much . . . to marry you . . ."

She sat there in silence, lulled into a kind of peace by the motion of the car, the beauty of the blue sky.

"Funny thing about me," he went on, "I've always been a woman-hater. Never fell for a girl in my life. But you—you're different. When I saw you there two years ago, in Switzerland, I *knew* you were the one woman in the world for me. I painted a picture in my mind, instantaneously, of the kind of life we could have together. You know—books, firelight, music, travel. I'd take you to Bali, Kitty—Honolulu—Paris. I'd take you to places you've never been before. Show you Oriental temples—Javanese dancers—the Champs Elysees—Tibetan lamas. I've been everywhere, Kitty. I'm rich. If this deal with Orbo comes through, I'll be richer than . . ."

"Orbo!" The name recalled her to reality. She sat up, and drew away her hand. "Grant! What is this deal with Dr. Orbo you're talking about?"

He only smiled at her, and stepped on the accelerator. The car leaped forward with a sudden throb.

"It's nothing. Something you wouldn't be interested in," he said. "You're a great one for changing the subject, Miss Kitty Kelly. But mark my words. I'm coming around to see you tomorrow night—after Dr. Orbo's first treatment—and make you make up your mind."

* * *

AS far as Dr. Orbo's business affairs were concerned, she could make Grant divulge nothing more. But the thought of Dr. Orbo's mysterious outside activities troubled her, and when she went to Dr. Weyman's office the following afternoon at four, she took Bunny along. It made her feel a little less strange.

Dr. Orbo was alone in the big office. He greeted them both in his usual expressionless fashion. To Bunny, he was polite, but obviously cold and suspicious. And as soon as Kitty's blood pressure and heart beat had been taken, he asked her to leave the room.

"I will call for you when Miss Kelly's treatment is over," he told her, locking the door after her. The austere office seemed still and sinister without her, without Dr. Weyman, without anybody but the huge frame of Dr. Orbo moving about, darkening the room by slowly pulling down the blinds. She trembled.

He motioned her to a chair, with one of his slow, inscrutable smiles.

"I am going to hypnotize you first, Miss Kelly," he said softly. "There is nothing to fear. Modern hypnosis is merely a question of concentration. You see these two lights opposite each other on Dr. Weyman's desk? Yes? Well—in just a moment I am going to start them revolving. I want you to stare at them intently. Just watch the lights. Are you ready?"

The lights began to go round. Faster. Faster. She watched them, her eyes dazzled by the whirling motion,



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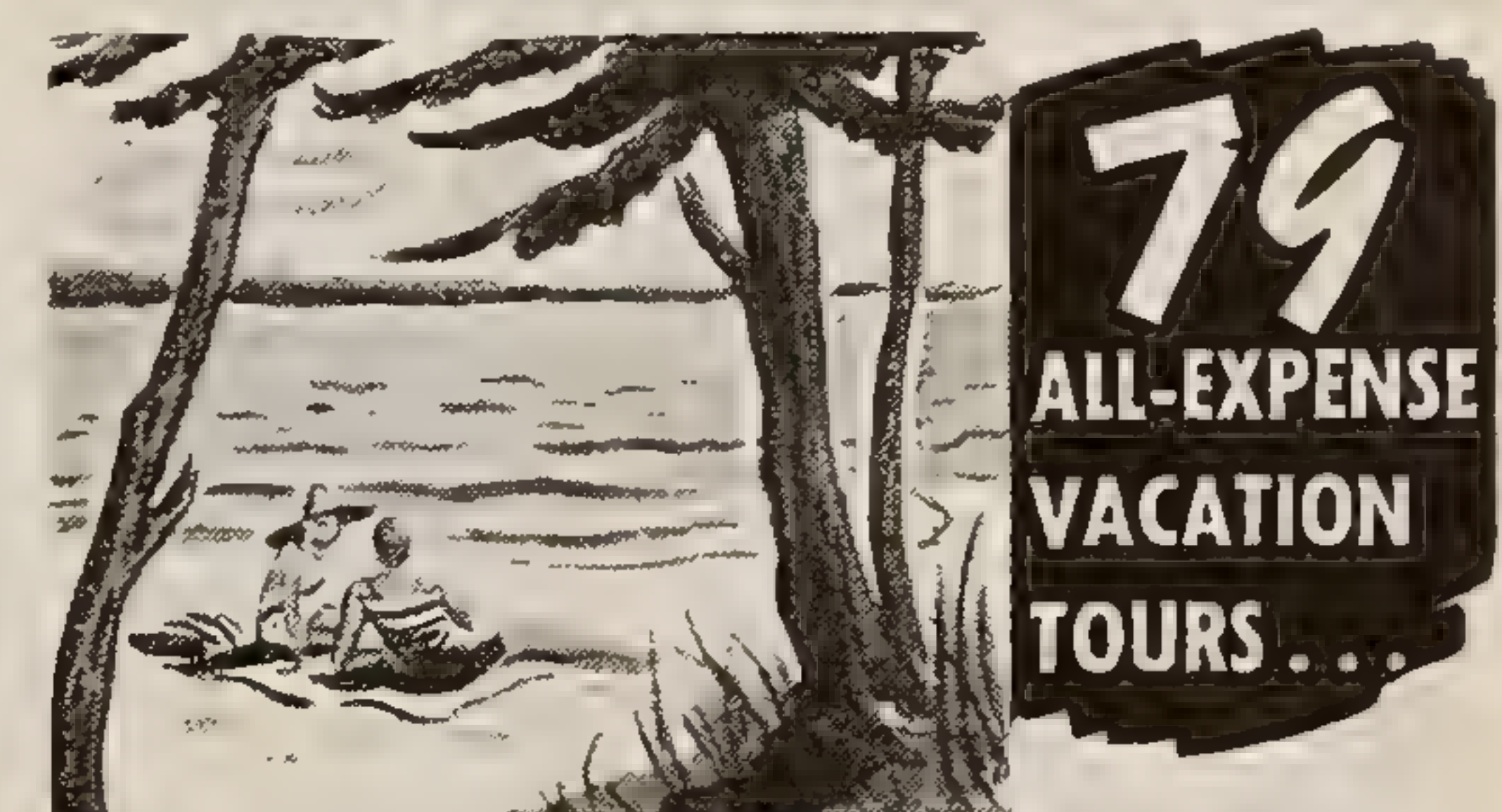
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Dr. Orbo's low humming voice in her ear.

"Watch the lights . . . watch the lights . . . just a moment more. . . Now . . . now. Close your eyes . . . You're growing tired . . . very tired . . . you are sleeping . . . sleep . . . sleep . . . sleep . . ."

Deeper and deeper, as though he were descending into the shaft of a mine, his voice sank down into her mind. And she was conscious only of that piercing whine of the discs, the blur of light and darkness before her. Then suddenly, out of the confusion, the deep compelling voice came once more.

"Can you hear me, Kitty?" it asked. Yes, she could hear it. But there was something horrible about the voice now, something cruel and familiar. "Do you recognize me?" it said. No. She did not know whose voice it was, only that it was somebody she had hated a long time ago. Then something smooth and thin was being thrust into her hand. "Here is a pencil," the humming voice was saying. "And a pad. Now—write. Write your name. Your full name. Kathleen Kelly. Write . . . your . . . full . . . name . . ."

Then, out of the shrill whine of her brain, it came. As though she had suddenly stumbled to a window, and seen it all. She was sitting in a great mediaeval hall, surrounded by knights in shining armor. Firelight was flickering upon her from a huge stone fireplace. She was sitting in a velvet arm-chair, and someone was thrusting a piece of paper and a fountain pen into her hand. Someone was saying:

"Write! Write your full name. Sign this. Write . . . Kathleen Kelly."

It was long ago. And yet it was now. She could feel the anger rising in her veins, as she leaped from the velvet chair, and tossed the piece of paper into the flames. No! No! So now, she must toss away this pad and pencil and refuse to sign.

"I won't! I won't sign it! I shan't. You are thieves, do you hear? Thieves and wicked men!" Her voice sounded far away and mechanical. "Oh, I see it all now! I see it all . . ."

"Write." The low humming voice persisted. "Will you write your name? I command you, do you hear, you stubborn little . . ."

"No! No!" Her mechanical voice rose in a scream. "I've told you that before, and though you torture me from now until the Day of Judgment, I'll never sign it! Never! Never!" She could feel his voice rising, rising from the dark part of her mind, his repulsive face coming closer, his breath upon her face, but she must refuse. She must . . . must . . . must.

Then, with a sudden jerk, it was all over. She was sitting there, in the afternoon sunlight, with Bunny shaking her shoulder. And Dr. Orbo was rubbing his hands, over by the window.

"A most profitable experiment, Miss Kelly," he was saying calmly.

* * *

AS soon as she and Bunny were alone, she realized that she could remember nothing of what had happened. As though by magic, the things she had done and said, under the influence of hypnosis, had been erased from her memory as effectively as her past. She could recall only the darkened room, the whirling lights, the shrill whine of the discs.

"What were you screaming about in there?" Bunny kept asking her. "I could hear you screaming like he was killing you."

But try as she might, she could remember no unpleasant things that had occurred, no visions, not even the memory of his voice. All that was left of the experience was a kind of vague horror, a sense of old memories churning about in the depths of her mind.

She was weak too. On the walk to the apartment from the subway, she could scarcely stand up. When they finally reached the little flat, she lay down on the bed, exhausted.

"I don't like the idea of it at all!" Bunny insisted. "I don't think that old Frankenstein did you a bit of good."

"Sure, Bunny—but that's the way hypnotism always affects people, I guess," she protested feebly. But she was frightened herself. What had Dr. Orbo done to her during those brief moments? For ten, fifteen minutes, she had been completely in his power. She had lost all sense of herself. Tomorrow, she must do it again. And the day after that. Supposing, after a few days, she forgot about this life completely—entered into an altogether different self? Forgot Bunny, the store, Mrs. Megram, Michael?

She was too miserable to eat, too tired even to talk to Bunny. Instead she lay huddled under an afghan, going hot and cold by degrees, her head throbbing with pain. And it was thus that Grant Thursday found her, when he called at eight o'clock.

BUT Kitty—dearest—what's come over you?" He leaned over the bed, felt her burning forehead. "Maybe we ought to get the doctor?"

"No, no!" She sat up, her eyes feverish, her red-gold hair awry. "I'll be all right. It's—just my head, that's all. I need sleep."

"You need fresh air, that's what you need. A change. Get your mind off this morbid stuff. What about a little spin in my car?"

"No, Grant." She looked up into his anxious face, bent so tenderly over her. "Thanks just the same. But I—couldn't. Just—let me alone. I'll be all right."

"Let me bring you and Bunny in some dinner then?"

"No, thanks. I couldn't eat a thing. But—maybe you could take Bunny out for a bite. She's starved."

"I wouldn't dream of leaving you, Kitty!" Bunny protested, shaking her blonde head. But Grant, eager to please Kitty in any way he could, seized her hands, and pulled her to her feet. "Come on, Bunny! I know the best place for ravioli in the city!" he promised. "Ravioli up to here!" He drew a line gaily across his chest, did a few dance steps, whispered something in her ear. Bunny giggled. Then she came over to Kitty's bed, patted her shoulder.

"We'll be back in half an hour, darling," she promised. "Grant and I are going to get you something that will *really* cheer you up!" Her eyes bright with conspiracy, she did a little step to the closet, put on a saucy black hat.

"Goodbye now," she called. She and Grant waved from the doorway. Then they were gone in a flurry of whispers and low chuckles.

She was alone at last. How long it had been since she had really been alone. The silence soothed her. Per-



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True Story

JULY, 1939

haps if she lay very still she could think things through. If only the pain in her head would cease for a minute . . .

What was that? Was it her imagination, or had a key clicked in the lock of the outside door? Had the handle turned with a soft stealthy movement? She sat up, tense, scarcely breathing, listening, as the door outside was slowly pushed open.

"Bunny?" she called in a thin, frightened voice. There was no answer. "Grant?" Then, heavy footsteps moved across the living-room. A huge figure stood in the doorway. Dr. Orbo!

She held her breath in terror, looking into his eyes, his glittering blue eyes that were without movement, without expression of any kind, like the eyes of a glass doll. Then he smiled at her, his teeth yellow and crooked in his wide mouth.

"I have frightened you, Miss Kelly?"

"Oh—no, doctor. I—I just heard the—the door open. I—I thought it was . . . Bunny Wilson. I—were you—looking for me, doctor?"

"Yes." He did not take his eyes off her face. There was something terrible about the fixed expression of his eyes, something she could not resist. "I have come to take you to the hospital."

He was mad. She knew that now. She must fence with him, keep him waiting there, until Grant and Bunny returned. She tried to smile.

"Tonight, doctor?"

"Tonight."

OH—but—that's so soon, Dr. Orbo." If only his eyes would stop staring at her like that, she could think. But his eyes held her as though she were in a vise. She could feel herself weakening, losing her grip, swaying a little on the bed. He took a quick step forward, caught her hands in his crushing palms, brought his face down toward her, closer, closer. His low voice sounded in her ears.

"No . . . Miss Kelly . . . no. Don't look away. Watch me carefully. Watch me . . . carefully. . . . You are going to the hospital . . . tonight . . . tonight . . . do you hear . . . look at me, Miss Kelly. . . . No! No! . . . Look at me. . . . Now . . . get up from the bed. . . . Walk to the closet. . . . Find your hat and coat. . . . Put them on . . . now . . . follow me . . . come! I command you to come!"

Evil, dark, and yet terribly powerful, his voice sank into the depths of her brain. A giddy feeling enveloped her for a moment, and when she struggled out of it, her body was like some weightless substance, powerless. It moved, not of her own volition, but as though driven along by some force outside herself. She could feel herself floating toward him, floating toward the door, past all the familiar things of the room. She wanted to clutch them, hold on to a chair or a table, stop for a minute. But her body moved on . . . after him . . .

Then, powerful arms seized her, and she was thrust into an automobile that sped away into the night.

What strange purpose has Dr. Orbo in spiriting Kitty away? And what of Grant Thursday—is the strange connection between him and Orbo something that will vitally affect Kitty's life? Follow the tangled thread of Kitty's adventures to its climax in next month's RADIO MIRROR.



How do they do it? Here's the Hollywood Secret

Screen stars must be *always* active. They can't afford to have "calendar days." Production can't be held up—the show must go on. One scene, a sheer and clinging evening gown; the next, a modern swim suit!



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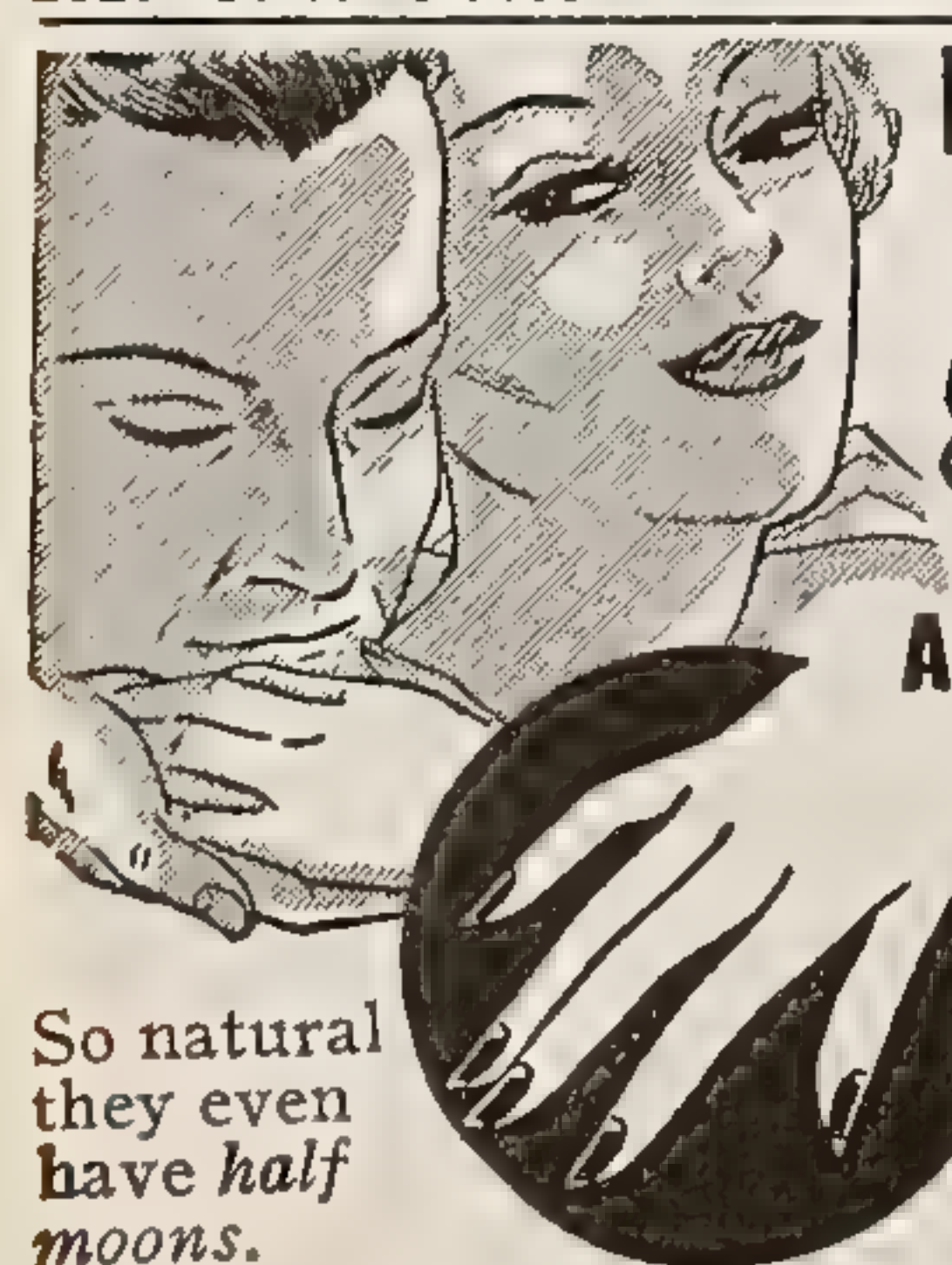
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Facing the Music

(Continued from page 43)

to fifteen pieces . . . CBS songstress Doris Rhodes takes credit for the overwhelming success of "Deep Purple." It's been her theme song for months . . . If you see a notice in town that John Philip Sousa, 3rd, is coming with his band, don't get confused. The descendent of the great martial musician is a born rug-cutter.

BANDON'S BACHELOR BUDDIES

HIGH above Hollywood in a lofty cottage, built right up against a hillside, with a commanding view of the dizzy neon-lighted film capital, live two young men, one stout and soulful, the other wafer-thin, wiry, and wise about women.

Few of the opposite sex penetrate this three-storied retreat which is the home of John Scott Trotter, Bing Crosby's musical mate, and Skinnay Ennis, who directs the orchestra on the Bob Hope show. Yet these two "Hollywood hermits" are bandon's most eligible bachelors.

As far apart as sweet and swing, Trotter and Ennis have been roomies ever since they collectively tickled the ivories and beat the drums in Hal Kemp's band as undergraduates at North Carolina University. Trotter weighs 260 pounds, Skinnay 100 pounds less. Trotter shuns athletics, Skinnay is a slave to golf. Trotter's secret ambition is to play in Carnegie Hall. Skinnay openly admits his ultimate goal is day-long loafing. John drives a conservative black Buick. Skinnay sports a streamlined Lincoln Zephyr. Trotter can eat a two-pound chicken at one sitting. Skinnay likes to nibble on fried shrimp. The bigger man is the careful arranger, plotting the budget, seeing that things work out smoothly. The thinner partner shuns budgets and bankbooks.

Yet these two men of music have several things in common—their natural love for music and their aversion to marriage.

It was only natural that when Fate placed both of them on the West Coast that they should share this five-room, Spanish-designed cottage on swank Maravilla Drive.

Ever since the eventful night back in North Carolina that Skinnay Ennis hurriedly substituted for an ailing Saxie Dowell to sing the vocals with the newly formed Hal Kemp's Collegians, the nervous, lithe drummer had been an integral part of the Kemp organization.

When he nervously chanted the lyrics in breathless tempo, the unorthodox style unconsciously developed Kemp's creation of staccato brass.

For twelve years Skinnay would quietly sideswipe the traps and skip down to the microphone. His romantic warbling magnetized the dancers.

Then the boy from Salisbury, N. C., got the baton-bug. He wanted his own band. Unlike most musicians who desire to leave their leaders for wider fields, Skinnay spoke right up to Hal—and Hal approved.

A trial engagement at the Victor Hugo Cafe in Hollywood resulted. Bob Hope sauntered in one night, liked the band, liked the singer and was instrumental in getting Skinnay hired for the Pepsodent show. From

then on Skinnay was in the money. Big, bountiful John Scott Trotter faithfully turned out orchestrations for Hal Kemp all through the latter's climb to the top.

In 1934 Trotter decided to take a rest and went to Hollywood. There he met Johnny Burke, a songwriter who was instrumental in bringing him to Bing Crosby's attention, and when Jimmy Dorsey left the Kraft Music Hall to go on tour, Bing waved aside the California candidates for the job, giving it to Johnny.

Immediately after the Thursday night program, Trotter leaves for Palm Springs and can be found from Friday to Monday, in the Racquet Club pool, steamroom or Finnish baths. If he has any arranging work to do while at the resort, Johnny orders a portable organ set up beside the pool.

Johnny's schedule leaves little room for romance.

On the other hand Skinnay has almost too many dates. But one evaporates into another like a medley of hit tunes, and if pressed the morning after, it's a safe bet the ex-drummer won't remember if his date was blonde or brunette.

But there's one woman who has meant a lot to both bachelors. She's far from pretty and she doesn't hail from cafe society. Her name is Prunella and she's darker than the Steinway piano in the living room, yet Skinnay and John are devoted to her.

"She may not be beautiful," laughed Skinnay one night when he entertained Bing and Dixie Crosby, "but wait till you taste her fried chicken and hot biscuits!"

When the boys originally came to Hollywood they lived at a large hotel. Trotter complained it was too noisy. Skinnay had trouble ducking the feminine autograph hunters in the lobby.

The cottage constructed precariously above Maravilla Drive was the result. One of these days a pair of feminine hearts will probably share this inner, inner sanctum with the two bachelors, though both men vigorously deny it. Prunella, a staunch champion for nuptial ties, is optimistic. She worries about only one thing:

"Land's sake. Where in de world will dey put de nursery?"

Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
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New York City.

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Can They Persuade

Deanna

Durbin

NOT To Marry?

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So! What about her career? What about the investment that Universal already has in her? What about the scripts that have been written for her which would be badly damaged if she married? According to the oldsters, this is not the time for them to marry.

But can they persuade Deanna Durbin not to marry? Behind those serene and confident eyes of hers, what goes on? She holds the trump card. She can dictate terms and she knows it. What will she do?

The intimate story of Deanna Durbin's first romance appears in *MOVIE MIRROR* for July. It is exciting, it is poignant, it is touching. It's what every girl wants to know—the unfinished love story of Hollywood's bravest Juliet. By all means do not fail to read it.

In addition to "Can They Persuade Deanna Durbin Not to Marry?" the July issue of *MOVIE MIRROR*, the magazine that brings Hollywood into your home each month, contains a wealth of motion picture news, views, intimate information and gossip that will delight the hearts of all who read it—truly a splendid issue—and only 10c.

**movie
MIRROR**

Not the Loving Kind

(Continued from page 19)

"The President's—you mean the President of the *United States*?"

"Yep. Of course, it won't really be her, just an actress imitating her. We'll write a top-notch script for it, and have her giving the real low-down on life in the White House—what she really thinks about the Rumanian ambassador, and whether or not the President talks in his sleep—"

"I think," I said slowly, "I think you are stark, staring crazy. You can't fool people like that and expect to get away with it."

"Oh," he said carelessly, "of course people listening in will realize it's all a gag. But after the build-up I'll give her—great good fortune to have a distinguished guest in the studio tonight, and all that sort of stuff—when they realize it's all a joke, it'll be that much funnier."

If I hadn't been so tired, perhaps I could have handled the situation better. As it was, I lost all my carefully guarded tact. "I've never heard of anything so idiotic in my life!" I stormed. "You come in here, waking me up, all excited over a scheme that would get you in the hottest water you ever heard of if you went through with it. It's in the worst possible taste—for all I know it's against the law!"

"I SUPPOSE you think you know more about putting on a show than I do?" he asked, his mouth setting in a hard line.

"Sometimes I do!" I snapped back. "Now, for instance!"

"You're like all the rest of them!" he shouted. "Can't bear to see anything new done on the air. Every time I get an original idea you start undermining it, toning it down, making it just the same as everything else in radio! I thought when I hired you I was getting somebody that would help me—not an undercover censor! But this time you're not going to get away with it—I'm going to do the stunt anyway!"

"Grant! You're not! You wouldn't—you'll just be ruining yourself! Don't you see what would happen? The President's wife is terribly popular with a lot of people—they don't want to hear her made fun of. And even those who don't agree with her politically won't like this sort of thing. Your sponsor can't afford to make enemies!"

"You can let me be the judge of that." He seized his hat furiously and turned to go—but at the door he paused, struck by a sudden thought. "I suppose," he asked nastily, "the next step is for you to go running to the network, telling them what I'm planning to do? After all, they're your real bosses, aren't they?"

My head jerked back as if he'd struck me. After that, I knew, even if it was for his own good, I could never tell the network or anyone else about his plans. "No," I said, "you needn't worry about that. If you want to kill the show, I won't stop you."

After he'd gone, I looked around the room. My room, the tiny apartment I had worked so hard to furnish and make nice. Once, this room and my job had been my whole life. I had been so self-sufficient, so sure of myself. And now—now nothing mat-



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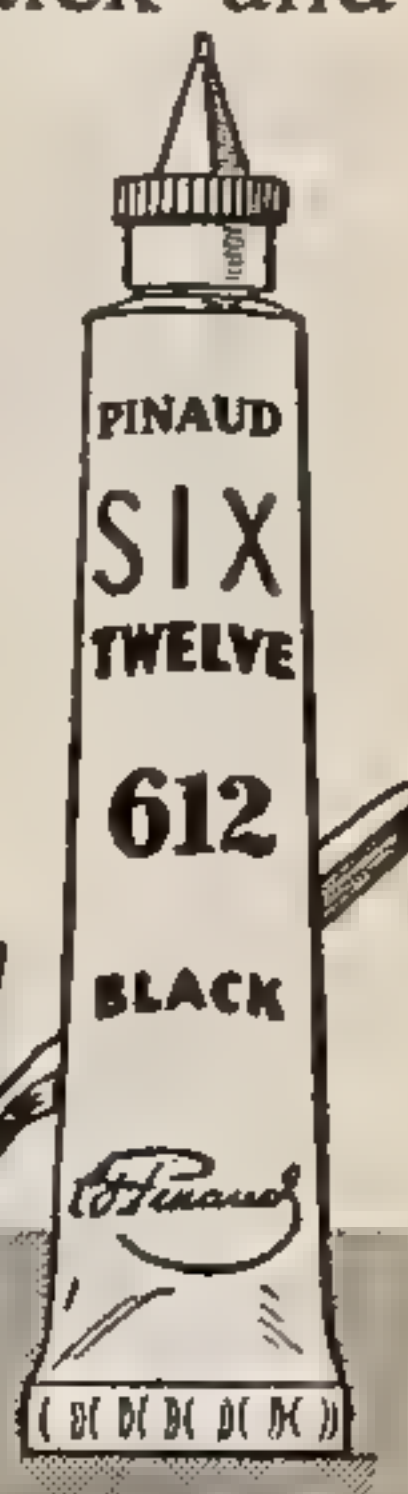
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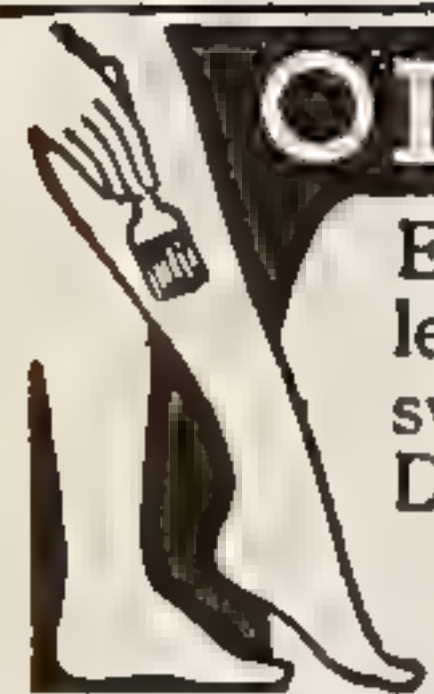


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tered, nothing except the sudden discovery that I was in love with a man who was completely unworthy of love.

There was nothing kind or gentle about him, nothing thoughtful, very little that was even admirable. But I loved him. And, for my own sake, he must never know.

The next day was a nightmare. A dozen times I put on my hat and coat, ready to go down to the studio, watch rehearsal and try to guide Grant away from the terrible mistake he was making. A dozen times I stopped at the door, went back. He didn't call me—he didn't want me.

I cooked my own dinner and ate it in the apartment. Seven o'clock came—seven-thirty—eight. I snapped on the radio, tuned it to the proper station.

I don't know whether or not you heard that program. I hope not—it makes me happy whenever I hear of someone who didn't. For perhaps ten minutes it went along according to schedule—then came the interruption. Grant had staged it cleverly—too cleverly. A sudden whispered bustle around the mike, then Grant's voice, eagerly announcing that a distinguished visitor was in the studio, had just consented to an informal interview—ladies and gentlemen, the wife of the President of the United States!

Then came a voice that imitated its famous original so perfectly I would have sworn it was genuine, talking easily, graciously, to Grant—and saying the most outrageous things. Criticizing foreign governments—making malicious fun of Cabinet members and Senators—even caricaturing the President himself.

Luckily, it didn't last long. Four minutes, about, and then the program went on, along the lines that were already familiar to me. I leaned back in my chair. Perhaps, after all, it was not so bad. The sponsor had given Grant a free hand—and this was certainly the country of free speech. I tried to comfort myself with these thoughts.

The program was nearly over. I leaned forward to turn the machine off. My hand paused, just as it touched the knob. Grant was speaking, saying words that had not been in the script, saying them in a loud, positive, angry voice.

“Ladies and gentlemen—it has come to our attention that we have unintentionally misled you on this program. The voice you heard, attributed to the President's wife, was in reality that of an actress. It never occurred to us here in the studio that anyone could possibly take our little joke seriously—”

A burst of music came up almost frantically behind his words, drown-

ing the rest of them out. I seized my hat and coat and ran for the door.

The studio, when I arrived twenty minutes later, was a scene of chaos. The audience had been cleared out, but pages and members of the cast and orchestra were standing in corners, looking apprehensive. I saw several officials of the studio, conferring with each other. From backstage I heard a jumble of voices. I looked around wildly, spied Mr. Newton, and rushed up to him. “What's happened?” I cried. “What's the trouble?”

He relieved my feelings by smiling, but it was a worried smile. “He's kicked over the apple cart this time,” he told me. “Seems he didn't expect anyone to take that imitation seriously—and everybody did. The switchboard's flooded with calls from people yelling bloody murder—they want to get hold of the President's wife and give her a piece of their mind. And of course everybody's afraid Washington will crack down on us—take away our license, or something.”

“You mean—people actually believe the President's wife said those things?”

“It was a darn good imitation.”

“But I heard Grant tell them it was a joke.”

“By that time everybody was probably talking so fast they weren't even listening to the program. . . . It would have been bad enough if everybody knew the voice was an imitation. As it is—” He shook his head.

“Where's Grant?” I asked.

“In his dressing room, talking to reporters and some of our men.”

I turned and went back stage. The door to Grant's dressing room stood open; I heard his voice, defiant, angry:

“But it was only a joke! How was I to know everybody listening in would really think that a woman in her position would say such things on the air? Why, the idea's preposterous!”

“Heavens!” I thought. “He's getting in deeper than ever! The only way he can save himself now is to apologize!”

I began worming my way through the closely packed bodies of the men in the tiny room. At last I was at Grant's side. “We can prepare that telegram to Washington now, Mr. Lodge,” I said in a loud voice. I turned to the others. “I am Mr. Lodge's secretary. If you will just excuse us—we have some important business to attend to—”

It took me some time, but at last I got them cleared out and shut the door behind them. I faced Grant.

He looked at me. And he began to laugh. He threw back his head and roared. It wasn't real laughter, though; it began by being forced, and

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then went on until it passed out of his control and became a rushing torrent of merriment that he couldn't stop.

Something snapped inside me. All the tension of the last few weeks, all the mixed-up emotions I had felt and tried not to feel, rose up in me and lifted my right arm and brought my hand crashing across his face, right across that wide open, laughing mouth.

Grant stopped laughing, with a quick indrawn gasp of breath. His hand went across his mouth, pressing tight against it, and above it his black eyes looked into mine.

"Thanks," he said. "I needed that."

I began to tremble. I reached behind me for a chair, turning my face away so he wouldn't see the sudden weakness in it. But his strong hands were on my shoulders, turning me back toward him, and his lips were on mine.

He released me, gently. "It just occurred to me," he said in a wondering voice, "that I love you. Here I am, in an awful mess, and all I can think of is that I love you."

"I know," I said shakily. "Maybe—maybe we're both crazy. That's all I can think of, too."

"Funny," he said, still holding me close. "I never realized how much I depended on you—needed you—until you walked in here and cleared that bunch of wolves out. I've been kidding myself, all this time, into thinking you were just a secretary to me. Somebody to kick around and show off to. I'm the world's number-one show-off, you know."

"Yes, darling," I said. "I know."

I NEVER realized that, either, until tonight. I ought to have known what trouble that stunt would cause—I did know it—but it was my idea and I was stuck with it. Just because it was my idea—if anybody else had suggested it I'd have known right away it was crazy.

I laid my fingers across his mouth. He'd been so proud, I hated to see him humbling himself, even while I knew it spelt happiness for me.

"Never mind," I said. "Don't apologize to me. Apologize to the reporters, and to the President's wife, and get the network to let you go on the air, right away, so you can tell the people who listened in tonight you're sorry. Just admit you made a mistake, and let it go at that."

He nodded and stepped backwards, straightening himself up. "That's the thing to do," he said. "Let's do it, and get it over with."

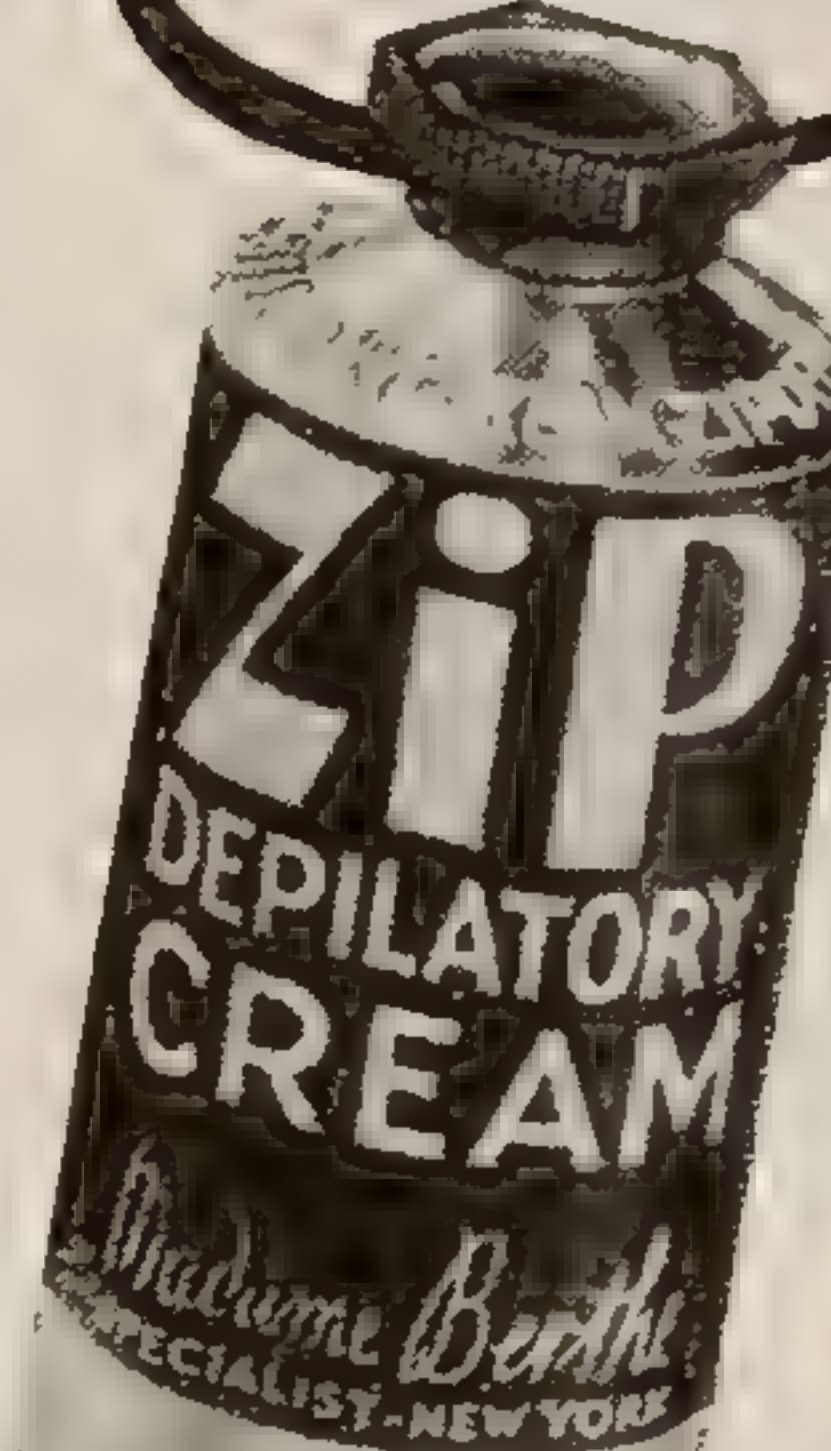
Well, that's about all there is to tell. The papers played up the story for a day, and for a while it looked as if the sponsor would take the program off the air. But Grant's contrite attitude convinced people he hadn't meant any harm, and a new excitement came along in the papers, and people forgot. Then the sponsor decided to keep the show on after all.

Grant and I are married now. And because a man doesn't change overnight, he still shows off in front of me; he still gets ideas and lets himself be intoxicated by them. But whenever that happens I look at him, and smile a little. He tries to avoid my eyes, but at last he can hide from them no longer, and he smiles too.

Even today, you might say that Grant wasn't the kind of a man a girl could be happy with. But I—I know that you'd be wrong.

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The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(Continued from page 37)

tied awkwardness and chat with him. I scarcely believed Bruce Eaton when he said, "I'm going to quit pictures and radio."

It was a simple announcement, evidently marking a decision which he had reached after those seconds of silent deliberation.

"You're quitting!"

He nodded.

"But," I said, "you can't. Why, good Lord, your public wouldn't let you. You couldn't afford to, you're right at the peak of your earning capacity. You're box office, you're . . . you're . . . you're everything."

He said, "Only a few actors have it in themselves to rise superior to misfortune. Very few have what it takes to fight their way through a slump. They start drinking, brooding, bumbling. Their fortunes change too fast. Take me, for instance. I was prominent in football. I had a few parts in a college football picture, doubling for the star at long range, having close-ups taken and dressing room scenes in between halves. Then I started practicing architecture. It was a long, hard, uphill struggle. Some director, looking over old prints, thought I was the type he needed for a minor part. He looked me up. . . . That was five years ago."

DURING the last three years," he said, "I've drawn a fabulous salary, in pictures and on the air. My living expenses have increased accordingly. They have to. I'm in the public eye. I can't afford to remain as I was. My private life must be glamorous. I must be photographed in public places with other stars. There must be hints of romance, carefully built up by the press department of my studio. I must look the part, act the part, dress the part. I associate with the best people everywhere. . . . And within a few short years I'll probably be back, poorer than when I started—not financially, because I'm taking care of that, but my contacts will be gone. My friendships will have evaporated into thin air. I'll retire somewhere to an orange ranch. People will occasionally point me out as a curiosity, as 'that man Eaton, who had sense enough to salt something away. He used to be quite a star.' See what I'm getting at? I'll be all finished while I'm still young."

I knew there was impatience in my voice. "You've started now," I said. "You can't beat the game by quitting."

His eyes softened. "I wasn't thinking of myself," he said. "I was using my own case as an illustration. To be frank, I was thinking of Woodley Page."

"What about Woodley Page?"

"He's one star in fifty," he said. "A man who has built up a permanent public following, a man whom the audiences like."

"And what have you to do with Woodley Page?"

"Let's put it the other way," he said. "What has Woodley Page to do with me? Woodley Page gave me my start. Page was the man who persuaded the director to look me up, and now Woodley Page is at the turning point of his own career. And an old scandal is about to drag him into the slime of the public cesspool which is aired on the front pages of our

newspapers every day. People will read about it with eager avidity. Every man, woman, and child in the United States will know of it. There's a sadistic something which makes the public delight in tearing down actors whom it has built up."

"And what has this to do with you?" I asked.

"I," he said, slowly, "can prevent it," and then added, after a moment, "at the cost of my own career. But my career is probably at its zenith. Tomorrow, next week, or next month may start the decline. You know how it will be—that is, if you know anything about pictures. And the radio is about the same."

I tried to hold his eyes with mine. "Yes," I told him, "I know something about pictures."

"We hear a great deal of talk about how little good pictures do, how silly some of the stories are," I said. "The sophisticated critics make a great show of looking down on the hokum of the movies, but the fact remains that you're filling a crying public need. All over the country, there are millions of girls who feel as I do, and there are young men who feel the same way, only they haven't the courage to come out and admit it."

"You can't quit pictures, Bruce Eaton. It would be like killing my ideals."

"There'll be someone to take my place," he said, smiling wistfully.

And before I realized what I was saying, I blurted out, "No one can ever take your place—not with me," and then hid behind the confusion of my flaming cheeks.

His hand came across the table to rest on mine.

"Miss Bell," he said, in a voice vibrant with sincerity, "I want to thank you for giving me faith in myself at a time when I need it—but, I'm afraid there's no alternative as far as my career's concerned. It's either Woodley Page's career or mine."

"What can you do?" I asked.

I CAN stand between him and what's coming," he said. "I can take the blame."

I took the key of the safety deposit box from my purse. "Does that," I asked, holding it between my thumb and forefinger, "have anything to do with it?"

He said, thoughtfully, "I think that may have a great deal to do with it. It goes back many years, when Woodley Page was a star, and when a young woman, whose name I won't mention, was numbered among the first five at the box office. It was at a time when Hollywood hadn't acquired the moral stamina it has now. People were dealing with something new, and particularly people who didn't know how to take success. They couldn't understand the skyrocket sweep of surging power which jerked an actor up from oblivion to the dizzy heights. This actress became involved in a situation from which Woodley Page, who was young, and romantic, and indiscreet, tried to extricate her. Letters and messages changed hands. Woodley Page went on to success. The actress made several attempts to come back and couldn't do it. She was finally defeated, not by others, but by herself."

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She died in obscurity, but those letters remained to her dying day as her cherished possessions."

"Where are those letters now?" I asked.

"As nearly as I can find out," he said, "Charles Temmler obtained possession of those letters and wanted to sell them. His chauffeur stole them and approached the studio which has Woodley Page under contract. The studio delegated Frank Padgham to handle the matter. Padgham reached an agreement with Wright; Foley was the lawyer who drew that agreement. Temmler discovered the theft, and naturally resented it. He employed a private investigator named Thompson Garr to steal the letters from Carter Wright. I found out that Garr was planning to get possession of the agreement before Carter Wright had signed it. He thought there would be a clue in that agreement to the location of the letters. He didn't realize that Carter Wright was far too smart for that."

"So what?" I asked, breathlessly.

"So I went to the house to protect the interests of Woodley Page. I entered the house. Apparently, no one was home. I started wandering, investigating. I got as far as the upstairs bedroom when someone who had been hidden behind the door cracked me on the head. We struggled. I got another crack and lost consciousness. When I came to, I was tied, gagged, and in the closet. You found me there."

I pushed the key across the tablecloth. "The lock box," I said, "is in the bank in Las Almiras, and arrangements have been made with the man in charge of that bank to write into a blank power of attorney the name of any person who presents this key."

For a moment, Bruce Eaton didn't reach for the key. His eyes, instead, were on my face. "What a fine, true-blue girl you are," he said, and I didn't need to be as expert as William C. Foley to catch a note in his voice which sent blood surging into my veins.

It was hot after we'd swept out of Los Angeles and started to skim over the Pomona boulevard. By the time we turned off the main boulevard, the sun, beating down from the intense blue of a California sky, dried moisture from our systems as fast as we could take it in.

"When we get there, I want you to keep entirely in the background," Bruce Eaton said, as we whizzed down out of low, rolling hills and hit the straightaway which led to Las Almiras.

"That's out, definitely," I told him. "You can't afford to figure in this. I'm going inside. I'm going to have the banker put my name on that power of attorney. You're to wait outside in the car. If anything goes wrong, you must be in the clear. You have too much to lose. After all, you know, this key came from a house where a man had been murdered. Lord knows who dropped it! Carter Wright didn't, because it wasn't in the room where his body was found."

"Yes," Bruce Eaton said, "Carter Wright would have kept the key with him. Whoever murdered him took the key—and then found it necessary to tap me over the head and tie and gag me. While he was bending over trussing me up, the key slipped out of his pocket. . . . The police will reason

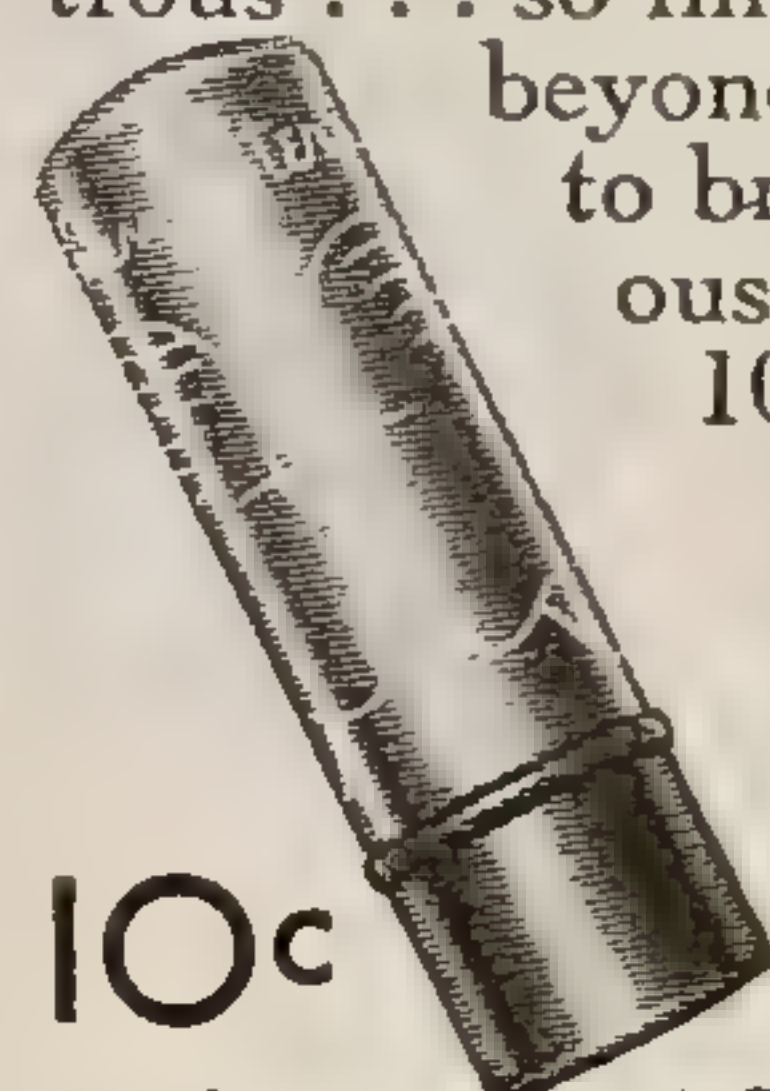
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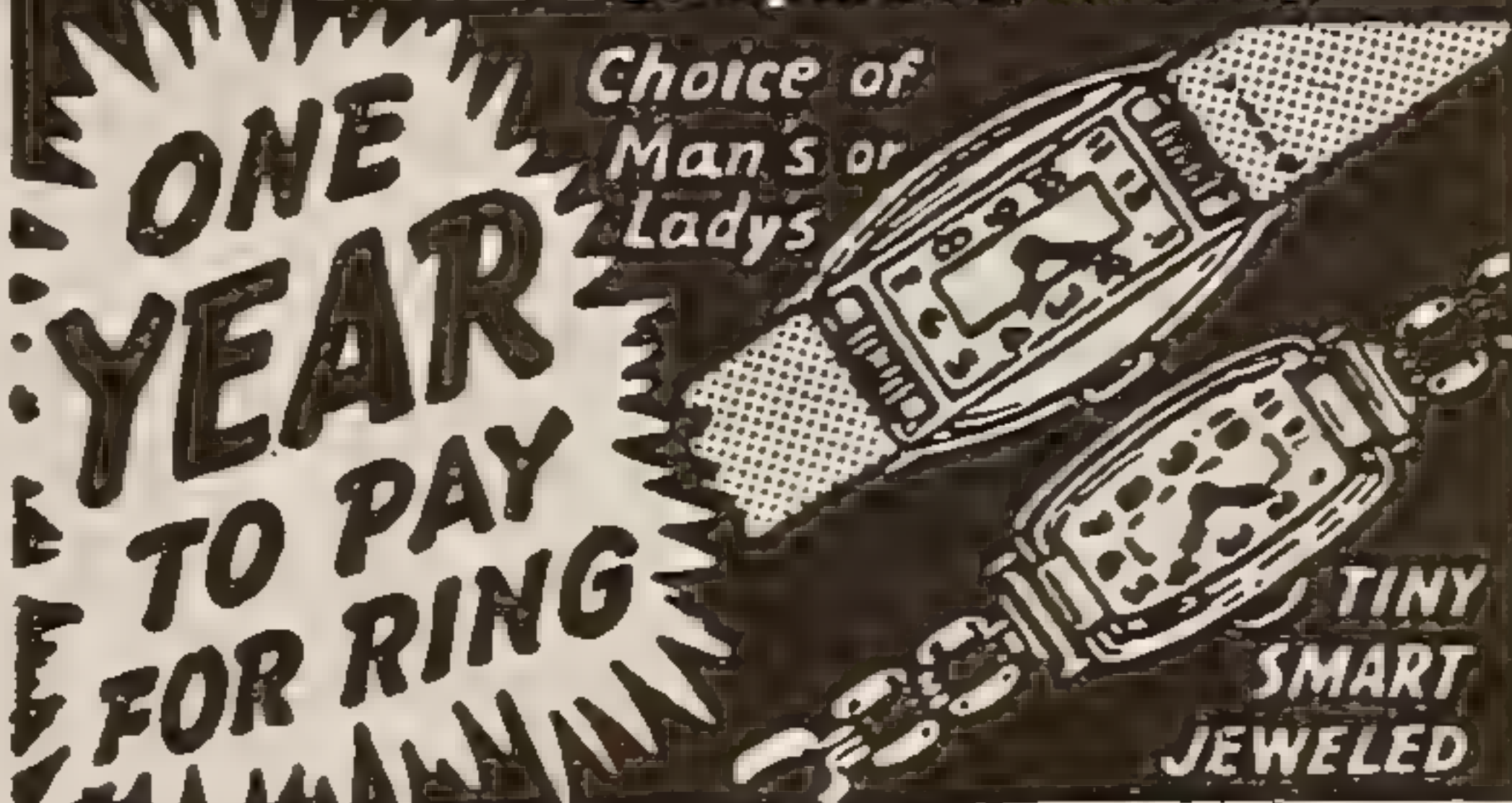
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that out. Whoever murdered Carter Wright took the key. Therefore, whoever has the key murdered Carter Wright."

"And we have the key," I said.

He interrupted me by sliding the car to a stop in a wide place in the road near a group of one-storied, wooden structures. Just opposite the front wheel, a curbed cement sidewalk which Las Almiras boasted—directly in front of The First National Bank.

Bruce Eaton jumped out from behind the steering wheel and dashed into the bank.

Las Almiras is a little place in the midst of an agricultural district. The city itself consists mostly of two large stores selling general merchandise, a restaurant, a gasoline station, garage, and The First National Bank. As far as life was concerned, the streets were virtually devoid of motion. Two or three parked automobiles, a man sitting dejectedly on a corner whittling a stick, and a sleeping dog seemed to constitute the sole evidence of civic activity.

I reached the screen door of the bank and pulled it open. The interior, I saw, was arranged upon the lines of a conventional bank. The counter was surmounted by a heavy mesh screen in which arch-shaped openings were cut for tellers. The sole teller was in the vault with Bruce Eaton.

HE glanced up when he heard the screen door slam, and nodded to me. He was a young man with bulging brows and thick-lensed spectacles which distorted his mild, watery blue eyes. "I'll be with you in just a moment," he called.

Apparently, he managed the bank all by himself. I saw a lacquered metal lunch box and a thermos bottle just inside the grilled window. Near them was a package of cigarettes and an ash tray.

I heard the banker say to Bruce Eaton, "This young woman isn't with you, is she?" And Bruce Eaton, looking at me with calm, disinterested appraisal, said, "No, I've never seen her before."

That put me in a spot. I couldn't say anything without undoing all of the good I'd tried to do. I was furious to think of how I'd been jockeyed into such a position; yet there was nothing I could do about it.

At any rate, I could keep a lookout, making certain that Bruce Eaton had an avenue of escape open if anything went wrong.

Apparently, the banker hadn't recognized him. I could see that he was nearsighted as he bent over the paper he was filling out. Then Bruce Eaton handed him a driving license, showed him a wallet containing a passport. I realized then that "Bruce Eaton" was only a stage name. I remembered having read somewhere that his real name had been considered far too unromantic by the studio publicity department. Of course, his driving license and passport would be under

his real name.

The banker inserted a key into the upper lock on the safety deposit box. Bruce Eaton inserted the key I had given him in the lower lock. I gripped the counter, fascinated, wondering if the key would work. Had I been right in assuming. . . .

The key turned and I could hear the lock click smoothly back. The banker turned away from Bruce Eaton. His figure, partially concealing the interior of the vault as he came toward me, prevented me from seeing just what Bruce Eaton was doing.

"Good afternoon," he said. "I'm sorry I had to keep you waiting. You see, I'm all alone here in the bank afternoons. What was it you wanted?"

I blurted out the first idea which came to my mind. "I want to cash a check."

"A check on *this* bank?" he asked courteously.

"No," I said, "I'm afraid it will have to be drawn on my Los Angeles bank."

"How much is the check?"

"I can get along with five dollars," I told him, smiling my best smile. "You see, I left my purse in the rest room at Pomona. I want to telephone back about the purse and get enough gas to carry me on through to San Diego."

"You have your checkbook with you?" he asked.

I started to produce it, and then suddenly realized that it was in my purse, and my purse was hanging just below the level of the counter. Having made that crack about losing my purse, I certainly couldn't let him see it now.

"No," I said, "my checkbook was in my purse. I'd have to fill in a blank check."

He blinked owlishly at me through the thick lenses of his spectacles.

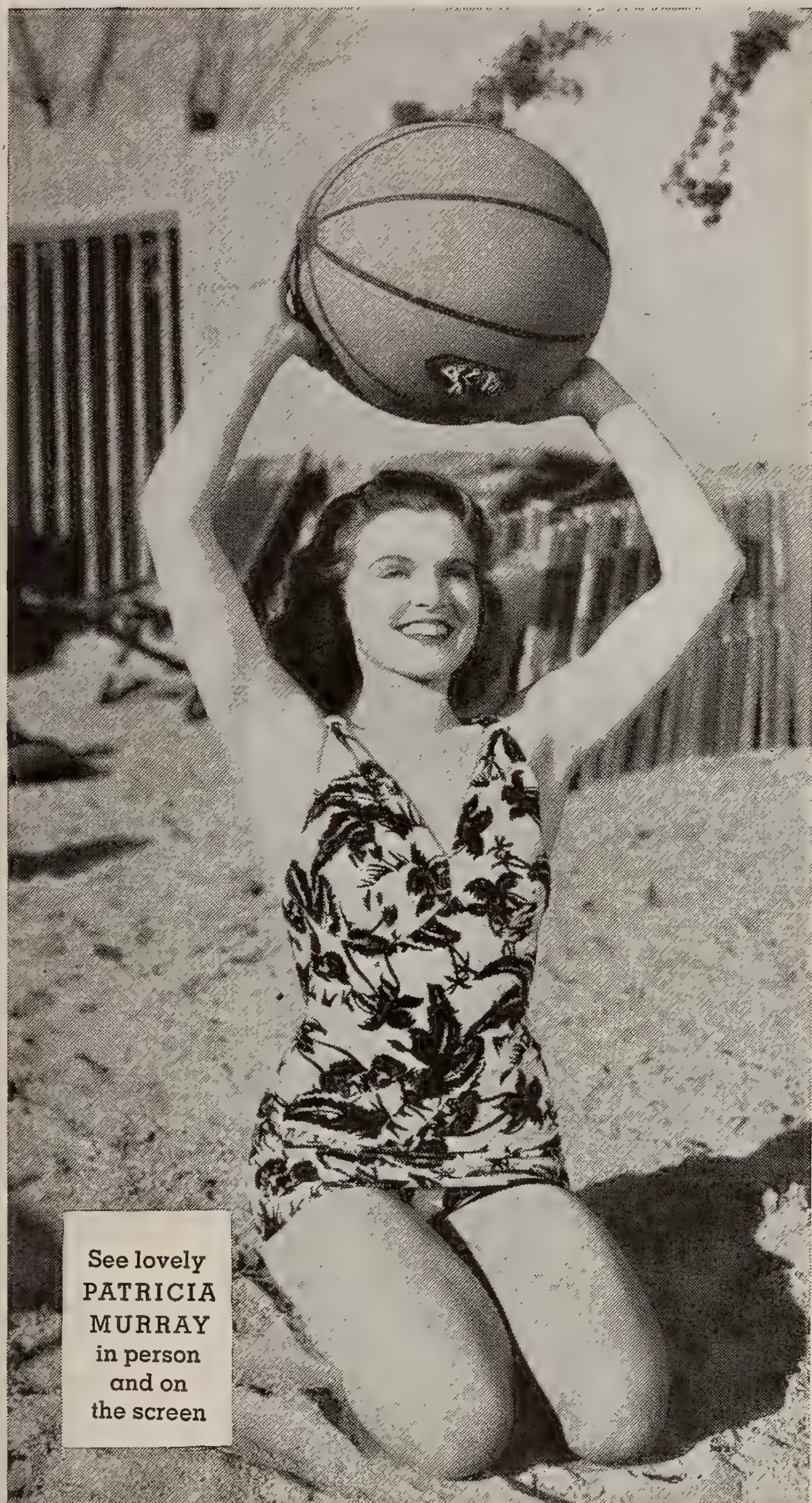
BACK in the vault, I heard Bruce Eaton slam shut the door of the safety deposit box, and breathed a sigh of relief. Everything would be all right if I could only hold this banker in conversation for a few more seconds. I pushed my leg against my purse, clamping it tight against the counter and then trying to ease it down to the floor. But the purse was of smooth leather; it slid out and dropped with a bang. The banker looked puzzled. I said, hurriedly, "Of course, I can put up my wrist watch as collateral," and started to take it off. As I partially turned, I looked out through the plate glass window, and saw a car slide in close to the curb and stop. On the upper right-hand corner of the windshield was a huge spotlight with a red circle of glass, the telltale insignia of a police car. There were five men in it; one of them, wearing a huge black sombrero, looked like a sheriff.

They opened the car door, and debouched to the sidewalk.

I tried coughing. It didn't seem to catch Bruce Eaton's attention. The
(Continued on page 83)

EVEN DEBUTANTES CAN FALL IN LOVE!

—And next month RADIO MIRROR prints a story to prove it. Don't miss this sparkling modern romance, in which Myrna Loy starred on the air.



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**COMMUNICATIONS BUILDING
NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR — 1939**

as the guest of
RADIO MIRROR MAGAZINE



■ Kay Lorraine, the Hit Parade vocalist, always keeps her hair full of light and luster.



■ Linda Lee, singer on the Bob Ripley show, knows a good old-fashioned shampoo recipe.



Blondes Beware!

Yours is a special beauty—but you also have a special problem

IT REALLY requires a lot of thought and effort to take care of your looks when you are a blonde," says dainty Kay Lorraine of the Hit Parade. "You have to take continual care of your hair, or it gets drab and dull. If you use a shampoo, it must be the right one. If you use the wrong kind, it can wreck you. The wrong kind of a beauty treatment cannot do a brunette so much harm. But it can utterly destroy a blonde. That is why I shampoo my hair myself, at home."

Miss Lorraine, whose lovely contralto voice seems particularly fitted for radio, is as exquisite as one of her own songs. She is petite, and natural in her make-up and in her manner. Her beautiful blonde hair is full of lights and lusters, like the hair of a healthy child, and is arranged in a smart coiffure.

"What is your secret of hair beauty?" I asked Kay. "Brushing," said Kay. That was our grandmothers' formula. "How many strokes a night?" I asked. "Fifty at least" said Kay, "And be sure you hold your head down, brushing upward from the back and through to the roots."

"What about shampoos?" "A blonde should shampoo at least once a week. If she brushes her fifty strokes a day, frequent shampoos will not make her hair seem dry. The brushing brings out the natural

By

Dr. GRACE GREGORY

oil that keeps the hair live-looking."

Another of radio's favorite blondes is lovely Linda Lee. She too has a contralto voice that comes over the air with exquisite tonal quality. You may hear her in the Ripley Show Friday nights. Outside of the fact that both are contraltos, and both altogether charming, she and Miss Lorraine have few other points in common. Linda is a dark blonde. Her hair is chestnut, with golden glints in it. She has the delicate skin of the true blonde, and with it all the special beauty problems that brunettes escape.

Linda agrees with Kay about the brushing, although she does not count her strokes. She just brushes until her arm aches. She too is an advocate of the weekly shampoo, which she takes at home. But dark blondes do not have to worry about their hair turning to a drab intermediate color. It is already on the dark side. All they have to consider is keeping the glints and high lights. Miss Lee does this with the old-fashioned method our grandmothers found so helpful: lemon juice. She squeezes the juice of two lemons to each pint of water and rinses her hair with it after each shampoo. "It cuts out all the oil and soap," she says, "and leaves my hair feeling clean and refreshed."

I noticed that both these famous blondes make a fine art of make-up. The light blonde uses a light eyebrow pencil; just enough to make evident her delicately arched brows. (So many blondes go to one extreme or the other. They are practically eyebrowless, or they startle you with obviously artificial dark eyebrows.) The dark blonde uses a darker pencil, of course. The same with lipstick. And both have given thought to selecting exactly the right shade of powder. The result is that you never think of make-up in connection with Miss Lee or Miss Lorraine. They simply look natural, each in her individual way. And that is the supreme art of beauty.



RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**

(Continued from page 80)

banker said, "Just a moment, Miss," and then pushed his head out through the arch in the window to stare down at my purse lying on the floor. "Isn't that your purse?" he asked.

I called out, sharply, "Bruce, look! Hurry!"

He was still in the vault, apparently checking up on a bundle of letters he was holding in his hand. From where he was standing, it was impossible to see the car containing the officers.

"Bruce! Hurry!" I cried.

The banker said suspiciously, "What's all this? What's all this?" and jumped back in alarm. I could see now that he thought it was a stick-up, with me to hold his attention at the teller's window while Bruce Eaton was back in the vault. His face was white with alarm. His bleached blue eyes, magnified and distorted by the thick lenses of his spectacles, seemed as large as warped dinner plates. I saw him fumble at the handle of a drawer, and knew he was looking for a gun.

A frantic glance out through the plate glass window showed me the officers were starting purposefully toward the bank. I thought only of getting Bruce Eaton out of there and finding some place to hide those letters he had taken from the safety deposit box. He was alarmed now and coming toward me, but still didn't appreciate the danger of the situation. The banker was pulling a gun from the drawer. The officers were rounding the corner.

I ran to a door in the partition, jerked it open. The banker raised his gun and shouted in a shaky voice, "Stop where you are, both of you."

I COLLIDED with Bruce Eaton, snatched the letters from his hands and yelled, "Run! Officers!" The banker pulled the trigger on a revolver which he'd dragged from the drawer, and which looked as large as a cannon. The reverberating roar of a report filled the room. When my ear drums started functioning again, I could hear the tinkle of falling glass.

The cashier dropped his gun. Evidently the jar of the recoil had jerked it out of his hand. He half stooped as though to pick it up, then, apparently overcome by panic, ran through the door in the partition, half crouching, screaming, "Help! Police!"

The officers were approaching the door of the bank. The running banker burst through the swinging screen door to collide with them. I heard someone say, "Stick 'em up," and then a drawling voice, evidently that of the sheriff, "Wait a minute. This is Frank Stout, the cashier here. What's the trouble, Frank?"

The banker's lunch box was on the table in front of me. I had to think fast, and, at that, had no choice in the matter. I jerked open the cover, dropped the little bundle of letters inside, and slammed the cover back into position. The officers poured through the screen door into the bank, and I raised my eyes to confront a bristling row of artillery.

"The jig's up," the sheriff said.

"Whoever has the key murdered Carter Wright." If the police jump to that conclusion, things look bad for Claire Bell and Bruce Eaton. But the surprising climax of this thrilling mystery story comes in next month's RADIO MIRROR—the August issue.

JULY, 1939

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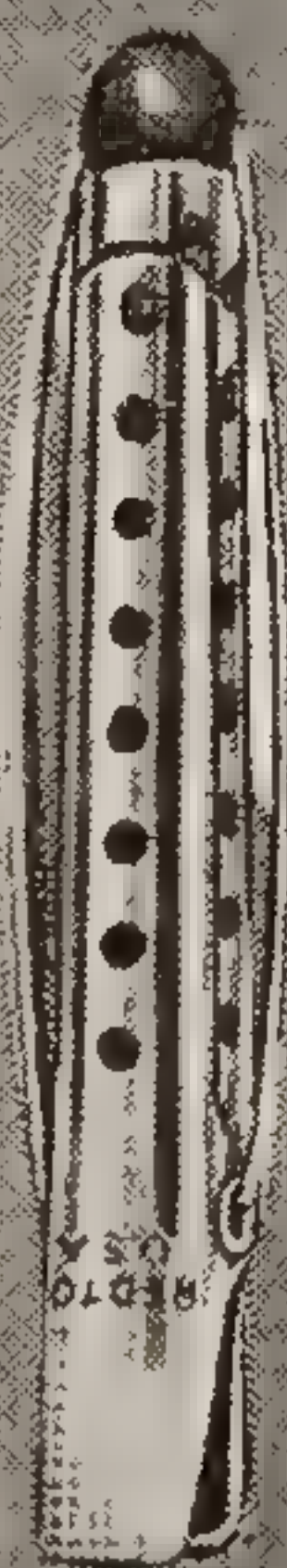
9:30-10:00 E. D. T.—NBC Blue Network

Also on this program, final 5 minutes, do not miss Fulton Oursler, Editor-in-chief of Macfadden Publications, in a discussion of domestic and foreign affairs of political significance.

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Healthy Babies -



■ It's a wise mother who knows the new and better way of feeding her child

By
**Mrs. MARGARET
SIMPSON**

hearsal or a broadcast because of baby's feeding schedule, and she's never had to wait for a meal because of my job."

The script writer nodded in agreement. "But best of all is the way our babies thrive on these canned strained and chopped foods," she said. "You should see them!" she added proudly.

I did go to see them, as a matter of fact, and a happier pair of youngsters it would be impossible to find.

So much of the health and happiness of babies and young children depend on the proper meals, served right on schedule, that these modern foods are a boon not only to career mothers but to every mother everywhere who demands the best for her little one. As one young mother told me:

"I expected, when my baby was born, to give up all my outside activities for the first few months at least. I knew that baby's feeding schedule would necessitate so much extra work in straining fruit juices and cooking and sieving cereals and vegetables that I would have no time for anything else.

"Then a terrible thing happened. I found that in spite of my best efforts I just couldn't keep to the feeding schedule my doctor ordered. Meals took so long to prepare that by the time they were ready it was long past baby's feeding time and she was cross with hunger. But that wasn't the worst. After I'd gone through all the work of cooking and sieving and straining, following directions to the letter, my baby simply refused to eat—and somehow I couldn't blame her because her food did seem to lack flavor—so of course she didn't gain properly.

"In a panic I went over to see my

LISTENED in on the conversation of a couple of "career girls" a few days ago. They were young, smartly dressed, with the alertness of expression that spells success present and to come, and I expected of course that they would be talking shop, comparing notes on the great field of radio in which one is a popular singer the other an up and coming young script writer. Instead, they were talking about their homes and their husbands and their babies.

"How do you do it?" I asked them. "Most women think marriage and motherhood are a full time job, yet here you are blithely writing and singing, rehearsing and broadcasting, as though you had nothing else to do. Don't babies have to be fed on schedule these days? Don't they have to have strained fruit juices and vegetables?"

"Of course they do," said the singer.

"Well, then, how do you manage to stay out of the kitchen long enough to do your other work? Or

take time enough from your careers to feed your babies on schedule?"

"Oh, that's easy," the script writer answered. "When feeding time comes we just open a can."

"You see," the singer explained, "when my baby was ready for strained foods some of my friends advised me to give her canned strained fruit juices and vegetables. She's eight months old now and with the addition of milk she's practically lived on canned strained food."

"My baby was brought up on them, too," the writer took up the story, "and now that he's nearly four and needs more solid food he's also getting that in cans—chopped vegetables and meats that are just right for his age and his digestive requirements."

"And we keep right on schedule, too," the singer chimed in. "Why, I've never once been late for re-

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★
★ ★ ★ ★ **HOME and BEAUTY**

and Happy Careers!



■ The Happy Crosbys—left to right, Gary, Bing, Dixie holding baby Lindsay, and the twins, Philip and Dennis.

next door neighbor who has two little boys and she gave me the best advice I've ever heard. She suggested that I switch to canned strained foods. I did. Baby's meals are ready right on schedule and she's so crazy about them that she gobbles up every bite. She's beginning to have canned chopped foods now, but she's still gaining steadily and I've never seen a healthier, happier baby, or one who was so little trouble."

Aside from the assurance that feeding schedules can be maintained without interruption, these modern canned foods afford another tremendous advantage in that they are high in a nutritive content. The nutritive qualities of fruits, vegetables and cereals depend upon a number of factors: the selection of highest-quality seeds for planting, the soil and climatic conditions under which the crops are grown, cultivation during the growing period and harvesting when—and only when—they have reached the exact degree of ripeness at which they will yield the greatest in nutritive values and immediate cooking so that no valuable minerals will be lost through prolonged exposure of the fresh produce to sun and air.



■ A family romp before bedtime—the proud parents, Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, with baby Joan Naomi.

Even under the excellent marketing system existing today it is sometimes impossible to purchase fresh fruits and vegetables that meet all these standards, but all such elements of chance have been eliminated for you by the manufacturers of canned strained and chopped foods. Years of painstaking re-research have enabled them to control every phase of the preparation of these fine products. Crops are grown under ideal conditions and harvested at the peak of their perfection. Immediately after harvesting the fruits, vegetables and grains are cooked until they are sufficiently soft for any coarse fibres to be removed—and this, by the means of modern laboratory equipment, is a much more thorough process than can be achieved in even the most up-to-date kitchen—then sealed into cans for a final cooking which ensures that the contents of each can is cooked evenly throughout.

Considering all the factors that enter into the preparation of these modern canned foods you might expect their cost to be excessive, but quite the contrary is true. The cost per can is only a few cents, and you will find that each can contains sufficient food for two or three meals.

Fathers and Sons—

What a wealth of sentiment and tradition there is in that phrase . . . Proud fathers reliving their own youth in the accomplishments of their children . . . Devoted fathers striving and planning so that their little ones may enjoy the best that life has to offer . . . Wise fathers creating a foundation of health and knowledge that will enable their sons and daughters to cope with the problems that the coming years will bring . . . To these fathers on whose love and selfless interest our welfare depends the National Committee for the Promotion of Father's Day extends its gratitude and its praise. Won't you join it in honoring not only your father but fathers all over the country by sharing in the nation-wide celebration of Father's Day on June 18th?

BACKACHE— Leg Pains May Be Danger Sign

Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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Hollywood Radio Whispers

(Continued from page 35)

Everyone believes that Rudy Vallee and Tony Martin are carrying a mad for each other. It can't be so. Recently, in New York, Rudy had Tony as dinner guest and they were often seen out together. Then, too, Rudy paid Tony a swell compliment with the line: "A perfect evening is on a lake, drifting in a boat with a beautiful girl, and one of Tony's records on the phonograph!"

It was very funny indeed to watch Bing Crosby and Bob Hope clowning at a nightclub the other night. Bing and Bob got up and clowning a rhumba dance together. Later, Hope announced that "Miss Crosby had won a bottle of champagne for her trouble."

Spencer Tracy and Pat O'Brien are Hollywood's rivals for fame as priests on the screen. They'll carry the feud to the radio this fall, when both will appear in opposition plays in the priestly roles.

Instigated by Amos and Andy, an impromptu show was staged at the outdoor grill of the El Mirador Hotel the other evening with Richard Dix, Cary Grant, Ruby Keeler, and Groucho Marx contributing to the entertainment.

Frances Langford's rendition of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" was so well received on a recent Texaco Show that she immediately made a record of it, for Decca.

Franchot Tone and Burgess Meredith are both up for separate dramatic programs to replace Bob Hope for the summer. When the sponsor listened to the programs, he liked Meredith's dramatic show better than Tone's, but frankly remarked that Tone would be a better draw than Meredith. The sponsor suggested that they hire Tone to do Meredith's program. When Franchot was approached he turned it down, and the reason, if you please, is because Franchot and Meredith are room-mates and Tone would not do

anything to hurt Meredith's chances for a radio program.

Fibber McGee and Molly are considering new film offers. Their first attempt at pictures was a failure.

Joan Crawford was supposed to both sing and ice skate in "Ice Follies," but for some reason her songs and skating scenes were deleted from the picture after the first preview. To prove to American audiences that she CAN sing, Joan recorded four songs for Victor and, after hearing them, all I can say is that she is a swell actress!

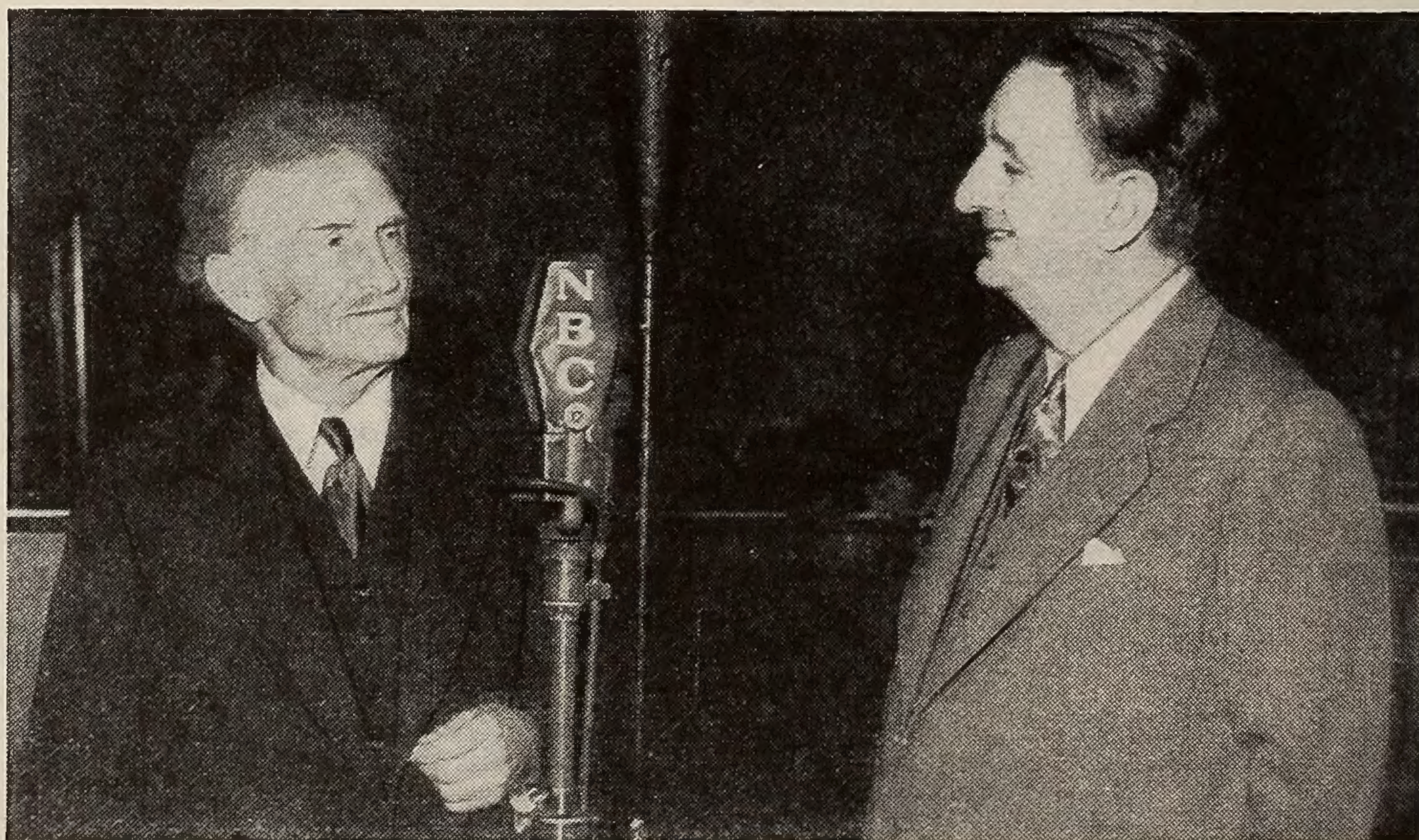
Robert Young, as newly-elected Honorary Mayor of Tarzana, has appointed Virginia Bruce as honorary Chief of Police. Pinning the "official badge" on her coat the other night, Bob declared: "Virginia will probably have the Tarzana jail filled in two days!"

Hollywood is whispering that Louis Hayward, now working in "The Man With The Iron Mask," will replace Charles Boyer on the Woodbury show. Louis is married to Ida Lupino and gained prominence for his portrayal of the "Duke of West Point."

Frank Morgan, as you know, has been going around lately without his mustache—much to the consternation of news photographers and autograph hounds. They have failed to recognize him. Frank cut off the facial adornments to play his role in the "Wizard of Oz," but he is now growing a bigger and better mustache "like a toothbrush bristle," says Frank.

That black eye that Patsy Kelly has been sporting is not what you might think. Patsy came by it honestly in a scene on the Fox lot, during the closing day of shooting "The Gorilla."

Matty Malneck's orchestra, currently the swing-sensation of Hollywood nightlife, is set to replace the orchestra on the Pall Mall program.



The publisher of Radio Mirror and Editor in Chief of Macfadden Publications—Bernarr Macfadden (left) and Fulton Oursler, broadcasting on the 20th Anniversary of the True Story Magazine.

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